Some Bonds Last Forever (Aeternum Vinculum) [On Hiatus]

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/20163124.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warnings:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence, Rape/Non-Con
Categories:	M/M, F/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationships:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Molly/Will (past), Francis Dolarhyde/Will Graham (past)
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Jack Crawford, Beverly Katz, Jimmy Price, Brian Zeller, Franklyn Froidevaux, Lawrence Wells, Freddie Lounds, Bedelia Du Maurier, Tobias Budge, Francis Dolarhyde, Matthew Brown, Minor Characters, Alana Bloom, Original Characters
Additional Tags:	Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics, Mpreg, Murder, Blood and Gore, Emotional Hurt/Comfort, Unsafe Sex, Caring Hannibal Lecter, Mating Cycles/In Heat, Omega Will Graham, Manipulative Hannibal Lecter, Angst and Fluff and Smut, mention of abortion, Medical Inaccuracies, Daddy Kink, Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence, Homophobic Language, Don't copy to another site, Hannibal Lecter is the Chesapeake Ripper, Pregnancy Kink, Nesting, Mention of suicide attempts, mention of depression, Animal hybrids, Discrimination, Alcoholism, Childhood Trauma, Angst with a Happy Ending, Hallucinations, Mental Instability, Implied Rape, encephalitis, Rape/Non-con Elements, This story is a plot development exercise and not perfect, Codependency, Self-Esteem Issues, Moderate Hannibal Bullshit, Trauma, Sappy moments, Narcissism, Not Beta Read
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of Omegaverse Stories
Stats:	Published: 2019-08-08 Updated: 2021-01-30 Words: 69,467 Chapters: 19/?

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by APastandFutureNerd

Summary

Hannibal and Will discover during an evening appointment that they have feelings for each other. A secret affair between the psychiatrist and his patient ensues with unexpected developments and initial complications as Will's demons come back to haunt him. Later when they have settled into an official relationship and everything seems to go well at last, Will finally sees that Hannibal is not the man that he pretends to be. Being pregnant with the Ripper's babies doesn't make it any easier. His morals collide with his rich, deep love for his soul mate Hannibal and their pups at first.

But just when Will has chosen his way of life, accepting Hannibal for who he is, Will's former mate Francis rises from the shadows, determined to take revenge on Will, his new alpha, and change them.

ON HIATUS

Notes

I have writer's block on my multi-chapter stories and kind of lost my confidence, the motivation, and the ideas to continue them. Also, I suffer from depression and anxiety which makes it even harder. Sorry to keep you waiting for updates.Thanks for reading, liking, and commenting, though 💕 It means the world to me.

Sorry for letting you down, but that's the way it is right now.

I've learned not to start any WIPs on AO3 anymore.

Please stay healthy and safe.

Love you,

APastandFutureNerd

- Translation into 中文-普通话 國語 available: 【授翻】永结同心 Some Bonds Last Forever (Aeternum Vinculum) by Amairingo

Revelation

Chapter Summary

> Will goes to Hannibal's office as always, but Hannibal noticed something is different and that Will is about to go in heat. The have conversation about the current killer case and the conversation ends with an interesting revelation which has Hannibal very pleased.

PART 1

A loud knock on the door indicated his last and favorite patient of the day had arrived. Hannibal Lecter smiled to himself as he sat there on his office chair, taking the last notes on his former patient, Franklyn Froideveaux, a tedious and annoying but wealthy omega whom he could at least use to fill his bank account with an even greater income. Still it was tiring work to get through every appointment and hold himself back from lashing out.He had been looking forward to the last session and had counted the minutes during the hour when Franklyn babbled about the problems of finding an adequate Alpha mate who finally accepted him for who he was after being abandoned once or twice and about feeling lonely.

Hannibal had needed a great deal of discipline to refrain from rolling his eyes or fletching his canine teeth or even simply snapping his neck and make tartar out of him. No alpha in his

right mind would mate with this neurotic omega - unless driven by a desperately strong rut.

But Hannibal possessed enough iron-clad self-discipline and enough rut suppressants to not give in to that urge, no matter how often female and male omegas tried to seduce him after a session, at the opera or one of his dinner parties. He was popular being a thoroughbred grey wolf after all - an old breed which had become rare.

No, Hannibal didn't want to waste himself. He wanted to save himself up for someone special and his keen, beloved object of interest was already waiting in front of his door. The thing was only that his rut suppressants were mostly failing him when it came to Will and he had to rely on his own strength and discipline alone.

"Give me just a moment, Will ", the alpha called and hoped it reached his ears. But knowing that he had a fairly acute sense of hearing due to his nature, Will had surely got the message. After some seconds in which he hastily wrote down the reminder to recommend Franklyn a referral to another therapist and some observations that might help other therapists to deal with him, he closed the notebook shut, rose up from the chair and walked with fast and determined steps towards the door and opened it.

"Hello, Will", Hannibal smiled at the omega with the soft chocolate curls, furry dark grey wolf ears, the beautiful, strong jawline graced with a stubble and his wonderful radiant sapphire eyes which were first flickering around in tension and impatience before they finally rested on the psychiatrist when the door opened."Please come in." The alpha prompted him to enter with an inviting gesture. Will granted him a little smile and entered the vast office, heading into the direction of the red wall adorned with paintings depicting Greek gods or other mythological creatures.

A large metal statue of a black stag was proudly presented on a wooden shelf in front of the red wall. On the second floor, a huge assortment of books filled the shelves on the walls. The massive red-striped curtains gave the already somber interior an even more moody ambiance.

When Will brushed past him to make his way to the leather armchair in front of the red wall he would sit on so often to talk about murder cases and his struggles with the problems his high level of empathy presented, Hannibal noticed there was another specific scent clinging to the omega today.

The air was heavy of the pheromones and other hormones anticipating the coming heat. Will had obviously not taken his heat suppressants and scent blockers regularly or he wouldn't have the distinctive sweet fragrance coming off his scent glands in waves.

He smiled to himself when he noticed it. Such a naughty omega. A brave one, too. Not many omegas would dare to leave the house without taking their proper medication. He guessed it was because of the hazardous side effects some pills could cause like headaches or unexplainable mood swings. Something he understood only too well - it took him a while until he found the right suppressant.

It was dangerous to do that when you're a pure, unmated omega working as special agent in the field but it was Will and he guessed that he was good in defending himself, seeing as he had survived so far in the FBI, dominated by alphas, betas and beta-alphas, with his means

and cunning. His tongue darted out and moistened his lips. Still, Hannibal sincerely hoped though that his rut would not be triggered tonight.

Giving in would be a professional disaster for both him and Will because he knew that Jack Crawford preferred his omega unbonded to keep a clear head on the cases and not upset the justice department for employing an omega in fieldwork which was against the official rules. Will was the best asset on his team despite being an omega and the special agent did not want to let him retreat that easily. He resented Jack for his ruthless use of Will and his disregard for his own private life.

Hannibal sensed from the moment he had set his eyes on the omega in Jack Crawford's office that Will held a special place for him. His mind, his way of thinking was unique and unlike other agents he had met before. The way he empathized with the people around him in the room by unconsciously adapting their speech patterns and the exact reconstruction of the thinking of killers made him intrigued. He was immediately certain that Will was a pure omega who were very rare and possessed a high amount of empathy which also made them unstable.

On the first day of their meeting Hannibal had to pull himself together in the office because his unique scent was the strongest and most tempting one he had ever smelled. It was a combination of sweet berries growing in the woods, accompanied by freshly grounded cinnamon, smoke and pine. Unfortunately it had been and was still clouded by his bad aftershave with a ship on the bottle and the smell of his dogs.

In the moment of their first meeting he knew instinctively he had met his soulmate. Will had stormed off the office, after staring at him in disbelief and with widened eyes, his face growing paler with each second. He smiled at the memory. Will must have felt the same and decided it would be safer to keep his distance to prevent a surprise heat. A wise decision or he would not have gotten to experience him working in the field and using his brilliant mind after all.

And there was his appealing and attractive appearance of course. A beautiful unmated omega with a stunning body and an even more marvellous face. For Hannibal he was just perfect despite his lumberjack clothes. Tonight he looked no less charming and luring , even though he still worse his worn out, unironed flannel shirt, a dark denim jeans and his beige field jacket which he tossed to the couch. Hannibal then watched Will pacing around the room in agitation.

"How was your day?" Hannibal asked in a causal tone to break the silence as he shut the door and followed Will to their chairs where he took seat, crossed his legs and watched Will still walking around. "Oh it was very busy", Will snorted and turned his back on Hannibal, approaching the windows. "I've been awake since 4 am. We found a totem pole made of dead, male omegas on a beach in Grafton, West Virginia. The killer had been very diligent in the last few years it seems. Nearly every victim had been buried before." He exhaled, yawning and rubbing his eyes. "The killer has dug some of them out of their graves in West Virginia, Florida and Georgia and partially dismembered them." He still didn't look at the psychiatrist.

Usually, Hannibal would have made a mental note if someone disrespected him like that and turned away during their conversation but it was Will, after all, and he sensed the omega was particularly tense and affected by this case - mostly it was because the killer had killed male omegas in the same age.

“Are you afraid that the killer would go after you?” Hannibal inquired, letting his eyes flicker over Will’s booty which was wrapped in an especially tight jeans today. His cock twitched, hardened and he had to suppress a feral growl. The scent and subconscious flirtation of the omega challenged his whole self-composure and a red glow appeared in his maroon eyes. He could not stop his grey fluffy tail from wagging nor his cock from growing erect in his pants and hoped Will wouldn’t notice.

“A little bit ”, Will answered quietly and turned around to face him again. “But there’s a chance that this killer may not kill again given the state of most of the corpses.” He paused, meeting Hannibal’s gaze, walking towards the chair, gripping the leather of the armchair rightly with his clammy, sweaty hands.

Another habit Hannibal Lecter disliked a lot but again, it was Will and his feelings for him excused the man from such rude behavior.

“Displaying corpses like this might mean that the killer wants to shame his victims. It has been common in some ancient tribal cultures to perform public shaming. And if it is true what you say about the corpses, then the killer may have secured their legacy to be remembered for their deeds”, Hannibal suggested when he imagined the scenery in his mind as he glimpsed into the thoughts of Will.

Will nodded. “These thoughts occurred to me as well. It was like a farewell of sorts. Their way to signal their ultimate victory and superiority. Alphas are better predators. But who knows. Maybe they have found pleasure in killing like this and will make another monument.”

He pressed his hands against his temples and made little round movements with his hands and he gasped in pain.

“As if this was not enough on our plate, we have found another Ripper victim in Jacksonville”, Will then said, crossing his arms on his chest.

Hannibal’s heart made a leap. He would love to know what Will thought about his design. He had outdone himself because in the previous murders Will had openly stated in their last sessions that the tree he had created was very beautiful despite the brutality and Will confessed that he secretly admired the aesthetics of the Chesapeake Ripper which had obviously not been easy for Will to admit. He knew that guilt for feeling attracted to the darkness was torturing him. Maybe there was a way to show him it is okay. But he needed to fully gain his trust. Hannibal leaned forward in his chair.

“Would you like to tell me about it?” Hannibal asked him in a gentle voice. He was curious about how Will would interpret his tableau.

At last, Will gave up on his restless pacing, sat down on his chair and spread his legs. He then cupped his face into his hands for a moment before gripping the thighs with his hands so tightly that the knuckles turned white. Hannibal was worried as the body language clearly showed he was more than uncomfortable and battling something inside of him.

“Will?” Hannibal asked, truly concerned. “Are you alright?”

The alpha released some of the soothing pheromones into the air to calm the omega down. It took some minutes until Will’s body reacted and conceived the chemical cocktail. He finally relaxed and made himself comfortable in his armchair once more. The tension in his body diminished when the effect of the hormones set in.

“Sorry”, Will answered with a wry, tired smile on his lips. “It’s just that it’s getting too much in my head. The murders, the killers. I can’t talk about this anymore. It was particularly brutal. As far as we know it was a beta whom he had killed. The Ripper had pierced his upper body with saws, knives, tools and even an infusion stand on a table in his car shop.”

He hesitated for a moment. Hannibal waited, giving Will time to contemplate for a minute. The agent always needed a little bit of time to open up.

“It was horrible but beautiful. A homage to the Wound Man. There’s a grandiosity in his work and I find myself liking it.“ Will whispered and looked up. A guilty expression appeared on his face when he caught himself admiring the work of the Ripper once again, Hannibal observed.

"This is what the Ripper wants. They want admiration for their work and to make people see the beauty in things that are usually seen as ugly and morbid for the common eye.“ Hannibal replied quietly.

Will raised his eyebrows."Oh yes, we already know that he is a narcissist, someone who needs large crowds for his murders.“ He paused. "Other than that we know that the Ripper may be a doctor, a surgeon or someone that similar background because of the precise cuts. We still don’t know if they are alpha or not. The Ripper hides it well. There’s no primal violence in his kills.”

”Maybe it doesn’t play a role whether they are an alpha, a beta or omega. Everyone can be a killer, regardless of your nature.”

Hannibal had to suppress a smile at this remark but internally he was utmostly satisfied that he was successful in hiding his origin during his kills.

“You’re right“, Will answered. “Maybe it just doesn’t make sense to classify him that way.” He sighed. “Anyway, the time frame of their kills is closing again and where do we start?“Will remarked with a resigned sigh. "We don’t know if they’ll kill again or not. The Ripper always stopped in the last few years after the fifth victim. This one was the ninth. And honestly?I could use a break.”

His furry, pointy ears, usually so alert, lay flat against his head, signaling tension, alertness and distress, the lips were pressed together. Hannibal sighed. On the one hand, he was

relieved to hear that Will was about to feel indifferent about catching the Ripper yet the stress, guilt, and agitation caused by the conflict in his conscience radiated from the omega in waves worried and disturbed him.

The work on the murders, on his murders, was after all very stressful and conflicting for Will. He perceived a clear yearning to retire from what was exhausting him. Though regret was an emotion Hannibal rarely felt, his protectiveness for the omega before he made him change his mind. He would have to be more careful in the future - for his own sake and Will‘s. He did not want the FBI on his doorstep nor wanted he Will to continue exploiting and abusing his beautiful mind and body, ultimately sacrificing his fertility to the hound Crawford.

Hannibal believed it to be better if he persuaded him to leave the work at the bureau behind. It would make the omega more susceptible to his love and influence. He knew there was a darker side in Will secretly enjoying the murders, but Hannibal needed to have patience and show him the love and respect the omega deserved. He figured it would be better and more effective than the approach he was pursuing by enforcing psychic driving by inducing seizures with drugs to make him emotionally dependent on him. In the end, it would only backfire when Will realized the manipulation and the tampering with his brain. His heart would be broken and he would hate to be separated from him.

“I told you before, Will, that you should earnestly consider your limitations in what you do,” Hannibal said, leaning his upper body forward again, reaching for his hand. Will’s fingers felt hot. His body temperature had risen and announced the inevitable coming heat. But right now Hannibal was worried about the mental state of his omega.

“Why don’t you quit, return to your former teaching post and find yourself a suitable husband or wife who supports you?” Hannibal suggested his voice as soft and suave as possible.

Will leaned forward as well and blushed when he felt the caressing strokes of Hannibal’s long manicured fingers on his. A little whine escaped him when their fingers crossed. Then Will let out a bitter laugh. “You know Jack. He won’t let me quit. Besides, I’m saving lives.”

“I don’t care about the lives you currently save, Will. I care about you. You can’t let Jack dictate you how to live your life. You’re an adult and you have the right to choose the path in life which suits you best.”

The silence that followed was tense. Will looked at him with his azure eyes for some moments, furrowing his eyebrows. His warm smile disappeared and the facial expression was now vulnerable and raw.

“I’ve been thinking about retiring from fieldwork and settling down with someone special.” Will breathed, staring at the lewd painting of Leda and the Swan in the back of the room.

Hannibal’s heartbeat accelerated but he tried to stay in control of his emotions nonetheless. What if Will chose someone else? He needed to know if he was interested in him or not.

Hannibal returned his smile. “Why not? You’re in the best age to have children and found a family.” He remarked with a purr in his voice. “Have you found someone, if I may ask?”

“Yeah, I have,” Will replied, but with a rather sad smile on his face, ignoring the boldness of his therapist to ask such an intimate question. He struggled for some moments with himself. Hannibal saw he was trying to swallow down the words that formed themselves in his throat, watching his Adam’s apple bob. “But the person I like and I’m in love with is out of reach for me.”

His agitation grew when he sensed the sadness of Will and it precipitated a dull ache in his chest. He had to calm himself down to not make it too obvious he had found a liking in Will and was excited to hear more about Will’s secret crush. He sincerely hoped that Will was talking about him and not some other common pig or another alpha he was familiar with.

“You won’t know if you don’t try and come forward ”, Hannibal managed to say, hoping his voice was as soothing and steady as usual.

“There are professional obstacles”, Will said, with a sigh. “Jack would not approve of the romantic overtures. And it would destroy the reputation of my crush.”

Hannibal needed to know who his secret crush was. A part of him suspected Alana and a shadow of jealousy and possessiveness crept through his mind. Alana was a beautiful alpha, it was true and it was not uncommon that male omegas and female alphas lived and even had pups together but he wanted Will for himself. He was his omega, not hers. They were destined to be more than mates, he knew it.

Hannibal already imagined Will standing in front of him, waiting at the door for him to come home from work, greeting him with a kiss. His belly would be swollen and stretched by the little pup he fathered growing inside of him. His cheeks were all rosy and flushed. He would be radiant in his pregnancy glow.

A whine of the omega tore him out of his wanton thoughts. He noticed that Will was nervous all of a sudden. His legs were shaking and his face had turned deeply red while he was waging a war with himself.

“You don’t have to tell-“, Hannibal began, wanting to shift the conversation back to his mental state and suggestions to keep the killers out of his mind. The last thing he wanted or needed was to push his favorite omega wolf away from him and lose the opportunity to fight for what should be his.

“The alpha is my...is..my... psychiatrist”, Will stammered in embarrassment and he bit on his lips as soon as the words abandoned his mouth. “Goddammit, Graham, get yourself together.” He growled and scolded himself.” Hannibal chuckled when he witnessed him behaving like a schoolboy which was not like the Will he usually experienced in his sessions. The revelation was obvious but he chose to let Will speak and reward him for his courage to come forward afterward.

”It’s ...you.” Will finally uttered with a steadier voice and tried to hold the eye contact with him even though he was abashed to the bone. Hannibal returned his longing, burning and piercing gaze and smiled - this time not a polite, reserved one but a genuine, affectionate and intimate smile which he rarely showed. It was the first time in years, Hannibal experienced so much sincere joy and happiness. His kills could only provide him with short-term

satisfaction. This moment, however, was completely different. The rooms inside his mind palace were filled with another outstanding memory.

Conversations and Confessions

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

After uttering his confession of love, Will got up from the armchair again and lingered a few meters away from Hannibal like a cornered rabbit. His cheeks were still burning hot, his dark grey fluffy tail stiff and tense, mirroring his current emotional state. He ruffled through his curls with his hands. “Listen, Dr. Lecter, I know it’s a huge surprise and it’s not supposed to be like that. I know you can’t...” The omega began in a hoarse voice when the psychiatrist did not say anything, as he was caught by surprise.

Hannibal approached Will until he stood in front of him in the middle of the ostentatious room next to the beige wooden office table, put a hand on his shoulder and caressed his face with the other hand. Will closed his eyes and leaned into the gentle touch of his fingers. He had not been touched so intimately in a long time. Will didn’t object nor pulled away and stayed right where he was standing.

Hannibal interrupted his sheepish waffling.“Will, stop. First of all, call me Hannibal”, he purred in a soothing voice. “ Will looked at him with his widened puppy eyes, confused and skeptical. “Ok, Hannibal”, he began but fell silenced again as he sensed that the alpha had not finished yet. Hannibal put a finger on his pink lips to silence him. Will obliged. His body reacted when his ears perceived the gentle commanding voice of the alpha.

“Secondly, I want you to know that it’s okay.“ Hannibal whispered. “Because I’m feeling the very same attraction to you since the very beginning. Since I was called in by Jack Crawford to assist you with the case of the Minnesota Shrike.”

The omega looked at him in surprise but his face darkened when Hannibal mentioned the Shrike case and the alpha regretted in an instant that he had mentioned the case. He knew that he still hallucinated and dreamt about Garrett Jacob Hobbs whom he had to kill when saving the life of Abigail Hobbs, making her an orphan. He wondered if the fact that the denial of the authorities to make him her guardian had to do with his yearning to found a family and to bond. Hannibal had found it a shame as well that he was refused to take care of her but they only allowed bonded omegas and alphas to adopt orphans.

He sensed that Will missed her just like he did. She had moved into the home of her new family somewhere in Maine, that was he had been told by Alana but since then Hannibal had not received a message of Abigail at all which meant she had moved forward and did not want to have anything to do with Will or Hannibal.

But Will chose to not dwell on the painful reminder and once the shadow of the memory had passed and disappeared from his face, his fluffy tail moved and twitched in anticipation.

“You are..in love with me?” Will asked instead with raised eyebrows and something like relief but also slight shock washed over his face. He purred again which omegas did when they were comfortable and relaxed. Hannibal was exceedingly glad as he hadn’t heard Will

purring in a long time. The stress of the work and the experiences of the murders were the causes of this, Hannibal was sure.

“Yes”, Hannibal replied. “I have been thinking about you every night. I didn’t want to bond with anyone else and I waited for the right opportunity.” He paused. “But you surprised me tonight, my dear Will.” His dark, raspy voice was like honey. Sweet, tender and full of love.

Will whimpered when Hannibal emphasized the endearment with his soft, thick Lithuanian accent and felt the warm breath of Hannibal on his face but his face grew skeptical again as he wrinkled his forehead. He walked away from Hannibal once more. Hannibal sighed inwardly. Will was infuriating sometimes, always denying his feelings.

“But we can’t just have an affair”, Will replied quietly. “It would be reckless.”

“Why?” Hannibal asked back, astounded. “You said you wanted to settle down eventually. It is not an affair that I suggest.”

“Yeah but what about your reputation, your practice?” Will rubbed his tired eyes with his hands. “Everyone will talk and you will lose your license and Jack will be fuming.”

“There are other jobs in this world, Will.”, Hannibal retorted. “Besides, money is not the problem. I can provide for you in every way if you wish as I have inherited quite a lot from my uncle and aunt in the past.”

Hearing this suggestion, Will’s cheeks turned burgundy red. “But I don’t want to exploit you..this relationship would be not...equal.”

Hannibal followed him again when Will approached the windows and watched the snowflakes fall on the streets of Baltimore instead of looking at him.

”I assure you, Will, that I won’t keep you in my house like a prisoner. You will have every opportunity to look for another job. We don’t need to have pups in the foreseeable future if you don’t want.

“And besides, dear Will, I would like to spoil you as I already have said before.” Hannibal purred again.

"Spoil me like a sugar baby?” Will inquired quietly with knitted eyebrows and a curious gleam in his eyes. He let out an amused snort at the idea of being treated like a spoiled child, being showered in gifts.

Hannibal chuckled when he caught a flash of his thoughts and this time it was his cheeks whose color changed to light pink. “Yes, if you wish, I will be your sugar daddy.”

Will moaned and Hannibal scented his arousal. A pungent, sour smell, easily distinguishable from the other aroma of his hormones. His breathing intensified, became heavier and wanton as the heat started to consume his thinking and his needs. He buried his face into Hannibal’s crook of his neck. The latter was surprised about the sudden neediness and suppressed another growl as the intoxicating, luring scent of Will tortured the alpha. If Will kept this up,

he would drag him home into his bed and claim him there, marking him as his own and fuck him until his heat was over. What a naughty, cruel and complex boy he was.

Will looked up at him with hazed, widened sea bluish-green eyes, licked his lips. and the temptation started to erode every bit of Hannibal's discipline. " I would like it if you spoil me."A sheepish grin appeared on his face. And I want to have pups with you", Will whispered, his breathing shallow and quick. "I've been wanting kids for a long time." Hannibal held him in his arms. He looked away again. "But I need to finish both ongoing cases before Jack lets me off the hook." Hannibal hummed in agreement. He needed to find a way to cut Will loose and frame someone as the Ripper to bond and mate with his omega.

"Yes, I understand your concern, Will", Hannibal said and buried his nose in his wonderful fluffy hair. "Though I am sure that Jack could find a suitable replacement if he is forced to." The agent scoffed but remained silent and snuggled further into his arms.

"Regardless of that, I could help you through the heat nonetheless." He breathed into his ear. "We could wait and see where the next few days will take us. No obligations. Just love. Don't think too much about what could or could not happen. Let me spoil you, my lovely omega. You have earned it more than anything else."

Will smiled and purred even more. "That sounds good", he said and pressed his body against Hannibal's. His other hand wandered down his body. "I want you. Hannibal. I want you inside me." He moaned and writhed in his arms, grinding his erection against Hannibal's crotch.

Hannibal growled. If Will pushed him a little bit further with his sensual touches, moans and the release of all the sex pheromones, he would be in rut and fuck this omega right on the spot for the next hours until he was senseless and unable to speak his name. But the office was not the right spot where he wanted to bond with his omega. He could quickly decorate the bedroom with some candles before he would enjoy the delicacies Will had to offer. Given the fact, this impatient omega in the heat was able to cool down for a bit.

The air was thick and pregnant with sheer want. Will's hands slowly explored Hannibal's upper body. They ghosted on the fine smooth fabric of the black suit jacket until they reached the buttons, opened them and came to rest on his white shirt. His hands warmed Hannibal's skin even through the fabric and they trembled.

"Let me take you home, Will." Hannibal breathed and pressed chaste kisses to his forehead and cheeks. He avoided the seducing lips of Will because the first kiss was supposed to be something special. "It's not the appropriate place for our first time." Will nodded while he held on to Hannibal's chest, his finger clawing into the expensive fabric of his shirt like a little kitten."Besides you need to eat and stay hydrated. Once I'm in the rut you won't leave my bed for days", he warned him, his dark eyes filled with a lecherous, almost primal and devilish gleam.

"Let's go to your place then", Will muttered and rubbed his cheeks and stubble against Hannibal's, drenching him in his sweat and unique earthy scent. Hannibal growled but it was a content one. He glanced at his expensive platinum Cartier watch. Their session was far from finished but tonight Hannibal sensed he did not care. It didn't matter anymore as he

would be no longer Will’s therapist in the foreseeable future if everything went well. ”Please ”, Will begged in his irresistible velvet voice and fluttered his eyelashes flirtatiously. ”I’m hungry”, he groaned and pouted his lips. Hannibal smiled. How could he resist this charming, luring omega This was why he truly loved Will - the potential for emotional manipulation was enormous.

”Come, darling.” Hannibal smiled and disentangled himself from the tight embrace. ”Let me cook something quick for you before I take you apart in bed. You won't make a simple move once I am finished with you. Jack will have to do without you for some days.”

Will let out another whine, aroused by the soft menace and the promise to be shielded from the FBI and rubbed himself against Hannibal’s body once more before he moved away, picked up bis bag with his laptop and papers from the students of the academy and followed Hannibal out of the door into the cold winter’s night.

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter will be smut (and cuddling) ;)

I hope I can finish it before Wednesday because I'll be completely busy next week.
If not, forgive me for another longer break because I will be back on Sunday evening.

Update (August 13th): I couldn’t finish it in time, so please be patient with me 🙏

Bonding

Chapter Summary

When Will’s heat starts to set in, they decide to leave the office and go to Hannibal’s home. They give in to their feelings but Will is being reckless...

Chapter Notes

So, here it is :)

I didn't want to keep you waiting that long. Decided to post it and not give it to a beta-reader because I am very impatient 😅

Warning! These two have unprotected sex. Don't do that in real life, please! ;)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

They left the high-rise building and walked to the underground car park around the corner where Hannibal’s Bentley was waiting for them, safe and secure from the cold. It was freezing, the temperatures had dropped below the usual comfortable degrees. Will shivered, his field jacket was way too light. The snow covered the streets with a cold yet fluffy white layer which gave the usual grey and dreary surroundings in that part of the city a fragile and beautiful look. An unusual silence filled the streets as the people retreated from the cold into their homes. Now and then some cars drove down the slippery lane at slow speed. When they had left the office and shut the door behind them, Hannibal convinced Will to wear his warm checkered cashmere scarf even though Will insisted, again and again, he did not need it but Hannibal insisted, being already too caring and protective of his precious Will as if he would perish in the few minutes subjected to the cold weather.

On the way to Hannibal’s mansion at the very end of Baltimore, they had halted at a local drug store to fetch some condoms specifically made for alphas. While they drove the rest of the road back home in silence, the tension in the air mounted rapidly. It was so thick that a blade could cut through it. While the buildings, shops, and streets of Baltimore passed them by, Hannibal found himself touching Will’s lean, cold thighs and knees with his hands until they rested at Will’s bulging erection. He patted him through the fabric of his jeans. Will moaned, whimpered and did not tear the gaze away from Hannibal during the way back to his home. Warmth seized Hannibal as he noticed how eager Will was to mate with him, and the butterflies in his stomach fluttered.

“We’re nearly there”, Hannibal cooed Will with a fond smile and a soft voice when he noticed that the omega was as tense as a dog who wanted to get out and probably cover himself in his bed with as many pillows and covers as possible. Omegas were needy and nesting during the heat. His nose perceived that the omega unconsciously spread some more hormones. “It’s difficult to keep the car straight on the lane, the streets are already icy again.” He remarked to break the tense, nearly unbearable silence that had settled between them. “You need better tires or a different car ”, Will just grunted and gave him a crooked smile before he leaned back and tried to keep his upwelling heat under control. He grabbed the hand of Hannibal again to place it on his hard erection beneath the waistband of his trousers, tempting Hannibal to squeeze his cock through the boxers which elicited further wanton moans to the pleasure of the alpha.

After the tantalizing break at the drugstore, they pulled up at Hannibal’s home at last. Hannibal abandoned the car first and opened the door for Will but the omega hesitated.“Is something wrong, Will ?” Hannibal asked him with a concerned frown on his face as he noticed that Will lingered on his seat, lost in thoughts, not responding. “I need to call my neighbor to take care of the dogs”, Will sighed and looked at his phone, searching for a certain number..”They‘ll need to be fed and let out or they’ll piss and shit into my living room. And I need to tell Jack and the academy I can’t go to work.”

”You can do that inside, Will, while I make us something to eat.” Hannibal retorted, offering him his hand. When Will didn't react at once, he prompted him. “Come, Will”, he commanded, in a tone sharper than originally intended. A growl rumbled in his throat. Will reacted, again automatically and submissively to Hannibal’s satisfaction. He let out a responding, high-pitched whine, got up and Hannibal nudged him into the foyer of his home where Hannibal gently pulled off the field jacket and put it on the cedar wooden coat rack. When he threw an observing glance at the worn-out jacket, Hannibal made a mental note to drag Will to his own tailor to gift him an elegant but cozy coat to keep the omega safe from the cruel cold.

Hannibal led Will through the foyer into the moody, baroque living room where he gestured Will to sit down on the green armchair with the plush cushion. When he noticed Will was growing impatient and rubbed his head against his waist, moaning and purring, his glands leaked a new wave of soothing pheromones, bowed down and kissed his temple. Cold lips met with his hot forehead. “I’ll be back with some food and drinks, my love”, Hannibal whispered, stroked his cheek before he turned on his heels to retreat into the kitchen where he would look for something he could whip up quickly for his needy and hungry omega. “You can make yourself comfortable in the bedroom upstairs if you like.” Hannibal purred. He knew that omegas needed a place to rest if they were in heat and that Will was tired from the day anyway and needed to lay down for a while.

Will first did not want to let him go and started tearing at his shirt in uncontrolled lust and longing before Hannibal gripped his hands again. Another deep long breath. “Soon, Will”, Hannibal smiled and his thumb rested for some seconds on his fine lips. With a smacking sound, Will sucked it in, playfully and full of dedication before Hannibal withdrew it again.

“I’ll bring you the food to the bed ”, Hannibal assured to Will. With a reluctant grumble, the omega climbed up the stairs. “It’s the first room on the left”, Hannibal called, halting in his

steps towards the kitchen, causing Will to stop on the stairs for a single moment.

Hannibal hummed contently in his kitchen and quickly decided he would go for a cold dinner plate today with some appetizers and protein for his lovely omega. He did not want to let Will wait that long but most important was that he did not want to torture himself further and give in to his primal urges. Even Hannibal had limits. Especially when the whole house was already imprinted with his delicious and arousing fragrance.

From what he had witnessed during their short lunch breaks at Quantico and their conjoint casework in Minnesota, Hannibal deduced that Will was not a particularly picky eater and easily satisfied with simple things given the fact that he went fishing when he had the time. His dinners were simple and clean as far as he had seen from the glances into his fridge while Will had been away and he had to take care of his dogs. But sometimes there were also some empty packages of instant noodles or mac 'n cheese which made Hannibal shudder. If he was to live here, he would make sure that Will refrained from buying these atrocities. A busy schedule was no excuse to neglect your nutrition.

Hannibal remembered with a smile while he took out his sharp kitchen knives how surprised Will looked when he brought him some scrambled eggs along with some homemade coffee after their first encounter at the bureau. Oh, his Will. He would make sure to take good care of him.

Having finished cutting the honey melon into long slices, he proceeded to fetch different sorts of artisan cheese from his big, grey stainless fridge as well as some human meat from the pantry in his cellar. Hannibal cut the cheese into fine cubes, garnished them with grapes and carved some slices of the skinned flesh of the particularly unhelpful and rude customer service worker Andrew Cardwell before he wrapped the bacon around the melon slices. Hannibal was a skilled chef and it did not take long to style the appetizers in his usual way even though he had an impatient omega waiting for him. To include more protein, he decided to serve the snacks along with three sausages for Will and him which he also had intended to use up this evening anyway. For additional vitamins and nutrients, he placed some slices of mangoes, bananas, apples, and bananas on the plates as well.

Will meanwhile lounged in the soft creamy pillows and the silken sheets after making his phone call with his neighbor to take care of the dogs and the tedious one with Jack and Alana. Jack was not very pleased that he dropped off in the middle of the case because he forgot to take his heat suppressants regularly but Jack was bound to accept it. Alana was more understanding and kind. She offered to hold the lectures at the academy for him and tell his TA to assist the students.

Now he waited until Hannibal would come up the stairs. He had carelessly thrown his clothes to the floor and lay there, nude, ready to receive Hannibal's knot. Lust and the need and urge to be bitten by Hannibal obsessed his mind, causing him to writhe around in the king-sized bed, messing up the neatly made bed, drenching it in his sweat and scent. His fingers slid down to his cock and he closed his eyes. Before he could immerse himself into his fantasy and sate his needs, for now, he was interrupted and he bolted upright in the bed. His sensitive ears perceived noises of Hannibal walking up the stairs. They straightened until they were fully upright again and his tail wagged again.

Hannibal entered the bedroom and took a minute lingering at the threshold to admire the beauty and grace of Will, lounging on the bed, completely nude, imprinting every bit of his bed with his scent. A smile curled on his thin lips and a pleasant low grumble eloped from this throat while his eyes flickered from top to bottom.

He would love to make charcoal sketches of him in this position when Will was asleep or gone after the few days of blissful mating and bonding. The way Will presented his wonderful wiry body on the bed and straddled his legs for his alpha. He was waiting to be claimed and bred and there was nothing else in the world Hannibal would love to do right now

“I have made us a plate with appetizers which should suffice for tonight at least ”, Hannibal finally remarked after indulging in Will’s appearance and sat down on the bedside, carefully placing the large tray with the plates in front of him.

”Thank you, Hannibal”, Will replied quietly with a smile, hastily grabbing one melon slice with the bacon, one sausage and one piece of provolone cheese. “It looks fantastic.” He started eating eagerly and didn’t wait for Hannibal. He gulped down the glass of water Hannibal handed him in an instant. The latter was sitting on his side of the bed and watched him with an amused smirk.

“I think I will teach you some table manners very soon, my boy”, he purred and began eating the sausage, melon and the cheese bites in a more civilized and a pleasurable way. Will simply looked at him with a playful, cheeky look in his eye and gulped down the rest of the snack, making vulgar slurping and smacking noises Hannibal usually despised. When Will ate the sausage, he made sure to move it back and forth in his mouth and fling lecherous and telling glances at him with a smirk gracing his luring pink lips.

“What a cheeky and naughty brat you are. You should be spanked for your insolence.”, Hannibal remarked with a growl in his voice, his eyes flickering over his omega’s defiant face. “But luckily for you, I want to spoil you tonight.” He slapped his lean muscular thigh with the palm of his hand twice which triggered something in the omega. He whimpered in arousal as the hand hit him, tossed his plate on the bed and watched how Hannibal slowly devoured the last pieces of his snacks.

“Daddy”, Will moaned. He used the word without thinking much. Hannibal smiled. He liked it. They did not negotiate but it was not that he‘d do anything without his consent. “Please..it’s getting worse.” His eyes were all hazy and clouded. The veil reminded Hannibal of the fog rising up above the sea on days when the rain set in. Will leaned forward from the bed until his nose met with Hannibal’s. “Kiss me, please.” He demanded. A shudder ran down his spine and goosebumps emerged on his arms and his neck when skin met on skin.

Will’s sweet, pink lips were merely inches away from Hannibal’s. Both were waiting for the other to start a kiss but no one dared. Hannibal perceived the longing in Will’s eyes, the hunger, and the torture. Altogether he had wanted to light some candles, at least to make it more reverend but the ferocity in Will’s eyes defeated him.

At last, their lips touched and they lost themselves in a kiss that first started with subtle exploration and tasting of each other’s lips. They sucked, licked and bit on their lips like

animals, drawing drops of blood from their lips with their fangs, before Will ultimately thrust his tongue greedily into Hannibal's mouth who reciprocated his fierce kiss, pulled him closer and cupped his face into his hands. There was a fire consuming them both. A spark had sprung from the electrified air and it set them both ablaze. Will leaned his upper body forward, ignoring the plate in front of him and greased the sheets with stains as one of the cheese bites rolled on the bed. Hannibal moaned against his lips and quickly put the fine silver china on the nightstand. "*Alpha*", Will suddenly moaned against his mouth. "Please breed me."

Hannibal let out a feral growl, pushed Will back into the bed, tore off his shirt, the black vest, the tie, the slacks and his briefs from his body as quickly as he could. When Will looked up into his eyes, a pair of radiating crimson red eyes looked down at him with animalistic lust. "I will. You're mine." Heavy breathing, whines and stolen kisses filled the silence of the room while Hannibal undressed and crawled on the bed, purring and growling. His hands were wandering greedily all over Will's broad shoulders, his gorgeous pectoral muscles, the small breasts with his hardened nipples and his old gunshot scars where he left soft, reverent kisses.

When they lay in the bed after the initial exploring of their bodies they remained there like two predators waiting to attack and devour another. But Will was the prey in this case when Hannibal hovered above him and after a moment in which Will pleaded Hannibal with his hazed, dilated blue eyes and his pheromones which drove the alpha crazy, Hannibal started spreading wild kisses and small love bites all over the body until he reached Will's groin where he buried his nose into his pubic hair.

Will moaned and the lewd noises filled the large room. "Mhm", Hannibal muttered, while pressing kisses on his pectoral muscles and his belly., "You're such a lovely boy, Will."

They were losing themselves in lecherous kisses, choking the air out of their lungs, shivering when their hands exploded their bodies when Hannibal hesitated and was about to leave Will's side, searching for his clothes, remembering he had forgotten something important. "What you're doing, Hannibal?" Will asked him, inquieted, looking confused. "Condoms", he grunted. "Forgot them in the car."

Will pulled him back to the bed. "Doesn't matter ", he breathed. "I'll take the risk. I want your cum inside me. I want your knot, daddy." He whimpered n a high-pitched voice. Hannibal paused. This was not what they had talked about before."Will", Hannibal started, panting."Are you sure?"

The omega nodded and pulled him down again so that Hannibal who was surprised by this energetic movement lay flat on Will's body once more. Their hard cocks rubbed against each other while Will bucked up his hips and locked his legs around Hannibal's. "Yes ", Will breathed. "Yes. I'm sure. I want your knot. I want you." He repeated these words like a chant.

Will looking so debauched and begging beneath him smashed the last wall in Hannibal's inner defense. A savage growl escaped him and Hannibal left bite marks and kisses all over his body. He finally came to a rest on Wills's groin once more and took his whole length into his mouth. Will moaned out loud again while Hannibal sucked him off, using his lips and tongue with skill and precision. He loved tasting him and took his time, savoring him like the best meal he had ever created.

Will bucked up his hips and thrust into his mouth. The alpha sucked harder, faster one finger found his way into Will's hole which was already wet with his own slick. The alpha's eyes were a dark crimson red while they took in how Will let himself go and looked so wanton, so ecstatic.

With every thrust, Hannibal brought him closer. "I'm coming, Daddy", he whimpered and he released himself in his mouth, while his body trembled in ecstasy as the wave rushed through him. But it was not over yet. Hannibal thrust against Will's prostate with his fingers. With every thrust, the omega sighed and cried much to Hannibal's delight who was filled with joy at the sight. Will's soft cock grew fully erect again.

The alpha purred. Will's body was so eager to have him, to be mated and fucked thoroughly that it reacted to his touches no matter if he had already cum or not. With his free hand, Hannibal pumped himself until his cock was fully hard again before dragging Will closer to him."How do you want me to have you?" Hannibal asked him, straightening up and bringing himself into position.

"Fuck me hard, Daddy", Will sighed. The words came without thinking. "I like it rough." He locked his legs around Hannibal's hips even tighter, as if afraid that Hannibal would get up again, looking at him in expectation then at his cock."You're huge", Will assessed, licking his lips. His eyes dilated at the sight of the gorged, pink, uncircumcised cock which formed a beautiful curve in his erect state.

"My size is definitely above average", Hannibal answered with a smirk, planting a smacking kiss on Will's mouth before he slowly pressed his cock against Will's entrance.

Hannibal growled again and exhaled a sharp breath. The feeling of Will's tight, slick hole was incredible. Equally splendid was the sight of Will writhing and shaking on the bed below as the sensations permeated through every cell of Will's oversensitive brain. He dragged Will's hips even closer to be able to bend over him and when he was inside Will he began moving his cock, first slowly before he thrust harder and harder into him. "Do you like that, my love?" Hannibal grumbled.

"Oh yes", Will hissed, clawing his fingers into Hannibal's thighs, causing him to growl even more. "Yes, I like that very much, daddy." He groaned in a haughty voice. With one of his hands, he ruffled through the dark blonde hair of Hannibal and toyed with one of the bangs falling loosely into his face and stared into his crimson red eyes.

Hannibal reveled in the rosy cheeks and the hazy eyes of Will staring back at him in love. He was so tempted to speed up the pace but as it was their first time he would do everything to make this evening and the coming days unforgettable for both of them. Especially after they refrained from using condoms. He slowed down the pace a little bit, planted soft kisses on Will's thighs and nibbled playfully on his smooth skin ."Don't slow down...please, daddy", Will begged. "I'm so close again."

"Patience, darling", Hannibal muttered and one of his hands gripped his cock and pumped it while he pushed in and pulled out very slowly."It's our first time", Hannibal whispered. "And I want you to have the first time you'll never forget ."

“It’s..already unforgettable”, Will answered and moaned again when Hannibal’s cock thrust especially hard against his prostate.“Bite me, Hannibal”, Will begged him. “I want you to bond with me. Knot me”

“I told you I will”, Hannibal responded, causing Will to grunt in pleasure as he hit his prostrate with another intense and forceful thrust. Will squirmed, whimpered and cried and the sound filled Hannibal with utmost satisfaction while he drilled and fucked into him like the animal he was, relenting to the omega’s pleading.

Hannibal sped up the pace once again when he saw the longing and ache in the omega’s ocean eyes and he felt how the urge to bite Will and claim him rose in him like a vicious beast emerging from the depth of the ocean.

Steam covered the large glass window in the bedroom and the air was damp and sticky - so intense was the heat that radiated from their bodies while they made love and writhed around in the large king-size bed.

“Hannibal...”, Will kept whimpering. “Please. I love you. Make me yours”, he hissed when he was overwhelmed again and nearing his climax once again. “*Alpha*”

The eyes of the alpha were flashing red once more and he was losing control over himself when the knot started to form on his cock.”*Omega*. You’re mine”, Hannibal growled, lowering his head about the beautiful pale neck of Will who exposed it for Hannibal by tilting his head to the left. He noticed the remainders of an old mating scar on his neck. Possessiveness and determination to truly make Will his own and only mate seized Hannibal and a grumble left his throat again.

He sank his canine teeth into Will’s neck and the sensation that occurred was a wave of tickling electricity pulsing through their bodies. It was the connection of two souls that belonged together. Will cried when Hannibal’s sharp teeth grazed his skin and he shivered. Blood drops welled up from the wound on his neck. His eyes widened and his whole body twitched while the alpha bonded with him. Hannibal withdrew when he noticed the wave was abating and he smiled at the omega. He carefully licked the wound clean with his tongue until it started to close and the imprint of teeth in his skin turned from red to silver. “It’s your turn, I believe”, he muttered into Will’s ear.

Will whined and sank his teeth into Hannibal’s neck as well who now groaned and moaned as the wave returned. He shuddered at the sensation of sharp fangs piercing his skin. Will licked around his neck and the wound started to close until there was only the scar left.

Hannibal was moving faster and quicker now. Will clawed his nails into his back, causing Hannibal to grunt when he felt the burning sensation of sharp claws on his back. “Faster”, he groaned and the alpha obliged. Hannibal fucked into Will harder, eliciting more feeble whines from Will. At last, Hannibal’s knot started to swell and lock inside Will’s slit, making sure that every sperm made its way into Will’s uterus. Their bodies twitched while they held onto each other into this position. Hannibal spilled his cum into Will and the feeling was indescribable. Both cried and panted, arching their head back as the orgasm overwhelmed them. They embraced each other tightly, lingering in the position as long as Hannibal’s knot was deeply buried in Will.

“Now there’s no turning back”, Hannibal finally whispered when the knot deflated after a while and smiled at Will who kept breathing heavily and grimaced as he moved his legs that felt stiff and sore. “Yes, I know”, Will simply answered with a warm, satisfied smile. “I wanted it and I can live with the consequences.”

Hannibal’s eyes filled with tears for the first time in months since the marvelous opera performance at the opera house. Having Will marked as his omega was something he would not have ever imagined to happen so quickly.

They exchanged long, loving and hazy glances in the afterglow while they lay next to each other and Hannibal caressed the cheek and his jaw with his hands. Both were physically exhausted from their first round of sex and before long Will rolled into Hannibal’s arms and rested his head on his chest where he stroked his furry chest hair, purring in satisfaction. Hannibal smiled, holding his new mate tight to his chest and watched Will, who was exhausted from the long day in the field, fall asleep.

He waited until his slumber was deep enough before he carefully disentangled himself, grabbed the smartphone from the nightstand with his other hand and called his patients to reschedule his sessions for the next three days before he slipped back under the duvet and snuggled up to Will again.

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter will take a while! Sorry *hug*

A Shared Dream

Chapter Summary

Hannibal and Will share a dream after they fall asleep after the first round and Hannibal explains Will in the dream that they are soul bonds. Will shares with him who he has killed after being reluctant - it is the wendigo with black antlers that lies on the table. Hannibal knows it’s a metaphor for the ripper, for himself, but he doesn’t say anything as Will says he needs to figure out who the wendigo is.Hannibal is startled from the dream as Will wakes up and touches him for another round of sex..

Chapter Notes

This is what my muse granted me today. I’ll try to make the next chapters longer again :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

There was no greater pleasure for Hannibal than to watch his new mate Will sleep, snuggled up in his light linen duvet Hannibal had put on him as he joined him in bed again after making his calls. The omega was still soaked in sticky sweat, his own and Hannibal's cum and his slick but Hannibal didn’t bother. Sheets and duvets could be cleaned. He sniffed and inhaled. A strong scent of musk, sex, and acidic sweat lay in the air. The aftermath of primal pleasantries. Hannibal took it in and growled contently. He had marked Will as his mate and made sure no one would dare and claim his omega. Hannibal gently combed his messy curls and toyed with some streaks of Will’s soft hair absentmindedly. After a while, he petted his lovely furry ears at which the curly brown tail of the omega reacted and brushed against Hannibal’s thighs. But the omega did not wake up though his body stirred and he moaned.

In the current position, Hannibal found it hard to get some rest. It was like a hot, unbearable summer's night. Will radiated blazing ardor of his heat through every pore of his skin which made it impossible to fall asleep in a comfortable way for Hannibal as they cuddled up so close and Will pushed his ass against Hannibal's crotch. Hannibal was considering getting a cold shower. He always needed his shower after sex but he figured he was too tired and lazy to move.

Besides, he didn't want to leave his beloved alone even if it was just for minutes or stir him up from his needed sleep. Occasionally Will freed himself of the little spoon position and kicked against his legs with his feet, hitting his belly with his elbows but Hannibal didn't mind. When another frantic groan and whimper resounded in his ears, he tried to soothe the omega, who was apparently suffering from nightmares just like he had told him in the

sessions weeks ago, with his soothing pheromones and the assuring, gentle touches of his hands and kisses.

Will seemed, unfortunately, to be haunted by the fieldwork and the last murders. If everything worked out the way he wanted and he followed Hannibal's recommendation to stop profiling the nightmares would soon stop and he had him for himself.

The alpha was tired, too. Occasionally his eyelids were heavy as lead and he found himself dozing off in a haze until a loud groan of his omega woke him and he flinched, inadvertently kicking Will with his legs. It had also been a quite long day for him all along but he wanted to, he needed to stay awake a little bit longer in case Will woke up and needed him when his body had recovered enough for the next round of heated mating. He inhaled a breath, grabbed a glass of water from the tray on the night stand and took a large sip.

He smiled to himself as his hands perceived the belly of the omega heaving and falling with his breathing, his smooth chest vibrating from the purrs emitted to calm himself down. Before long his eyelids, no longer able to resist sleep deprivation, fell shut and he tumbled into a deep slumber - defeated by the mental exhaustion of the day and the days before when he hunted down Peter Andrews, the car mechanic, who had charged him way too much money for a simple and poor car inspection half a year ago, thinking he could milk him like all the other rich fools.

All of a sudden, Hannibal found himself in another place and not in his bed in his mansion in Baltimore. He blinked as he realized he was dreaming which he hadn't done in a very long time. Most of his slumbers were dreamless. Only sometimes Mischa visited in his sleep but that had been long ago. When Hannibal had a closer look at his new surroundings, he realized he was back in Wolf Trap Virginia. Hannibal ultimately came to the conclusion he was now in Will's dream. Fascinating. So they were true soulmates now. He had suspected as much before when Will inadvertently granted him flashes of his thoughts and images of the crime scenes. A content smile graced his face.

The cold wind stung on his cheeks like sharp needles and he wondered why. He touched his face and the skin felt rough and partly numb. Hannibal was astounded that he experienced the same sensations of real life in this shared dream. In secret, he admired Will's ability to dream in technicolor and his ability to emphasize with the killers and victims.

Everything seemed so vivid, so accurate like a picture was taken with a high definition camera. He had a vast mind palace and a good memory of all the places he had visited but this was something else. A remarkable gift that Jack used against Will like a double-edged blade.

He looked down at his body and noticed he was dressed in the same elegant tailored woolen coat of tonight. His feet were immersed in the thick layer of the snow. Hannibal lifted his head and analyzed the setting of the dream. He was standing in a vast, snow-covered, fragile field in front of a large, dark forest. The branches were bending under the weight of the snow. A gold shimmer of the setting winter sun hung in the sky, illuminating the trees in soft light.

In the near distance, deep in the snow, he recognized a familiar silhouette who was running after a strange, black stag with antlers equipped with a rifle in his hands. He heard shots

fired and the loud roaring of the stag but Will missed the target as the stag took turns and increased his speed. Hannibal sprinted towards him, as fast as he could in the snow, and called out his name. "Will", he called, his voice echoing over the plain. He panted and the frigid air stung in his lungs as he tried to reach Will who was still chasing the creature, galloping into the eerie forest. "Will, wait for me", Hannibal exclaimed again and gasped for air. At last, Will whirled around and gazed at Hannibal with a surprised and irritated look in his ice-blue eyes.

"Hannibal", Will said, lowering his rifle and with a frown on his forehead. The black stag with the antlers ran away into the distance while Will was distracted. "What on earth are you doing here in my dream?"

"I don't know", Hannibal confessed. "It seems like we can share our dreams."

Will's storm blue eyes widened. "I didn't know that this was even possible", he answered. "I thought our bonding was not...special."

Hannibal had been surprised as well. He had to be very careful in the future if he wanted to commit murder and provide meat for his mate. This shared-dream thing could cause a lot of complications.

"*Apparently, it is. I'm as surprised as you are", Hannibal replied to that. "It is not uncommon for bonded soulmates to have shared dreams and thoughts although such strong bonds have become very rare. There haven't been any sightings of alphas and omegas witch such a powerful bond in the last years as far as I know."*

Hannibal's eyes scrutinized his mate from up close. There were scratches on his cheeks, bruises from a fight. His gaze then fell on Will's arms who were deeply soaked in thick, dark crimson blood and full of further bruises and wounds from a fight he emerged victoriously. Instinctively he reached out for them. His hands felt clammy and sweaty on his own as he squeezed them reassuringly. He enjoyed the dark fed juice on his own hands, trickling on the sleeves of his coat.

"What happened to you, Will ?" Hannibal inquired after a small pause, trying to sound concerned and not excited about Will drenched in blood. But he could not help it, the sight aroused him deeply. His eyes flickered back to the sweaty and disturbed face of his soulmate whose blue eyes were gazing into the direction of the stag.

Will swallowed." I killed a man and took his organs." He disclosed, still avoiding his gaze. "Then the ravenstag turned up from behind when I was finished. It freaked me out and before I knew what happened I was here...I guess I followed him." He glanced at his feet which seemed sore and dirty from walking or running a long distance without wearing shoes.

Hannibal's heart leaped and he regretted not having joined his nightmare sooner to see him kill his prey. Yet the better part of him was truly concerned because his omega was suffering in this nightmare and he didn't want him to suffer too much despite his interest in making him his equal and bringing out the lust for murder in him. He should view killing as something beautiful. But that was another story for another day. If he made the slightest slip in this

dream and the earliest stage of their relationship, Will would eventually remember it one day and everything would be over.

"You imagined yourself killing the latest Ripper victim Peter Andrews?" Hannibal asked him in a soothing voice and stroked his back.

Will gave him a curt nod and his face darkened for a moment at the past moment of his nightmare.

"Do you want to show me?" Hannibal asked again. "Can you show me?"

Will sighed. "I think I can if I focus on it. But first I must chase the stag and find out who or what it is."

He turned around to see that the black raven stag was standing in front of the forest and watching them from the distance for a moment before the darkness swallowed him as he disappeared into the woods.

"Too late", he assessed as there was no trace of the mysterious creature anymore.

"What a shame. Do you always dream about the stag, Will or is it a recent development?" Hannibal asked Will, barely able to hide his curiosity to experience more about his dreaming, stroking his face with his fingers.

"Since I got involved with the Ripper case," Will replied softly while he inhaled the chill winter air and breathed out sharply. "I haven't made sense out of this dream yet. I don't know what it means."

Hannibal squeezed his bloodstained hand and ruffled through his hair. "We can try together if you like. Dreams can be powerful signs. Your subconsciousness tries to tell you something important." He paused and cursed himself for this hint. He didn't want to tell Will that it would lead him to the Ripper eventually, knowing Will was smart enough and make the connection on his own. The confrontation was inevitable but maybe he could postpone it by shutting his dreams out and control Will's dreams with psychiatric tools." He needed to find out how when he was awake again. "I can also help you to control your dreams, to make them less scary if you want me to."

"Thank you, Hannibal", Will answered with a faint, shaken smile but he still looked disturbed and sad. "I'd love to get rid of them. But let me show you something first. Come."He took Hannibal by his hand and led him further away from the forest and the vast field.

The scenery changed as Will's focus shifted away. They disappeared and now they were standing in the car repair shop where Hannibal had strangled the man to unconsciousness and impaled him on different tools while he was still alive. Hannibal frowned when he saw the corpse on *the table was a black, tall and slender figure who looked like a man with antlers. He knew this figure to be the wendigo - a mythological creature representing violence and death. As he drew closer he noticed the facial features of the dead wendigo resembled his own a bit.*

*"See? See?" Will hissed and trembled. For a moment he became Garret Jacob Hobbs bleeding out in the kitchen in Minnesota, mimicking his behavior before he died. "See, what I am?" The omega whined and started gasping frantically. He raised his bloodied hands, looking at then in horror, before shifting his gaze back to the dead, mutilated body and the blood seeping dow*n *from the table.*

"I've killed the way the Ripper did. If I continue like this, have seizures, hallucinations, and loss of time, I will be like the Chesapeake Ripper for real." His lips trembled and he looked simply terrified at the idea of becoming a murderer. Much to Hannibal's regret.

Hannibal pulled Will away from his impaled corpse and wrapped his arms around him to shield him from the abhorrent view of the mutilated body and also to make him shift his attention away. He didn't want him to compare their faces even though dreams could be like fog and not easy to reconstruct once the person drifted back into consciousness.

There was always a chance of getting moments of lucidity. Hannibal was aware he couldn't control the storm but he wanted to control when to let it in. Lucid dreams had been long neglected by psychiatry and if he managed it, he would be able to steer his dreams in a different direction.

"Will", Hannibal said again as Will gasped. "It's alright, it's a nightmare and you haven't killed anyone for real. It's not uncommon to dream about killing. You can choose to wake up whenever you want."

Will shuddered and leaned into Hannibal's shoulder. "I think I'm going insane if this continues", he murmured and buried his face into the crook of his neck.

He winced. Hannibal frowned as he saw Will's face grew paler. He followed his horror-stricken eyes and noticed that a totem of dead bodies suddenly appeared outside the car shop.

With a glance thrown back at where the car shop had been, he noticed they were standing on a beach right now. Now they were in Grafton, West Virginia. Will revisited all the crime scenes in his dreams. Waves were crashing against the shore some meters away from the pole of corpses. A dense, icy fog clouded the ocean from view.

Out of the dense mist, a tall, blonde, half-bald familiar-looking man came tumbling towards them with a hunting knife in his hands. It was Hobbs.

With a sudden movement, Will grabbed his rifle and fired ten shots at him before Hobbs collapsed and a puddle of blood spread under his body. But it didn't work. The cannibal rose again and proceeded to make his way towards Will and Hannibal with slow steps. In the distance, the corpses started to disentangle themselves from the totem pole and moan in shrieking voices.

Hannibal caught Will before he collapsed to the cold ground outside. "It's alright, Will", Hannibal calmed him, pressed his arms around his back to assure him he was not alone and kissed his curls. "You are stronger than your nightmares. They are not real and are merely delusions disguising reality. Don't forget that. I am with you now and everything will be alright love. You're safe now. Safe and waking in a pleasant room."

He kept repeating the last words as if it was a mantra while the army of dead people kept marching towards them, ready to kill.

Will nodded as he found his courage again and planted a kiss on his mouth. Just at this moment as Hannibal wanted to deepen the kiss and intertwine his tongue with Will's, the scenery, the army of the dead and the beach, started to blur and fade away in swirls of black and white.

Hannibal was startled from sleep as he was pushed into the mattress by the weight of Will's quivering, blazing hot body on him, clearly seeking comfort and solace from the nightmare. He opened his eyes and felt the sweet, wet lips of Will on his own, kissing him in his half-lucid state with half-closed eyes. Hannibal smiled as he noticed through the haze of his tired eyes that Will's filigree hands reached for Hannibal's cock.

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter will take a while again. But I try to aim for a two week schedule as a start.Thank you for reading though 🙏🏻

The Bath

Chapter Summary

Hannibal and Will take a bath and Hannibal tries to enjoy that time with his new mate as much as possible, knowing that things may change again after the heat.

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the long wait. I was self-conscious about this fic because I am quite inconsistent with the quality of my chapters but I didn't want to let you wait either.

This chapter is, again, not beta read. All mistakes are my own.

Hannibal reached out for the cheeks of Will and cupped them into his soft, furry hands. A satisfied grumble left his throat while he watched and felt Will touching his cock while he lay there, half-asleep, half-awake. He knew he should stop Will at this point because it was not consensual if Will was not fully awake but it felt so excruciatingly good how Will toyed with his cock before lowering his head over his groin, licking and sucking. "Oh, Will", Hannibal sighed and ruffled through the disheveled curls of his omega who sucked and licked faster, still with his eyes half-closed. "My omega ", Hannibal kept grunting and he pushed his hips up, to fuck harder into his mouth. Before long his alpha instincts took over and the sleepiness disappeared and he pulled Will away before he would come.

Will whimpered a little bit, as he was pulled away with determined hands until he was lying on the left side of Hannibal who now rose and hovered above Will. "Hannibal...Please ", he murmured with a smile, finally fully opening his eyes but they were still hazy. He purred and a new cloud of sex pheromones permeated the nose of Hannibal as his omega instincts took over.. "Fuck me", Will whined and his tail wagged in anticipation, brushing against Hannibal's thighs.

"With pleasure, my lovely boy ", Hannibal growled and kissed his body from top to bottom and he cupped the cock of Will into his hands, at last, toying with it, eliciting more whines and sighs from Will. One of his fingers found the slick that now poured out of his hole again like a tiny stream and he licked up the sweet slick from his fingers.

"You're so wet for me again", the alpha growled, his eyes now gleaming red again. He inserted two fingers, the hole was now being stretched further and Will moaned louder. Before Hannibal knew what happening, Will climbed on top of him once more, effectively

pinning him down. Hannibal was surprised but he saw the want and neediness in the omegas bluish gleaming eyes.

“Need you inside me”, Will whimpered with his omega voice. He straddled Hannibal’s legs and hips, climbed on top of him and lowered his ass until Hannibal’s engorged cock was pushed fully inside and Will arched his head back, enjoying the sensation.

“Come show me how much you want your daddy’s cock “, the alpha purred, grabbing his hips to steady Will who started to move faster.

“You’re such an impatient omega”, Hannibal whispered, his breathing accelerating when Will fucked himself hard on his cock.

“I want your cum...I need pups”, Will whined, riding Hannibal faster and more energetic, eager to get his knot.

Hannibal growled again. “I will make you some nice pups. You will be full with my babies. ”

“Oh yes”, Will moaned and he bobbed up and down, forcing Hannibal to hit his prostate harder with his large cock.

He rocked his hips up and down until he felt his knot swelling and locking inside Will again, filling him up nicely with his semen.

When Will was about to collapse into Hannibal’s arms once more and seemed to fall asleep again after the knotting, Hannibal pulled him up and said in a quiet, honeyed voice “We’ve slept quite a while here. It’s time to clean us up.”

Will groaned. Every movement seemed to be too much for him.

“Let me bathe you, dear Will”, the alpha purred, nudging Will out of the bed.

Will complied reluctantly. He finally stood up and followed Hannibal into the large bathroom directly located on the other side of the corridor.

It was a spacious bathroom and Will looked around at the polished white marble bathroom fittings, the sinks with the golden faucets, the large, round bathtub which provided more than enough space and the pretentiously large shower in the top left corner of the room on the opposite side of the bathtub. In total, it was a bathroom that could host four or more persons at the same time.

Hannibal noticed with amusement and pride that Will‘s mouth hung slightly open at the sight of the luxurious interior. He knew his lifestyle was too hedonistic and extravagant but he did not bother what other people thought about it. But he was glad that his omega mate was impressed.

“Wow”, Will muttered, impressed, standing still for a moment. “You have quite a nice bathroom, Hannibal.“

"Do you like it, Will?“ Hannibal purred into his ear, kissing him on his cheek before he opened the golden spigot and let the bathtub fill up with hot water before adding a white bath bomb.

Will hummed and wrapped his arms around Hannibal who was currently bend over the tub to test the temperature. The foam emerging on the surface out of the dissolving bath bomb smelled of sandalwood, rose and bergamot and the omega was immediately drawn to it and played with the foam on the surface.

“It smells good”, Will remarked with a purr and sniffed at his fingers. "But you smell better” he breathed and rubbed his body against Hannibal, aroused again.

“I love that scent, too. Just a little longer, my love”, Hannibal remarked and flung a glance over his shoulder, smirking at seeing the omega rubbing himself so wantonly against him. He removed himself from Will’s embrace and faced him, gripping him by his upper arms.

“Time to take a bath, my omega,” he said, took a step aside and nudged Will towards the entrance of the round bathtub.

But Will didn’t enter without a long kiss. He shoved his tongue deep into Hannibal’s mouth until the alpha pulled away and growled.

Will obeyed as he heard the alpha growl and entered the basin, immersing himself in the white foam and the warm water. Hannibal followed him, carefully entering the bathtub and made himself comfortable on the opposite side of Will. Both had enough space to spread their legs.

“That feels great”, Will grunted and he sank a little deeper into the warm, colorful water, not breaking eye contact with Hannibal for a second.

“I agree “, Hannibal replied. “But You’re so far away from Daddy, darling”, he remarked when noticing that he would love his omega sitting on his lap right now, missing the sensation of his body on him.

“Does daddy feel lonely?” Will asked with a mocking tone in his voice, raising his eyebrows and pouted his lips.

Hannibal smiled and nodded. “It is indeed unusual to be separated from you after last night, my love.“

“Do you want me to sit on your lap..Daddy?” Will asked him with a playful smile while he carefully moved forward in the foamy water.

“I would like that very much”, Hannibal admitted and pulled Will who was crouching on the floor of the bathtub on all fours closer to him.

Will adjusted his position, carefully wrapping his legs around his back, leaning forward and nuzzling into Hannibal’s face.

“Is that good?” Will whispered into his ear and tucked the loose bangs of Hannibal behind his furry ear, spreading kisses on his throat. Their ears were twitching and connecting.

“Hmm, I like that very much my omega”, Hannibal smiled and moaned as Will bit into the crook of his neck where the freshly healed mating scar was located.

Their lips met again and Hannibal let his hands wander down Will’s spine until they reached his cheeks. He cupped and squeezed them with his hands. Will moaned.

“I like that, too, Hannibal”, Will muttered and his moving tail caused some bubbles to mount to the surface in the water below. He pulled Hannibal into a long-drawn-out kiss.

“I know, my lovely boy”, Hannibal purred into his mouth.

His hands slipped away from his ass and caressed Will’s cock with his hands underwater.

Will closed his eyes and reached for Hannibal’s cock. He had to be careful not to lose his balance but he trusted Hannibal enough to keep him in this position. His breathing intensified, the urge to have Hannibal within him grew stronger again.

“My sweet omega", Hannibal breathed into his ear while he accelerated the movements of his hand. One finger slipped into Will’s hole, eliciting further groans from him.

“I wanna ride you again”, Will moaned and pushed Hannibal against the wall of the bathtub, pushing himself up and beating his hands away.

“So insatiable”, Hannibal growled and the rut took over again.

They lost themselves in the moments of pure happiness and bliss. Euphoria washed over them as they became one again and they moaned and groaned Water and foam slipped out of the bathtub to the floor as Will moved faster and the thrusts of Hannibal’s hips became quicker but they paid no attention to the mess on the floor.

With another strangled cry, Will came and twitched. Hannibal was close too and his movements grew more ferocious. Nearly half of the water in the bathtub now ran down on the floor in rivulets but they didn’t pay any attention.

They remained in their position as the knot of Hannibal filled Will nicely and both didn’t regret it. Will closed his eyes and buried his head into the side of Hannibal’s neck, enjoying the ongoing orgasm.

The foam on the water had already started to wane and the water temperature dropped. Their skin was wrinkled from the long stay in the water. When they detangled their legs and swam away, Hannibal stood up, climbed out of the bathtub, but careful not to slip on the wet floor. Usually, he hated a mess like this but Will’s well-being was more important to him right now.

“You stay”, he told Will with a slight growl in his voice when the omega wanted to get up as well. “I’m going to wash your hair, my love.”

”You spoil me too much”, Will exhaled but stayed seated and put his head back on the edge of the marble bathtub.

Hannibal chuckled. “You deserve it, Will.”

He quickly grabbed an expensive shampoo with avocado oil from the drawer beneath the marble sink and returned to the end of the bathtub where Will was sitting, applying shampoo on his hands.

And Will let him gently shampoo his head, sighing as the gentle hands of Hannibal rubbed the foam into his curls.

“Ahh...so good. I wish we could stop time”, Will murmured, arching his head back to face Hannibal again from below. “It feels like a dream. I don’t want to wake up.“

Hannibal halted for a moment, stilled his hands and gazed into Will’s eyes, thoughtful and hesitating. His thoughts strayed back to the dream Will had shared with him the night before but decided not to mention it.

“I wish I could, Will”, Hannibal finally replied after moments of thoughtful silence with a smile, while he helped Will out of the bathtub. “I agree with you. I have never felt happier in my life.”

Will smiled up at him. His eyes were still clouded by the haze of his heat.

When he had finished washing Will’s hair he let Will do the same to him after cleaning up the water on the floor to avoid slip on the rivulets of water. Having settled back into the tub, Hannibal enjoyed his tender hands rubbing in the shampoo. Then Will dragged him back into the bedroom once more.

Hannibal knew good things were difficult to hold on to. Good things could slip out of his hands very easily. He dreaded the moment when Will woke up from his haze the heat had brought upon him. For now, he decided to cherish the bliss of the moment.

Regrets

Chapter Summary

Things change as Will's heat has ended. He doesn't feel comfortable with what he has done and is insecure. He keeps his distance to Hannibal that morning before he leaves to Quantico. Hannibal is hurt but gives him time to reconsider. He drops him off at the underground car park where Will's car is located.

Chapter Notes

A second chapter today as I didn't post anything in a long time. Hope you like it!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The next days of their unplanned vacation passed by very quickly as if someone had tampered with the time machine and sped it up. Hannibal noticed that Will's body temperature dropped back to normal as the duvet was not as sweaty and not as blazing as usual. But it was not the only thing that had changed. His needy behaviour changed as well. While Will had always clung to his body during the night and was particularly clingy in the morning, seeking affection and physical contact, this changed into the total opposite and it hurt Hannibal. It hurt because he really got attached to Will and accustomed to the snuggling after sex and dinner. But he had already guessed that once the heat was over, Will would probably be astonished or embarrassed about his behaviour.

The morning was dawning and Hannibal was startled once more from the sound of Will's third or fourth alarm. He looked at the screen of his own smartphone with still half-closed eyes. It was 5.30 AM. He tilted his head to the right, missing Will and his soft snores at his side. Will had already left the bed and searched for his clothes before finding them neatly folded on the armchair in the top right corner of the room. Hannibal peeked through the windows on Will's side, still lying comfortably snuggled up in his duvet, reluctant to get up.

The winter sky was grey and the sun was hidden beneath a thick layer of clouds. The day when Will was supposed to go back to his hated work began in silence. Will spoke no word and turned his back on him. He left the bedroom without another word, making his way to get a shower, dressed in one of Hannibal's silken pyjamas.

When Will returned from the bathroom, towels wrapped around his damp body, leaving a small trail of water behind him, Hannibal watched him getting dressed very hastily after a quick shower from which Will had shut him out. He didn't kiss him on the mouth just as he did the mornings before, avoided his gaze and kept his distance.Hannibal had to get dressed

as well even though he would receive the first patient in his office at 9 AM. He didn't force a conversation on Will, picked his pastel blue dress shirt, a new waistcoat and selected a fine dark blue cashmere suit from his wardrobe.

He continued to observe Will from the other side of the room in front of the wardrobe and was curious about what currently went through his mind. Was Will angry at himself, angry at him for not stopping his advances in his heat?

"Will", Hannibal said, finally coming closer to him, putting a hand on his shoulder. "We need to talk."

"Can we talk later?" Will asked with furrowed eyebrows and a clipped tone, shifting his gaze away from him, focussing instead on the buttons of his shirt he struggled with as his hands were shaking.

"I need to be in Quantico in one and a half hours", he added. He brushed past Hannibal to enter the bathroom where he would quickly check his appearance, ruffling through his curls and applying some of Hannibal's expensive shaving lotion instead of using the one he had provided him.

"Let me drive you", Hannibal suggested, knitting his eyebrows at the distant attitude. He would have murdered everyone else for this behaviour but it was Will. Still, it was incredibly rude and anger rose up inside of him. He pursed his lips and his jaw tightened. Hannibal wondered, for a second at least, how Will's brain would taste like, fried in butter and garlic. Sometimes he would love to eat him, to consume everything.

After all, it was not his fault that Will did not take his suppressants or his birth control pill. He could not entirely be held responsible for Will's behaviour one week ago. And the rejection stung in his chest. It hurt to think about the scenario in which Will would try to break the bond. Breaking such a soul bond would definitely hurt a lot if it was possible at all. After all their soul bond was rare and he suspected it would come with negative side effects for both of them. He had heard of alphas perishing in grief when the pain of separation became too unbearable.

And he, Hannibal Lecter, wanted to enjoy the life to the fullest. There were still so many things to do and to enjoy. Cities to be visited again. People to be devoured. No, he hoped Will would not want it for the sake of both.

"No need to", Will replied curtly. "Just take me to the office", he said. "I left my car there."

"If you wish so", Hannibal replied, coolly, observing Will from top to bottom.

He retreated from the door angle and turned to walk down the corridor until he reached the staircase.

"I'll make a quick breakfast", Hannibal called back. "You can join me if you like."

"Thank you", Will just answered and continued to shave his face and get ready.

In the kitchen, while quickly whisking the eggs with some herbs and spices to make a simple omelette. He melted the butter in the pan and added the mixture. When the omelette was nearly finished, he threw in the pieces of sausages he had fetched from the fridge in the basement. Hannibal contemplated about the week he had enjoyed with Will His heart already ached at the thought of being separated from Will again, his soul mate and he didn't know how to survive it.

Later when he sniffed in the air again, when Will was gulping down the omelette with leftovers of his latest victim Peter Andrews and the sourdough bread with a self-made spread, he discovered another scent beneath his aftershave. The sweet, feverish smell was still there. Hannibal noticed it was encephalitis after a contemplating for some seconds.

He wondered what to do. Maybe he'd keep the discovery to himself to make Will come back to him again. A small consolation, he mused, as he carried the empty plates to the kitchen again.

Will's thoughts were racing while he sat on the passenger seat, stubbornly looking out of the window. He was refusing to talk to Hannibal, who occasionally flung worried sideways glances at Will while they drove the short way to his office in the centre of Baltimore.

He was aware that it was particularly rude and inappropriate to be so distant towards Hannibal, his new mate, but he was too busy sorting out his feelings about the situation he had brought himself into now. While the streets passed them by and he absently stared out of the window, he wondered what to do.

Will cursed himself inwardly for his recklessness He had gone to his office in heat instead of staying at home, cancelling his appointment, pleasing himself with an artificial knot and his sex toys.

As far as he remembered, they had slept together without any contraception, without any condom and his stomach cramped at this memory of his stupidity.

Tears formed in his eyes He was not ready for a child at all given his mental instability. And there was his job. He was saving lives.Jack would be furious when he found out because he was the only omega working as a special agent in the field and Jack had enough trouble with the general inspection concerning his mental health.But the chances that he would conceive a child after the sex with Hannibal were more than likely. He vaguely remembered how he had called during sex that he wanted pups so much.

His nails hurt the insides of his hands when he clenched then into a fist. It worried him more than calling Hannibal Daddy during sex. He was okay with kinks. But he didn't forgive himself that he forced himself upon Hannibal after the session. Of course, he could blame Hannibal for allowing this but to be honest, he couldn't blame him. The alpha in him was bound to react.

And yet he was really in love with Hannibal and wanted to get away from all this.

But he was not going to be a good father or mate in this state. He was sure that he was not a good omega.

Will sighed in frustration and accidentally knocked his head against the window.

Hannibal flung another worried glance at him but made no comment. “We’re there, Will.” The bentley finally came to a halt. Will blinked and quietly unfastened his seat belt. He had been too lost in his thoughts. Taking deep breaths to get rid of the vague anxiety in him, he got out of the car. This time Hannibal didn't help him but he didn't care. Both men faced each other, standing in the dark underground car park. The alpha seemed to wait for an apology, observing him in expectation.

“Sorry, Hannibal”, Will broke the tense silence. “But I need a little bit time to digest..what we...what I did. It went a little bit too fast for me.” He admitted.

His ears and tail twitched again in his agitation. He was not comfortable in his skin. Dread rose up inside him when he imagined examining the victims of the totem pole to solve the jigsaw puzzle and going to another crime scene.

“Take your time”, Hannibal merely answered, turning around to leave the underground car park by opening the door to the staircase. “You know where to find me”, Hannibal called with a smile that didn’t quite reach his eyes and remained detached.

“I’ll call you”, Will called back. He gave the alpha a last wry smile and walked towards his Volvo before he made his way to Quantico and the horrors that awaited him there.

Chapter End Notes

It’s rather sad and I don’t like it but it’s Will after all. He never makes things easy, unfortunately. But I am excited where this story is leading me to!Let’s see how the both of them deal with that mess.

Remember: Always use contraception;)

I would love to hear your thoughts on the chapters and what you would like to read.

At The Laboratory

Chapter Summary

Will meets with Jack and the forensic team at the laboratory. They find out who might have committed the murders and created the totem pole. Beverly is worried about Will's health.

Chapter Notes

If you work at law enforcement, I'm sorry if the deduction/ description of procedures is bonkers. Writing about crime scene reconstruction is not my comfort zone at all. I've carefully evaded it in all of my fics.

But here it is and hope you enjoy it nonetheless.

The drive to Quantico seemed to last an eternity today. Will's head throbbed again while he drove along the various grey, rose-colored and green skyscrapers and other high-rise buildings of Baltimore, passing by the port with the ships anchored at the dockyards of the harbor. It didn't snow any longer, the temperatures had risen to a point where the snow started to become muddy and melt away, leaving large puddles on the street and footpaths behind.

He took turns here and there until he nearly reached the end of the city and the road towards Virginia but he was stuck in a traffic jam. It was early in the morning and he was in the middle of the rush hour. Many people were agitated, cursing in their cars, honking when the previous driver wouldn't start the engine on time or when people crossing the street did not pay enough attention. The passers-by made angry faces when they were drenched with water or the cars drove through the puddles of molten snow on the road with high speed and got too close to the footpath.

Will tried to ignore them all and block the nervous, negative energy out of his mind. The least he needed was to be drained from people outside. When his car came to a halt before another red traffic light just before he would finally enter the road leading to the high way to Virginia, he reached for the green-white package of Aspirin on the passenger seat and poured some of the pills down with a bottle with old stale water, ignoring the possibility it could be potentially harmful to the embryo, or more specifically, to the lump of cells, that was yet to form and grow into a pup in his uterus.

His clammy fingers clutched the steering wheel as if it was an anchor. He was still stunned, unable to process what he had just done. A part of him regretted he had been so harsh to Hannibal. His omega self told him to turn around and go back to Hannibal, nuzzle in his neck and say how sorry he was and that he wanted his pup and be a family without ever going back to the morgue.

The truth was he did. He wanted to leave all the murders, the tiring night shifts behind and settle down, eventually working as a boat mechanic again. But he was unstable and unfit to found a family while he was struggling with his empathy disorder and instability according to Alana. She was often right. Tears brimmed up in his eyes but Will wiped them away. He winced as he was torn out of his thoughts. Someone honked as Will lingered a moment too long and he slammed his foot on the gas pedal and accelerated.

With all his might he ignored the ache in his chest when the picture of Hannibal lying beneath him flashed through his mind. He thought of the rotten, stinking corpses of dead men who had been piled up as a totem. He remembered the scent of various decomposing gases which always made him nauseous - rotten eggs or cabbage. He thought of the metallic, coppery smell of blood dripping down the wounds of the impaled man, the victim of the Chesapeake Ripper. His body shuddered and trembled when the accurate associations flashed through his not-so secure forts. But anything to stop thinking about Hannibal.

Will parked his car in the parking lot reserved for teachers near the academy, then began his walk up to the lecture hall with his brown leather bag containing his laptop in his hands. The wind bit on his cheeks and he quivered as the cold breeze blew through his hair. Something annoyed him. Something was stuck inside of his beige jacket. Putting his bag down and opening the field jacket to figure what it was, Will noticed that he had taken the checkered cashmere scarf of Hannibal with him, having pushed it inside the sleeves when he had handed it to Hannibal at his home.

Fleeting ache seized his heart again as he grabbed it and wrapped it around his throat. He smelled it, burying his nose in the fabric, trying to take in as much as he could of the fading scent. The remaining, comforting smell of his alpha calmed him down a little. He grabbed the bag from the frozen ground again and continued his walk.

Will already knew it would be a short lecture. Jack would probably dismiss the class as always when he was about to approach the part where his students would learn the most of it. Sighing, he walked along the path leading to the lecture hall, only to find Alana and Jack Crawford standing in front of it. So no lectures today but the bleak sight and smell of rotting corpses again.

Alana waved at Will then disappeared into the lecture hall. Will raised an eyebrow while he watched her go. Alana was taking over again despite their agreement on the phone but he didn’t exactly complain. All the stupid and mindless questions of students after the lectures, exposing that they haven’t been listening during the lectures - he didn’t have the nerve for that today in his already darkened mood so he was grateful.

Besides, the greedy stares of some students suspecting he was an omega made him uncomfortable all the time. Despite having arrived in the 21st century, there was still the old thinking spread among young and old alphas and betas that omegas belong nowhere in such

important positions. Will heard them whisper all the time about his looks, their suspicions about him being an omega and comments like he should be knocked up. He made himself a mental note to thank her later.

“Good morning, Will”, Jack greeted him, his paws buried in his pockets to protect them from the cold. He was an alpha, a bear hybrid with a sturdy figure and fluffy bear ears as well as furry bear paws.“Nice to have you back “, he remarked when Will nodded, grunted his greeting and joined him. “There have been new disappearances of omegas and betas”, he said while he quickened the pace, impatient to reach the grey bleak building where the forensic team was located. “You think it’s the same killer who dug out the graves of the omega victims? Are they the same age?” Will asked. This was not the news he had hoped to hear this morning. This meant a lot more work for him.

Jack sighed. “No, they were or all of different ages. Some younger, some older. All of them were musicians or aspiring ones. If only I could answer if it’s the same killer or not. Maybe they are still alive - who knows? The local PDs in the states are still checking and investigating because we have our hands full. That’s why I need you here - to finish the case with the totem pole so that we can focus on the disappearances. But I guess that someone has read the news and tries to surpass our killer.”

He cast another checking and a watchful sideways look at Will. Jack had a keen sense of smell and Will tried to remove himself from him, hiding that he was now bonded and potentially pregnant.

“What about the Ripper victim?” Will asked. “Anything new you discovered?”

“No, not yet”, Jack replied. “The Ripper has been very meticulous. He destroyed the books and data of the customers which could have led us to him. He had damaged the computer and put the files on fire.”

Will nodded. “He’s careful. An intelligent psychopath like him will not be easy to catch.” He grimaced again as another wave of pain crushed through his head.

“What about his medical history and the records? Did you-?”

“We’re on it”, Jack interrupted him. “He had frequented a lot of doctors in the past as he was quite concerned with his health and there had been some issues with his heart. There’s one hospital he had stayed in once or twice and we’re trying to get access to the medical files.”

Will was distracted with his head and let out a curse as the pain did not go away. He wondered why the aspirin didn’t work anymore.

”Are you sure, you are okay?” He asked with furrowed eyebrows, noticing his grimace. “I take my comment back. You look a little pale and sick.”

“It’s fine,”, Will merely answered, avoiding the curious and burning stares of the special agent on him. “Just..didn't sleep that well. The last night of the heat is always the worst.”

“But your heat is over, isn’t it?” Jack inquired. “Because it’s going to be dangerous and will put me in an awkward position. If the killer is an alpha, he’s going to scent it on you.” He warned him.

“Yes, Jack”, Will answered back, slightly irritated, hissing at him, when Jack grabbed his arm to hold him when Will wanted to rush past him and enter the building to avoid the conversation. He instinctively put the scarf further up to cover the new bonding scar in the crook of his neck. “Everything’s alright now.”

Or as fine as it could be given the way the morning went.

“Good “, Jack replied.

“And whatever you do, don’t read the articles of Freddie Lounds.” He added.

”What did she write again?” Will asked, narrowing his eyes.

Jack paused. ”She keeps suspecting that you're not a beta and writing about how unfit you are for fieldwork with your high level of empathy and specific way of thinking. And she criticizes our ability and efficiency to catch killers. According to her, we have lost control over the alphas.” He shook his head and bared his teeth.

They reached the front door of the building and halted for a moment. Will let out a joyless laugh. ”Nothing new then, it seems. Freddie is getting too predictable.”

“You better wish it stays that way”, the alpha replied in a dark tone. "Don’t give her more material to write about, please.”

If you only knew, Jack, Will thought.

Jack waited and let Will enter the building first, his face unreadable. His nostrils flared as he took a sniff. Jack let out a little dissatisfied growl as he recognized Will had not used his omega scent blocker but opted to not comment on that. Will did not notice it though as he was in front of Jack, opening the sliding door with his electronic key card.

They made their way into the dreary, moody laboratory with the grey walls and the refrigerators where the bodies were stored. It felt like a cage to Will when he entered and looked at the dismembered corpses greeting him. The bleak room was nearly too small to host such a massive amount of corpses. He shuddered as the disgusting smell of rotten flesh, of the chemical components, permeated his nose and he looked at one of them, his eyeholes empty as if a crow had picked them out. He shuddered.

The forensic team consisting of Brian Zeller, Jimmy Price, and Beverly Katz were currently doing their work in different parts of the lab. Brian and Jimmy were betas and thoroughly human, no animal features on them at all. They were easy going and the most reasonable and balanced ones of the crew. Beverly was a cat hybrid with catlike features, pointy cat ears and delicate paws hiding sharp talons. She was a beta-alpha. The fierceness of an alpha combined with the reason and calmness of a beta. Her black long tail swished back and forth in tension,

while she was typing something into the computer, occasionally glancing on the report lying next to her and back to the corpses.

Brian and Jimmy meanwhile were discussing something avidly while standing bent over one of the various bloated, decomposed corpses lying on the grey stainless stretcher before them. It was the latest victim called Joel Summers.

The corpses piled up on the walls around them were in a different state of decomposition. Some were well preserved due to the cold temperatures of the area in which they had been buried, some others had already progressed in their decay, leaving only skeletons and bones to analyze.

Once the door of the morgue opened, everyone threw a glance over their shoulders. The agitated chattering stopped. Brian's smile fainted a little, but Jimmy's smile widened as he saw Will and he turned around. Beverly smiled when she noticed Will and walked towards him with a relieved smile on her face, abandoning her work.

"Hey there", she greeted him, pulling him into a short hug. "I missed you. Are you alright again?" Beverly eyed him from head to toe, her black cat ears, all straightened and attentive.

"Yeah, I am ", Will gave back with a faint smile, trying to make it as assuring as possible and cover the raging storm of emotions inside of him and his weariness.

Inside he was yearning to be back at Hannibal's home, in the warm bed with his alpha snuggled around him. The week he spent there felt as if it had been a long time gone. He hated being back at the morgue with the dead, decomposing bodies that had appeared in his nightmares.

His expression was not convincing enough as Beverly frowned and stared at him with her unforgiving ebony eyes. She seemed to x-ray him, wanting to look right into his soul.

"I don't believe you a bit", she said, patting his back in a friendly way and shaking her head. "You look peaky and sweaty as hell. "I don't know what's wrong with you but you should see a doctor."

"Yeah, you're not the only one. Jack already told me that as well", he replied.

"Then you better do it", Beverly commented on that. "Or I'm going to kidnap you and force you to."

Will chuckled. "Breaking the laws as an FBI agent is not very smart, Bev." He raised his eyebrows.

"Taking care of someone who refuses to take care of himself doesn't count for me as doing something illegal." Beverly countered, crossing her arms on her chest while comfortably leaning against the edge of the worktable behind her.

"Jack, do I have permission to force him to go to a doctor?" Beverly called, causing Jack to interrupt his conversation with the agents who updated him on the newest finds on the

performed autopsy and the identification of the corpses.

Jack turned on his heels to face her. “Yes, you do.” He answered. “But don’t interrupt me again.”

Will looked up at the ceiling, pursed his lips and sighed.

“See?” Beverly remarked to him with a victorious grin. “I even have the permission of our boss.”

Jack cleared his throat and Will turned around once more. He clapped into his hands. “Alright, enough of the chatter. Let’s do some work.” He remarked and made a sign with his paw to follow him into another corner of the room.

Will and Beverly complied and so did Brian and Jimmy. They followed Jack to the large whiteboard with the pictures of the victims pinned to it. They were arranged into a tree, ordered the way the victims had been found on the totem pole. Beneath the pictures were noted and post its. Next to the board stood a huge poster depicting the totem pole.

Will grabbed the new report from Jimmy. He read the file and gazed at the board with the pictures.

“Jack, Jimmy and I have found out something ”, Brian began just while Will was busy scanning the information of their preliminary autopsy and examinations in the beige folder.

“What is it?” Jack said, intrigued, shifting his gaze to him.

“Well, there’s a-“, Brian started.

“There is a connection between the latest victim and the first murder victim on the bottom ”, Will remarked, interrupting Brian who gaped at him. “Yeah, I just wanted to explain that right now but Will has the better answers than we who have worked on it all week ”, he ended, a little bit bitter which earned him a disapproving look from his older colleague.

“Please go on, Will”, Jack said, ignoring Brian’s depreciating scoff and comment about Will being favored.

“I don’t know how you all feel about it but the murders of Joel Summers and Fletcher Marshall appear like they are related “, Will started, skimming through the preliminary report.

“You tell me they were all murders?” Jack asked a frown etched on his face. “As far as you said at the beginning of the week, the corpses he dug out and put on display were probably all random accidental deaths, including Fletcher Marshall. All except for the latest victim who had been stabbed. Everyone else died of heart attacks, car accidents, carbon monoxide poisoning ..”

”Well, they were all murders”, Will countered. ”I’ve been wrong.

Jack turned towards the scientists again, highly skeptical. Brian cleared his throat and straightened his upper body, ready to impress.

“We’ve checked them all up. Will’s right. Fletcher Marshall had been beaten to death, for example. The killings were mostly disguised as accidental deaths but not all of them. Eight murders were obvious, nine murders were staged”, Brian clarified. “Seventeen people in the same area is too much of a coincidence for us.”

“So, whatever the killer wanted, he wanted the omegas to be gone .” Will continued, his back turned towards the colleagues, looking at the huge photograph. “He was marking his achievements.”

”By the way, Eleanor Marshall had died of strangulation”, Jimmy interjected.

"There was no female omega on the totem pole“, Jack remarked with a frown.

”Well, we dug her up as well. She was the wife of Fletcher Marshall.” Brian explained. ”We suspect it could have been an affair between the killer and Eleanor Marshall.“

“So Joel Summer was his son from an affair with the first victim’s wife and the killer didn't want to have an omega as his son, so he stabbed him to the heart and broke his bones,” Will concluded, thinking. "He was Joel Marshall, not Joel Summers.“

"That’s what I was telling Jimmy just before you arrived”, Brian said to Will, astounded at the fast reasoning but also annoyed that he was stealing his show.

“Damn omega psycho ..”, Brian muttered under his breath.

Will ignored his insult but a forbidden urge to murder his colleague seized him. He inhaled deeply and pushed that wish that has been culminating for ages back into the dark prison of his soul. He wondered why he kept having such dark thoughts concerning innocent people lately. But all he knew was that he was fed up with that attitude people had with omegas.

"He could not bring it to his heart to dishonor Eleanor Marshall‘s body“, Will stated, gazing at Jack.

“By the way, from the remains we have examined, Fletcher Marshall has been an alpha, not an omega.” Jimmy declared.

”This confirms the theory then”, Will replied, looking at Jimmy. "A crime of passion. He wanted him gone so he’d own his wife.”

“And the other victims? Why killing male omegas afterward? What was the trigger?” Jack asked, walking up and down, his face wearing a thoughtful expression. "Why come out now?“

Will shrugged. “Some killers don't need a trigger. Thoroughbred alphas, for example, are known for their particular aggressive behavior. If this is a thoroughbred alpha, it is common for them to kill omegas who have rejected his courting.” He gazed at Jack. “Although this killer’s design is different from the primal rage of angry and jealous alphas. He didn’t want to

be seen as savage. He wanted to be invisible. Well, mostly“ He paused. "I believe he has been hating on omegas ever since his son had been born.”

Beverly’s computer produced a beep and she went over to check the results the database had produced for her.

“Gotcha”, she remarked with a determined and victorious smile on her lips.

Everyone walked over to the computer and have a better look at the file and the picture appearing on the screen.

“It seems that there is one person in Grafton who had been on trial for the murder but never convicted due to lack of evidence. A guy called Lawrence Wells. He’s been a long-time resident in that town for forty years.”

Jack and Will looked at each other. “Alright, let’s go to Grafton again”, the special agent suggested in his booming voice, his face determined.

He turned around to face the forensic team.

“And you keep looking into the murder of Peter Andrews. Make sure we finally get access to the medical files and see where there any of the surgeons and doctors in charge seem suspicious to you.”

“We got it”, Beverly called to Jack. “We got a call this morning that we have the permission.”

Jack hummed. “Excellent.”

”Keep looking for details that may have been overlooked”, Will added, addressing Beverly in particular.

Brian sighed, mumbling something under his breath and shooting another unfriendly glance at Will.

“Don’t worry. We’ll keep looking for clever details”, Beverly replied, placing her hands on her hips and grinned.

“Come on, let’s go”, Jack ordered Will, being impatient. Will inadvertently let out a feeble whine and turned his back on Beverly.

Everyone then returned to their working spaces, finishing up the bodies before they were sent back to be buried and searching for further details on the Ripper victim.

Beverly left her working table with the evidence again, grabbed Will by his wrists with her furry hands before he could walk through the door. “Don’t forget what I said. I mean it. If you come back tomorrow and still look like shit, I’ll drag you to a doctor if you don’t go on your own”, she warned him with a hiss. “Be safe. And tell me more about your new mate when you come back.” She whispered these words into his ear to avoid being overheard by Jack. Beverly winked and grinned when she saw Will’s jaw-dropping.

Will froze, growing paler if that was even possible, exhaling sharply.

“Bev..” he began, staring at her with a warning in his eyes.

“I won’t tell Jack. Now go.” Beverly urged him, pushing him forward. ”You have a killer to arrest.

Will granted her the last appreciating smile and finally followed Jack out of the lab who was about to call for him again.

Half an hour later after having found out the address, he made his way to Grafton, West Virginia in the passenger seat of Jack, while staring at his phone in his hands, contemplating whether to text Hannibal or not, his heart thrumming in his chest while starting to type words like “Can we phone tonight?” But Will erased the words again. He needed more time to decide about how to proceed in their relationship and what he wanted.

He texted the man from the boarding kennel instead to keep looking for his dogs another day. God, he missed them. Easier than relationships with humans.

Admittedly, Will did miss his mate, his heart aching at the separation, even if was just hours since he last saw Hannibal. Deep inside he knew he had sincere feelings for Hannibal blossoming inside of him, he admitted to himself and not only the ones caused by his omega instincts to provide him with any mate biologically suitable. His guts told him it was not only the heat that had made him feel that way in the office one week ago. Yet a part of him felt he was not the right mate for Hannibal and out of place. He was not special.

Or was he? Didn't Hannibal treat him well? And didn’t he tell him something about soul bonds? Will vaguely remembered a conversation but could not place it where he has heard it.

His eyes widened when he remembered the dream in which Hannibal had visited him. The nightmare in which he had killed the latest Ripper victim and he had appeared.

What a strange thing. He tried to focus harder, causing his head to throb again but he only remembered tiny shreds of it.

Will rubbed his eyes. Being his soul mate or not, Will was still not sure about what to do if he was pregnant. Maybe it would be better to get rid of it before he’d pass on his empathy disorder, the darker side of him. Thoughts and images of performed abortion crossed his mind and he shuddered at the imagination of the bloody dead embryo outside his body. No, he didn't want to kill the baby either, if it could be avoided, knowing it would haunt him forever. A scream was fighting his way upwards in his throat, perched under his chin, but he swallowed it down.

If only he had acted differently, more rationally and possessed more control about his omega side. But it was too late now, the harm was done. Sighing, he leaned his head against the window and watched the landscape fly by before he dozed off for the rest of the drive.

The Arrest of Mr. Wells

Chapter Summary

> They arrive in Grafton and question Larry Wells in his home who was already expecting them. The old alpha sees that Will's bonded which makes Jack angry.They have an uninvited listener outside. Hannibal senses Will's anger from afar in Baltimore, is irritated. He gets curious and asks Franklyn about his last broken bond to figure out how to break the bond in case Will rejects him.

Chapter Notes

> Hey!
>
> I said I wanted to update a little slower but writing energy has seized me at the moment. But I have no idea for how long 😅
>
> Don't worry they will be getting together again, I just need some chapters in between for my arc. And I haven't forgotten about the backstory either :)
>
> Just a little patience.
>
> Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"We're here, Will", Jack said to Will who flinched, being woken from his nap and disoriented at first. He gave the special agent a short, appreciating nod without saying a word before he stretched his limbs and got out of the car, looking around until his eyes found the house.

It was not a particularly lively and crowded neighborhood. Here and there stood terrace housings with white brick walls and brown roofs. The family homes appeared to be old and neglected, showing signs of being abandoned for months or years with the front and house walls being worn out and damaged, waiting to be renovated. Windows were dusty and some of them had large cracks in the glass. The lawns behind or next to the abandoned houses on the other side of the street had not been trimmed or cared for. Nature had taken over with bushes growing through the fences, weed growing on the ground and trees bending dangerously close to the roof of the house nearby.

Big white, posters, slightly yellowish and blurred from the intensity of the last summer's sun, with huge black letters showing "To Sell" decorated the windows and the front doors.

Beneath the letters, the phone number and address of the real estate agency were written on it.

Such an advertisement was also greeting Jack and Will when they made their way to Lawrence Wells' house. He lived in a simple home in Grafton. When Jack and Will arrived at the doorstep of his home, the creaking wooden door with scratches. stood already wide open.

"Come on in", they heard the man call. It was the rough, withered voice of an old man. They slowly walked into the dreary living room with the beige brick wall. The room was almost empty, radiating resignation with life. There was not any furniture left. Everything had been sold or given away except for brown card boxes, closed, sealed and piled up on each other. On the left and the right side of the room were doors probably leading into a kitchen and to the bathroom.

Officers of the local police department and agents of the FBI, the SWAT team, were waiting outside his home, in case the killer would attack them. Will had his firm grip on his Glock in his holster.

Lawrence Wells was an aged man with withered skin and piercing ice-cold blue eyes. He was a wolf hybrid just like Will and had grey wolf ears and sharp canine teeth which he bared when he gave them a cold polite smile.

He was sitting in his armchair and leaning back against the backrest of his old, black, shabby armchair. It had holes in the cushion as if it had been burned or torn on purpose with a knife. He looked relaxed prepared which made them wary and attentive.

"There you are ", he greeted them. "I've been expecting you for some time already. " Wells sounded pleased at the sight of the two agents. A growl escaped him as he scanned Will from head to toe. Will tried his hardest to not reveal any emotion and suppress his omega instincts which told him to submit and hunch his shoulders. But he realized instantly the alpha was sensing he was an omega.

Will's grip around the trigger of the firearm tightened as their eyes met. His heartbeat quickened. He felt the same rush of adrenaline through his body that seized him when he approached Hobbs. Jack, watching him, gripped him by his shoulders and pushed himself in front of Will, obviously wanting to prevent an escalation and an attack.

Wells lifted his arms to show he was unarmed. "Easy", he said with a low purr to Will. "I am unarmed."

"Mr. Wells", Jack greeted him, showing his FBI credentials to the man, lifting his right hand while his left paw was placed on the gun in the holster on his hips. "I'm Jack Crawford. This is Will Graham. We're both special agents from the FBI. He tilted his head to Will who didn't say anything except for analyzing the man thoroughly with his eyes. This man was the serial killer they had been looking for. The chill, predatory look on his face betrayed him to Will.

He returned the gaze of Jack's dark brown eyes and nodded to signal that this was their man. The alpha that had killed over forty years and had always gotten away. He had disappeared in the crowds like a ghost and had enjoyed killing omegas like him.

“We’ve come to arrest you for the murder on Joel Summers”, Jack announced, drawing closer to the armchair now that he realized he wasn't dangerous to them.

“And all the fifteen others. I’ve had faith that you would find me”, Wells returned, continuing to smile like a predator.

“Why is that, Mr. Wells?“ Will asked him coldly, his face hostile and distant.

“Because I am tired. The last murder was...good that it was the last one“, Well answered, showing his wrinkled hands, letting out a long breath, his shoulders hunched. “I’m ready for prison“, he said. “I’ve secured my legacy.“ The last words were uttered with pride in his voice.

Will scoffed and drew closer. “Joel Summers was not Joel Summers, but Joel Marshall. Eleanor Marshall raised her as her son not as yours after you have effectively killed her husband without her knowledge. If anything you have killed your legacy.“

Well‘s jaw dropped and he hit the armrest on the left two times in defeat with his grey furry paw.

"Why did you kill the others?“ Jack inquired.“Why did you specifically kill omegas?”

“Because they had no reason to live“, Wells replied after he had caught his composure again, analyzing Will with interest, sniffing him, his nostrils flaring as he took in his smell.

“Did some of the omegas you killed reject you?”Will inquired, ignoring his behavior and hunkered down to be on his eye level. It was a question he needed to know for himself. He guessed he could trust Hannibal but as omega, you always had to be on your guard. Alphas were unpredictable sometimes.

Wells laughed. “Only the first one. Elanore. The others, I didn’t take great interest in them.” He shook“ his head.”I simply enjoyed taking their lives. I liked the power over life and death.”

“Did it have to do something with your son or Elanore?”

“Omegas are weak”, Wells said with a smirk. “I figured the world would be better off without them. But yeah, my son kind of disappointed me. I wanted him to be strong. To be an alpha. He was crying all the time and too much of a sissy.”

Will’s eyes were flashing at his depreciating comments on omegas and utmost disgust for the killer welled up inside him. His right hand was still clutching the trigger of his revolver with a firm grip, removing the protection. His hands were transforming into paws with sharp talons in his fury.

“But your wife raised him?” Jack interjected, breaking the tense moment, putting his paw on Will’s shoulder to stop Will from what he was tempted to do.

“Yeah, for a while,” Wells replied. “She had been hiding from me after she saw what I was and figured out I had killed her husband. That worked for a while. Until I found her 16 years

ago.”

“Where was Joel?” Will inquired coldly.

“He had moved away, too. To Tennessee. Changed his name. As you can see it took me a lot of time to find him”, Wells explained, still smiling that chilling smile.

”One last question for you, Mr. Wells, before we arrest you. Do you have anything to do with the recent disappearances?” Jack wanted to know, holding up pictures of the missing musicians.

Wells bent his upper body forward to get a good look at the pictures.

”No”, he mumbled after some seconds, glancing from Will to Jack.

”That was someone else. I can only confess to the murders I have committed”, Wells continued. ”I guess it must be someone younger than me who has not sated his...needs..yet.”

Wells fell silent after his explanation and glared at Will with a hungry, preying gleam in his ice-blue eyes.

“Interesting that they let omegas like you work for the FBI”, Wells then commented with a sneer curled on his lips, revealing the information he had gathered.

“And a bonded one, too”, he added with raised eyebrows when he looked at the crook of Will’s neck where the large silver mating scar was exposed for a second as the scarf has slipped from his throat when Will bowed down to face the killer directly.

With a sudden movement, Wells’ left paw reached for Will’s belly but Will quickly reacted, drew out the Glock and pointed his gun directly at Wells, breathing heavily, his heart beating as loud as a drum in his ears, drowning everything else.

“I’m sorry”, Wells told him with raised arms. “I just wanted to check your reaction. It seems my instincts are still correct and your reaction is great.” He granted him another smile. A knowing one this time. The movement he made was not to lash out but to test something, Will realized. Omegas were behaving differently when they were pregnant or thinking they were, going on the defensive. Wells didn’t utter his suspicion out loud, having bared enough information to cause dismay.

Jack looked from one to another with furrowed eyebrows. “What?” He asked Will, a furious glint in his eyes when he discovered the imprint of teeth in his neck. “Is that true, Will?” He gnarled and placed his hands on his hips, the talons on his paws visible.

Something broke in Will and he rose to be on the same height as Jack again. Will growled. Wild fury and contempt for the paternalistic behavior caused his arms to convulse with tremors. His grey claws were extending from his paw, growing sharper and longer.

”Yes, I have a mate. What does it matter, anyway? Just because the bureau says so? I have a right to a partner just like everyone else, Jack.”

The special agent straightened himself to full height and he looked menacing but Will didn't flinch in his frustration and anger. He was fed up with all the restraints and discrimination of omegas and the control of his private life. Will didn't even want to do fieldwork in the first place. The only reason he was doing this, is because Jack guilt-tripped him, pushing the right buttons.

A new wave of anger rushed through Will, through every vein to the point he thought he'd explode. His body was trembling and he showed the special agent his canine teeth and his claws. For some moments they stared at each other. An icy, deadly silence hung in the room. Jack was eying his claws intently, surprised, before he tore his gaze away.

"I told you there are rules for your work in the field", Jack finally uttered out loud, his voice booming, stomping his left foot on the ground. The sound echoed in the living room. "I didn't make them but I have to obey or they'll go after me because of misconduct because I'm employing a bonded omega. You know the psychology of pure alphas and omegas nearly better than me. It was hard enough for me to explain why I was intending to assign an omega as an agent at all. And a pure one, too."

"Well, I can quit if you're so scared of losing your position. It was you who dragged me out of the academy in the first place!" Will countered in cold fury, raising his voice to a loud yell. His tail stiffened in anger. It was more fluffy than usual. His ears were bent forward to signal dominance and his canine teeth were still fletched.

Wells merely gazed from one to another, serene, enjoying the scene, chuckling to himself.

"Here's my badge and my gun", Will gnarled, fetching out his Glock and credentials, throwing them on the floor before the special agent, not caring if the safety was on or not. Luckily for the agent, no shot was fired accidentally. "I'm sick of all of it, you know, Jack." He paused, lowering his voice a little but he was still furious, his lips trembling a little.

"I'm only suffering this pretentious greedy ass, Chilton, with his tests and examinations and the therapy sessions with Dr. Lecter because I'm doing you fuckin' favor! I haven't even asked for this, once. No beta or alpha had ever to do this. So, be careful, Jack. You might as well have to catch the Ripper on your own."

Jack sighed and looked weary, seeming to regret his outburst. He quickly pulled himself together, not wanting to linger in that dreary, depressing house with the serial killer any longer. He gave the agents a wave with his paw and they entered the home on his command Wells understanding the situation, stood up, let himself be handcuffed and whispered "Good luck" into Will's ear before he was dragged outside by the officers.

Will wanted to push past Jack but the special agent wouldn't let him go that easily. He grabbed Will's gun and the badge from the floor and tossed it back into Will's paws which still hadn't transformed back into his hands.

"I'm sorry, Will", Jack finally apologized."I was a bit harsh on you. "I have quite a lot on my plate, too."

He had the expression of someone who meant it and offered a hand, asking for forgiveness. Will didn't say anything, but he was still full of resentment. Will put his gun and badge away with reluctance and pressed his lips together. His paws finally transformed back into human hands.

" I need you, Will, and I'm sorry. Bella's just not getting better and we're drowning in work as you might be aware of."

Will sighs. He got him again, the fisher of men. He stared at the ceiling.

"We'll just pretend that you don't have a mate and you're not bonded", Jack said, searching for eye contact with Will. "As long as you keep him or her or them out of our way, it should be fine. And I try to convince the board that you don't have to go through the interviews and tests with Dr. Chilton. I'll say that the sessions with Dr. Lecter are sufficient. But I can't promise anything."

Will raised his gaze back at him and nodded, half-convinced. Before he could say something, he flinched, being alert once more. Jack turned to the left, pointing his gun at the window.

They heard a rustling of leaves, the clicking noise of a camera and they approached the half-open window. Will's eyes narrowed when he saw the pointy, red fox ears of Freddie Lounds and her blazing red curls disappearing from view.

Jack also growled in annoyance, lowering his gun, when he observed her walking away from the house, talking to the officers and agents before waiting in front of their car. She used the opportunity to take some other pictures of the killer who was now being detained and forced to enter the backseat of the vehicle.

"She'll never learn", Jack said, sighing. "Come on let's get out of here."

They went out of the house and were immediately greeted by Freddie Lounds who shamelessly took another picture of Will before approaching them and blocking their way.

Will glared at her in contempt and imagined her slender body pinned against the wall, ripping junks of flesh out of her throat with his fangs, disemboweling her with his claws. It would be so easy and such a joy staring into her surprised and widened eyes filled with fear. He inhaled and shook these forbidden, murderous fantasies off.

She seemed to wait for more material, her lips curled into a knowing, arrogant smile but he was determined to not give her further ammunition. He pulled his face into what he hoped a neutral expression.

"I wonder what the FBI has to say about this, Mr. Crawford", Freddie began, seemingly self-assured. "Employing a bonded omega in fieldwork where everyone knows that they're not fie to do that kind of work " She paused, letting her eyes wander over Will's belly.

"Did you just eavesdrop on our conversation?" Will asked her, his eyes a deadly blue fire, his paws on the edge of transforming.

“Inadvertently. I initially came here only for the pictures before you put on that entertaining show”, she shot back.

“Well, Miss Lounds. Nothing scandalous here for you to unveil. His employment has been sanctioned from the bureau”, Jack said to her, raising his eyebrows.

“I wonder if that also covers pregnancy, Mr. Crawford?” Freddie Lounds answered with a smirk and blunt curiosity in her blue eyes. “Any comment on that, Mr. Graham?”

Jack didn’t answer. He turned his back on her, went to the driver seat of his car and got in. Will did the same on the other side.

“I hope there’s nothing true to her words, Will”, Jack remarked as they drove off, leaving the abandoned part of Grafton behind with a curious Freddie Lounds staring back at them. He flung a glance into the mirror to ensure the vehicle was following them. Wells would be questioned again before being put into the Baltimore State Hospital for the Criminally Insane and convicted.

“Even if it was there’s nothing wrong with that”, Will gnarled.”I’m not owing you my life, you know.”

Jack did not counter that last remark, knowing he was right and kept staring on the road in front of him. He was weary of all of these murders and ready to go back to his wife.

”I’m sorry about your wife, Jack”, Will began during the awkward silence at their table that settled between them, placing his cutlery down on the plate. They had halted at a steak house to get some energy back and take a break because it was a long drive after all. Jack’s answer was an appreciating hum.

”And I might be pregnant”, he confessed. He felt he’d own his boss the truth.

Jack looked up at him, his eyes widened, and he nearly choked on the last piece of his medium-cooked entrecôte. He calmed down after taking a sip of the sparkling water.

Will expected another outburst of anger but there was none. He perceived that the special agent had exhausted himself emotionally.

”Well, I almost expected it after Wells’ behavior today. Thank you for being honest with me after all, Will”, Jack answered, granting him a wry smile but his eyes were wary and there were disappointment and resignation in them.

But he didn’t ask from whom during the remaining time they spend in the car driving back to Quantico and Will was relieved.

Back in Baltimore, Hannibal who was sitting in his office and talking to Franklyn in this very moment was irritated as raw anger and irritation seized him, causing him to clench his jaw and gasp as his hands transformed into paws with sharp talons for some seconds. A slight smile curled on his lips as he realized it was the emotions of his soul mate. He managed to

inhale and exhale and calm himself down, causing the paws to transform back into human hands. ”Are you okay, Dr. Lecter?” Franklyn inquired with a concerned look on his face, leaning forward, trying to soothe the alpha in distress. His beige dog ears straightened. They were attentive. His beige tail wagged.

“Of course”, Hannibal replied, masking his emotions again. “Please go on“, he prompted his patient and leaned back against the armchair again.

But he wondered what had caused Will to be so angry. So infuriating, his Will. He was excited but also found the ongoing rollercoaster of emotions annoying and draining.

When the omega babbled something, not knowing where to start again, Hannibal interrupted him after a while of listening when he sensed he was approaching an interesting topic. Hannibal wanted to get more information out of him concerning the breaking of his bond with his former partner.

He knew it was not the best communication approach as a therapist but he didn't bother with this patient anyway as the determination to make progress was not very strong concerning Franklyn.

“Sorry, Franklyn for interrupting you but please tell me exactly how you broke the last bond and how it affected you.“ He paused, as the man looked at him through red-rimmed eyes.“ It is important for your progress in therapy.”

He faked another polite, encouraging smile and released some soothing pheromones calming down the omega. It would be very interesting to hear in case he needed to break the bond with Will. Not that he wanted it. Hannibal’s intention wasn’t to let Will go that easily and release him from their new-formed bond but a little information could never harm.

Chapter End Notes

Concerning the regulation on omegas:

My idea is that the regulations of the FBI concern omegas most of all. They are not seen as being suitable for fieldwork due to their nurturing, submissive and empathetic nature. Bonded omegas are a lot worse for the bureau because the alphas will probably interfere when the mate is in danger and they don't know the consequences just yet. Besides, omegas are seen as physically inferior to betas and alphas.

To prevent investigations from being busted, they select betas and they sometimes choose alphas if they don't find anyone suitable. But alphas are being monitored and checked up by a doctor as well for security reasons. They are allowed to bond though.

Considerations

Chapter Summary

Previously on Loving a Cannibal

After the heat abates, Will isn't comfortable with the fact that Hannibal and he are mated and had unprotected sex. He doesn't think himself of being worthy of Hannibal and beiden a father. He pleads Hannibal to give him more time. He goes to Quantico and solves the case together with Jack and forensics and heads off to Grafton.
They arrest Lawrence Wells who notices that he's an omega. Freddie Lounds spies on them. Will gets angry at Jack who is not please for hear that Will is bonded.At the office, Hannibal notices a stronger connection between Will and him as he feels his anger physically. He asks Franklyn about the breaking of the bond.

This chapter: Hannibal considers many things during the talk with Franklyn and Bedelia in case nothing works out with Will.

Chapter Notes

Trigger warning:

Mention of past suicide attempts of Franklyn and depression.

Also Hannibal is a little jerk in this chapter.

I finally wrote another chapter although I should rather study for my French exam but this is how my creative mind works apparently 😅

Again, not beta-ed but I try to erase some mistakes when I come across them.

Enjoy. If you are confused by something or something seems illogical, not coherent you're free to point it out. Constructive criticism is welcomed but rude, destructive, insulting comments are not.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Okay", Franklyn peeped up with a confused frown written on his face. The sturdy man leaned forward in the armchair, his hands sweaty. His eyes flickered nervously through the room and he pulled a grimace as the memories came back. His beige, short dog ears twitched

in agitation and partly folded behind his ears. "It's not a very pleasant memory, to be honest."His eyes were filled with tears again. "It's still haunting me sometimes ", he added, his voice cracking and lips trembling.

Hannibal, being more patient than usual with this nervous, anxious, neurotic man, handed a box with paper handkerchiefs to him, even though he would dispose of them on the glass table as usual which disgusted him a lot.

"That is what therapy is for", he replied. "To confront yourself with your memories, your fears. It should help you to analyze your past behavior to establish a new behavior pattern and leave the old one behind. "

Franklyn blew his nose into the handkerchief with an even more appalling sound before throwing it onto the table as anticipated. Hannibal, though disgusted and outraged he was, as he was not in the best mood, breathed in deeply, then decided to encourage him to keep going with his story. He forced himself to give him a rare, understanding smile.

"I see", he answered and dabbed his eyes with another, fresh paper handkerchief.

Hannibal remained silent, giving him enough time to reflect on his past and to open up. Inside he still felt itchy, impatient and irritated, as the session always passed by tantalizingly slow, but he tried to shove this feeling away. He needed more input and depended on Franklyn. The irony.

"It was...very painful ", Franklyn finally started telling his story. "I was bonded to Sarah Roberts. You might know her, she’s an artist and a model, well-known in Baltimore. I thought Sarah liked me ", he paused, on the verge of bursting into tears again. "But she never was interested in me. Only in my money."

"We've met at the opening of an art gallery, you know", Franklyn continued. "The art gallery in Baltimore which I go to. I've seen you there, too, once or twice", Franklyn remarked casually, toying with his fingers nervously in his lap. "It's a shame you didn't come to greet me the other night", he added with a sad smile.

Hannibal chose not to answer to this reproachful, cheeky remark and waited with a little frosty smile carved on his face. He had told Franklyn so many times that there were boundaries to be maintained in their relationship. But he got tired of reminding him. His hands were clenching into fists. Hannibal felt as if he was sitting on spikes. The strong urge to squeezing the life out of him grew stronger minute by minute.

Finally, Franklyn pulled himself together as he noticed the rather cold and distant look on Hannibal's face. He winced and gave out a little whine.

"Sorry”, he apologized. “Anyway, I just got to know her there," Franklyn explained, sniffling once more.

"She was very generous and friendly when I complimented her work. I did admire her paintings. Magnificent work, if you ask me. I still have her paintings at home."

Hannibal disagreed but didn't show it. The works that Sarah Roberts produced lacked the fine details and the aesthetics of a truly gifted artist. She was mediocre at best and did not have an eye for the finer details, the precise strokes. Moreover, she lacked the ability to appreciate the works of more gifted artists and learn from them. He had wrinkled his nose at her paintings and statues but had to join applauding her at the opening of the exhibition for the sake of being polite and maintain his social status. Yet she had given him no reason to kill her except for producing mediocre art. She was beautiful, a nice model to look at, which made up for her arrogance and boasted ego at least. It would have been a shame to remove her from this world. Just like the opera singer in Baltimore except for her being talented at least.

"After some more dates..at the art exhibitions, she invited me over and we became..more than friendly. I thought it worked out." Franklyn sobbed harder when the unpleasant memories overwhelmed him.

"But it did not", Hannibal commented calmly.

"No", Franklyn answered.

"She has bonded with me after I gave her money here and there...for supporting her work ...and everything but she has never desired me..sexually."

Hannibal's lips twitched and he couldn’t refrain a scoff. He could see why but his politeness prohibited him from making a snide remark. Franklyn stared at Hannibal but he seemed to look right through him as if he was transparent. Luckily he was absent-minded, too focussed on his story to notice the short crack in his, composure.

"One night, Sarah left me a note, when I came back from work. She said she was grateful I gave her so much but that the bonding was a mistake and she, unfortunately, fell in love with someone else.

He paused before he dared to go on."The months afterward were cruel."

Hannibal listened attentively. Now, this was the more exciting part. This time he closed the distance between them by leaning forward to make sure he gave him the information he needed.

Franklyn's speech faltered for a moment, noticing the shift of the distance. When Hannibal noticed it embarrassed him more than it helped, he pulled back a little.

"I couldn't sleep and had to think of her all the time. The nights were terrible. I dreamt of her and I had a dull ache in my chest all the time. It was so bad. I was so sad....once I tried..tried to.."

He lowered his head and stared at the dark wooden floor beneath the chair.

Hannibal understood. Ah yes, the depression following the break up of the bond. Of course. But nothing that couldn't be treated without antidepressants and anti-pheromone injections - if they were taken and injected regularly and the patient was monitored.

"You were trying to end your life", Hannibal finished the sentence for him in his soft, calming voice filled with feigned empathy.

Franklyn kept sobbing. "Yes.." he said, tears streaming down his face.

"Usually I am not the type to do that but the pain in my chest was too strong. I had to think about her all the time even if I did not want to. And I was wondering what's wrong with me."

"I understand, Franklyn. Breaking up with a partner is always hard. But you're strong or you wouldn't be here. You survived."

Something in Hannibal kept him from saying the exact opposite but he knew it would be too tactless and make him burst into tears even, more.

Franklyn beamed at him through tear-stained eyes.

"You think I am strong?" He asked, his face lightening up, his short dog tail wagging.

Hannibal nodded but internally he immediately regretted it. Now, Franklyn wouldn't leave him alone all the time if he was still looking for a new mate.

"Yes", he simply said. "Breaking a bond is always painful and I have heard of alphas and omegas who were not able to live without their partner and perished. So this makes you a survivor, Franklyn."

Franklyn cheered and wiped away his tears with another handkerchief. His eyes straightened up and he appeared to be calmer.

"It took me a long time to recover, though and a bunch of other psychiatrists to help me. Especially you. And a lot of medication." Franklyn remarked, staring at the stag figure on the shelf behind Hannibal.

Hannibal agreed again by giving him a short nod. When he had taken in Franklyn, the man was a mess. He now understood where his anxiety and a deep-rooted fear of being abandoned and lonely came from. It didn't make dealing with him and his obsession any easier, though.

But the symptoms he had described were similar to the ones he had remembered reading about. It was not unlike the break-ups of the relationships between betas, he had focussed on in his therapy most of the time, but the pain was immensely stronger. And these were just bonds between beta-alphas and beta-omegas. Now imagine the effects of the attempt to break a true soul bond between pure omegas and alphas.

"And currently", Franklyn continued, wanting to spill everything that weighed down his heart, "I am afraid that my last broken bond will affect the relationship with my new..alpha I date as well."

Hannibal's furry grey ears straightened. Would Franklyn finally leave him alone and not stalk him at the cheese shop Jose's, the opera or the art gallery? Would he be able to end this tedious affair without murder and the risk of being exposed?

"So you have found a new mate?" Hannibal asked, folding his hands in his lap together.

Franklyn nodded. "We haven't bonded yet but he seems genuine...and interested. But I don't know if he's truly in love with me. He's a bit of strange..keeps making dark jokes..really dark jokes and says things like he's going to kill someone... then laughs and that he was just kidding. But he was at least intrigued when I met him..and I am glad to not be alone any longer."

Hannibal leaned back in his chair, placing his arms on the arm support again. This was interesting. Maybe something could evolve from this. A game maybe. He needed to gather more information about this alpha. It seemed he would need Franklyn a little longer after all. At least his exhausting patient would finally be of some use. "Maybe you shouldn't judge him too quickly. Some people tend to have dark humor."

Franklyn hummed, lost in thought. "Maybe I shouldn't let...my past and distrust influence this new relationship."

Hannibal nodded in agreement, a slight tilt of his head. "It is the only way to move forward, Franklyn. Don't look back. But be wary should he try to act on his..dark jokes. Please report it immediately."

His patient bobbed his head again, smiling shyly. "Yes, sure. I'll keep you up to date."

Hannibal looked at his watch and got up, brushing the wrinkles out of his suit pants with his hands. "Very well. I'm afraid our session is already, over, Franklyn. See you next week. Until then I wish you good luck with your, new partner and remember my advice."

The omega got up as well, slowly, as if he didn't want to leave. The moment was always agonizing. Hannibal sensed that Franklyn was still obsessed with him, a little and that the relationship was perhaps just a facade to make him interesting. But he looked right through his plan and was not interested in the very least.

"By the way doctor, you do have a mate, don't you?" Franklyn asked abruptly, knitting his eyebrows, noticing the scar on his neck.

His face darkened a little. Franklyn seemed to be disappointed and stared at him with blank jealousy.

"And it's not working out, so you asked me, didn't you?" He asked, his voice distrustful and suspicious.

"It was entirely professional curiosity, Franklyn. My private life has nothing to do with it and I will not discuss it with you." Hannibal replied, his voice dark and stern, no longer friendly and controlled.

Hannibal growled a little menacingly when Franklyn didn't continue to move and the omega whined, as he perceived the threatening pheromones in the air. At last, he obeyed and stepped towards the door. He walked Franklyn to the patient exit of his office before he retreated to the mahogany table and got lost in thought while writing down the observations of today's

session for the patient file and his research on bond breaking. He did this without consent but Hannibal didn’t care.

He kept thinking about Will, his heart aching, his stomach clenching uncomfortably. The anger in his chest had welled down and his paws had transformed back to his human hands. He sighed. Their relationship was already a lot more complicated than Franklyn's with his previous beta-alpha. It would not be done with living far away from him for a year, breaking off the contact and being on medication and simple hormone therapy.

Soul mates were bonded for life. And no one knew if death would part them. A mystery no living man would ever be able to solve.

He opened the bottom drawer of his mahogany drawer below his desk, fetched his iPad and switched it on. The first thing that caught his eyes when he opened the browser was the article of Freddie Lounds on the capture of Lawrence Wells garnished with delicate information on Will.

"OMEGA TOTEM KILLER ARRESTED BY A PURE OMEGA - JUSTICE HAS FINALLY BEEN SERVED.

Agents of the FBI have tracked down the infamous omega totem pole killer whose totem pole has stirred quite an uproar in West Virginia. They arrested him this Monday afternoon in his home in Grafton. Lawrence Wells, age 70, had been secretly killing male omegas within forty years in West Virginia, disguising the murders as accidents. Will Graham, the special investigator, has been involved in the hunt again with his questionable heightened sense of empathy the FBI seems to rely on so heavily. A source that prefers to remain unknown, confirmed that he is indeed an omega. Omegas are known for their high level of empathy yet also for their instability. Usually, no omegas are allowed in fieldwork except for Will Graham. Mr. Graham has proven on some occasions he's unstable - especially after the killing of Garret Jacob Hobbs. Does the question remain why he has been allowed to continue? Has the FBI become so desperate to employ an unstable, pure omega for fieldwork, lowering their requirements for agents in the field or do they simply let go of stigma and prejudice?

In this case, the catching of a cruel murderer by an omega proved to be an effective method.

We let our readers decide. Leave a comment below.

There was also a picture of him, showing him standing in front of the killer’s home. It showed the silver mating scar on his neck thanks to the digital zoom. Hannibal growled, his eyes flashing red at the insolence of her articles and the inclusion of this picture. Now Freddie officially exposed Will to the public. Other alphas or killers would be interested and try to claim him which he wouldn't allow. But maybe Jack would intervene and urge her to take it down.

"You are rude, Miss Lounds", Hannibal muttered to himself. One day he would love to have her tongue and parts of her cheeks as amuse bouche, marinated in teriyaki sauce and sake, sautéed in garlic and sesame oil. But he needed to be patient. Especially as he had bonded

with Will who was able to glimpse into his dreams, just like him, and God knows, maybe into his thoughts as well. This was a big inconvenience.

He was wondering what Will was doing now. Probably writing the report on the case for Jack or checking on his dogs. He must be home right now. Hannibal checked his smartphone but there was neither a call or a message and despite better knowledge, he grew a little angry and frustrated himself. Maybe he would show up to their appointment he had still kept standing open on Wednesday evening next week. Hannibal had not canceled his sessions despite their bonding even though it was unprofessional.

Hannibal took a sip of water from his decanter and made a decision. There was still enough time before Bella Crawford would arrive to do a little bit of research and look for research papers on bonds. He closed Tattlecrime. com with the article and opened up another homepage he would occasionally use to skim through papers for his publications even though he normally treated betas because it was easier. Hannibal frowned when he noticed how hazardous typing was. It was inconvenient having to use the keyboard on the screen so he fetched the portable keyboard.

He continued to browse through the site of "*Journal of Alphan, Betan and Omegan Psychology".* Articles like "*The side effects of hormone therapy on omega patients "* appeared. Other papers focussed on the psychological effects of mating or the differences between beta and alpha-omega relationships. He slightly raised an eyebrow. It was a start. He saved some other works on his reading list.

Time passed fast as he immersed himself in his literature review and he felt obliged to look at his watch. Barely fifteen minutes left. Every article he skimmed through had dealt with normal bonds either between beta-alphas and omega or merely between betas. The ones he had found on the state of the omega or alphas after separation wasn't satisfying enough. There was only a single one which focussed on deep soul bonds and the physical and emotional effects of two connected beings called *"The physical and emotional effects of soul bonds - an exploratory case study.* "But the article ended with the unfortunate conclusion that there was not enough research and data to make strong claims. It would need more willing pairs with a special bond to investigate the psychological and physical effects of the bond breaking and the consequences for the participants, should they ever be separated or die by natural death or murder.

He smiled a little when he recognized the name of the researcher and psychologist who had co-written this case study. It had been Dr. Bedelia du Maurier.

Hannibal noticed after another glance that he had five minutes left until Bella Crawford, who was always on time, would come and sit on the chair in the waiting room, waiting to be escorted into the office. He turned off the tablet, removed the keyboard and put it into the bottom drawer again. Hannibal made a decision. He needed to get more information about soul bonds and Dr. Bedelia du Maurier, the author and accidentally his psychiatrist was the best one to ask, having researched this neglected field. He decided to visit her after the session with poor Bella Crawford whom he was very fond of and whose condition intrigued him very much. Hannibal also pitied her. He would not want to slip into autopilot mode just like he did with Franklyn.

Another train of thought drifted back to Will. His alphan self was worried about his mate and the need to protect and to contact him overwhelmed him. Yet he suppressed it even though it drained him a lot of energy. As long as he was enduring Will's rollercoaster emotions, which had now changed from being angry to a complex set of sadness, insecurity, frustration, and tiredness, he knew Will would not be in impending danger. Hannibal told himself he would wait with his actions until he had gotten more information on soul bonds. And maybe Will would change his mind in the next weeks. Or else..it would end in blood and tears but the mere thought let the alpha in him howl out loud in desperation and anguish.

He tried to comfort himself, forced him back to reality and pushed the disconcerting thought out of his mind. Hannibal opened the door and entered the anteroom where Mrs. Crawford had already been waiting. She knew he would open the door if he was ready and he appreciated that courtesy very much.

It was already past 6 PM when he had finished the last session and Hannibal decided to visit Bedelia du Maurier at her home outside Baltimore at this hour. She currently lived quite secluded from the main city, understandable after what her last patient, his former patient, had tried to attack her. Usually, it took him only 45 minutes but today the traffic was bad and he stood in front of her home at 7.30 PM.

Hannibal rang the bell when he had walked up the red stairs. While waiting he had another analytical look at the surroundings. There were new additions of décor. Glancing down he found himself caught between two small sculptures of white marble. One was an angel with wings and the other one was a princess with curly hair. They were depicting Psyche and Cupid. The angel Cupid stood on the left and Psyche on the right side, being separated and facing each other. Psyche’s marble eyes were widened in shock and she carried a candle in her raised right hand. Drops of wax were dripping down the candle. Her mouth was opened as well as if she wanted to scream. The artist had captured the moment when she had been persuaded to look into the face of Cupid, at his true form, by her jealous sisters after she had been blindfolded for a long time and told she should trust her heart.

Hannibal smiled, knowing the meaning and moral of the story. Curiosity had killed the cat. In this case, Psyche had paid dearly for her eagerness to know how Cupid truly looked like and for her lack of trust. Cupid abandoned her, for a while at least, leaving Psyche completely devastated. In the end, after overcoming several harsh obstacles, they married and Psyche became immortal. He wondered if the statues were a hint, a message meant for him, seeing as he hadn’t visited her in a while and had come back.

Hannibal appreciated her style of choosing meaningful décor with roots in Greek mythology. Her taste in fashion, literature, art, and fashion was formidable. And she was a capable verbal sparring partner. In another time he would have mated with the white female wolf if she had let him but for some reason, she avoided bonding with anyone.

Either she hadn't found the suitable mate, deeming everyone trying to court her as too inferior and unworthy, or she simply wanted to keep her independence and pride as a beta-omega. He understood and respected that.

For this occasion, as polite as he was, he had brought a wine bottle of fine Pinot Noir from his cellar, as an apology which he was holding in his hands now. Hannibal was usually not very fond of ambushing her like that, but he wanted to get his questions answered.

He continued to look around when some long moments passed. It was a spacious elegant villa - the exterior of the building was unusual - not having the forms of usual standard villas but its design. He gave her credit for that. Her black Porsche Macan stood outside on the drive below so she must be home, he deduced. His acute ears perceived the reverberating clicks of high heels and very soon the door was being opened.

The elegant beta-omega with the long wavy blonde hair and the white wolves ears glimpsed through the gap. At the sight of Hannibal, she raised her eyebrows. "Hello, Hannibal", she greeted him in a cool tone. "What a pleasant..surprise. What brings you here...after office hours ?" She pursed her lips a little when she let her ice-blue eyes wander down until it found a certain spot on his neck. A little, displeased growl escaped her throat.

"Hello Bedelia", he replied, a little charming smile on his lips and in his eyes. Hannibal pulled his face into an apologizing expression and held out the bottle of wine to her.

"I apologize for this late ambush on you but I had questions that couldn't wait until the next session," Hannibal explained. "May I come in?" He asked politely, his voice as smooth and mesmerizing as possible.

Bedelia hesitated for a moment but after some seconds of contemplation, she gave into his attempts to persuade her. Sighing, she stepped aside and beckoned him into her home.

"Only because it's you and I owe you a favor, Hannibal”, she remarked in a cool tone.

His smile was self-satisfied as he put off the coat and placed it on the rack in the anteroom. He had counted on this. She still felt guilty because he covered up for her when a former patient of his, a paranoid beta-alpha got aggressive when he felt she didn't believe him. He had tried to hit her, forcing her to act and kill him. Hannibal remembered the situation all too well.

"Thank you, Bedelia", he replied. She snatched the expensive bottle of wine out of his hands and eyed it with interest. "Ah, that's my favorite", she purred with a frosty smile, reading the label on the wine bottle. Of course, it was from one of his vineyards in Lithuania. A very old and noble vintage.

"You must be clearly in trouble if you have to resort to such means, Hannibal ", she assessed. Her curious eyes were flickering over his stoic facial expression, searching for cracks beneath the person suit.

His face didn't change and kept up the neutral, self-composed mask-like expression. "I wouldn't phrase it as trouble”, he said, his voice as calm, smooth and controlled as usual. Not a single bit of emotion showing how troubled he was. Well, to outsiders it would appear like that at least. But Bedelia knew him better than anyone else.

She smiled. Of course, he would never admit it but she could see through his person suit and knew that something bothered him when analyzing his micro-expressions. She had noticed that he had taken a mate. Maybe the insecurity and desperation to seek her out were related to that. A pang of jealousy swept through her. Maybe it was about the consequences of bond breaking which would just suit her fine. Hannibal was surely here because of the old paper she had written on special bonds.

Having put down his coat, Hannibal followed her into her moody, elegant yet cozy living room with the huge glass windows. In total, she had less décor than he possessed in his home but the few she chose to display like the large paintings clearly showed her taste. The painting “Geishas” in the top left corner of the room by Ric Santon and another beautiful painting on the right side, depicting the wild, untamed sea, proved that.

Bedelia retreated into the kitchen, fetching two glasses, opening the bottle before returning into the room. She handed him a glass of the red wine, then sat down on the green armchair on the other side with her own.

“You have added new décor outside”, Hannibal began his small talk as she remained silent at first.

She smirked. “Yes. Do you like them ?”

“I do. But I keep wondering if they are a message meant for me.”

“I leave that up to you what you make of it”, Bedelia replied calmly. “I found the story of Psyche and Cupid very fitting and I couldn’t resist when I saw the marble figures at the auction in Washington last month.”

She folded her left leg over another and leaned back against the back of the armchair. Her tongue farted out to lick her lips.

"Well, Hannibal, to come back to the nature of your visit - What do you want to know?”

Hannibal hesitated, wondering how to phrase it. But he noticed she had seen the scar on his neck and decided to be transparent to a certain degree. He took a sip of the wine, then placed it on the glass table between them.

"I've taken a mate as you have surely noticed." He pointed to his neck.

Bedelia nodded. "Yes, I did indeed." She gave him another icy smile. " And you felt compelled to drive to me to tell me about it. " Bedelia fell silent for a moment as she heard his depreciating growl. "Trouble so soon in paradise?" He remark was sharp but with what she knew about Hannibal she didn't need to be sensitive.

Hannibal remained silent, wondering what to say next."The bonding may have been too..premature", he admitted.

Bedelia looked at him, a little surprised. Hannibal was always careful and in control. This was truly unusual and worrying. She was also worried for herself if Hannibal made mistakes and the truth would finally find its way into the world.

"You said you would never bond so quickly."

He exhaled sharply. "Yes, I am aware. I didn't want to but when Will came me, the heat was surprisingly strong. I have known that Will was my true mate the moment I met him for the first time."

There it was. He bonded with his recent favorite patient he had been obsessed with and had bothered her with. How unprofessional. "You bonded with Will Graham?" Bedelia finally asked, her voice now barely withholding concern.

He nodded. "I suspect we're soul mates because I have experienced some unusual things I am not sure others would experience as well. That's why I sought you out tonight."

She leaned back, crossing her legs. This was interesting and piqued her curiosity. Maybe her old project could finally be continued and backed up with new data.

"He must be a pure omega then to have evoked such a strong reaction in you?" She commented in her calm, controlled voice. "You have always been very..restrained."

"Indeed. He is. I noticed it on the first day when we met. My rut lasted an entire week after I had met him. Will is a special omega. He has such a remarkable level of empathy, I was pretty sure of that at that point already."

She frowned. "I understand. Why did you take him as a patient when you knew he could lure you in like that and would be your true mate? "

"What do you think, Bedelia?" Hannibal asked smoothly, sipping from his glass of Pinot Noir.

Bedelia eyed him warily and her whole body tensed. "You were curious..about his mind. His gift."

She furrowed her eyebrows further as she realized something. Her eyes flickered over his face. "You wanted to know if he could see you..you wanted to play with him. The way you played..with me."

"I didn't play with you.I helped you understand my point of view", he countered with a smirk.

She let out a deep breath, trying to maintain her cool composure and not reveal her worries and conflicted feelings about him and his new mate as well as her unwanted jealousy and possessiveness.

"And now you want to know how to break the bond with him?" She asked, smiling a little bit, not enough for Hannibal to see which thoughts were running through her brilliant head.

"I merely want to make sure the falling out works in case Will doesn't want to be my mate anymore."

Bedelia inhaled deeply. "Well, soul bonds between pure omegas and thoroughbred alphas are a complicated matter, that's for sure. I haven't come across such a soul bond for a long time. Only in literature. They are rare. Please be aware, Hannibal that even my knowledge is limited to a certain extent."

Hannibal smiled. "I am aware. But you have conducted the research and not me."

"Tell me, Hannibal. Did you experience any peculiarities when and after you two had bonded?" She asked him.

"After we had mated, I remember dreaming..but it was not my own. Will has a nightmare after we bonded and I remember we had a connection in this dream. I was pulled into his dream when we slept next to each other."

"You have been talking in the dream with each other?"

Hannibal furrowed his eyebrows. He only remembered bits and not every single detail. But there had been something. He remembered a hug, in the end, a kiss, and..the totem pole.

"Yes. I think we did."

"And anything else?" She asked back.

"Today I had another patient. And during the session with him, I was able to feel the emotion of Will. I got angry myself, too."

"Did you feel the anger in your body or did you merely perceive it in your mind?

"I felt it..physically.." Hannibal replied, looking at his hands. "My hands have transformed into paws and I couldn't control it."

Bedelia nodded. "A shared dream...an intense physical and mental connection. Yes, that's most definitely a soul bond."

She observed him with concern, her face and voice grave. Despite that incident and his deeds she still felt sympathetic for him. "Then it's not going to be easy. Medication, hormone therapy, and separation won't be anything near enough. Did you read the part where the participant nearly died when the alpha and the omega patients were separated for a year?"

The eyes and voice of Hannibal grew cold and a little hostile. And disappointed. " I figured out just a much and yes I've read the article. They were comatose."

She noticed his blatant coldness in his answer and the predatory look on his face. Bedelia found it utterly fascinating that a man like Will Graham could wreak such havoc in Hannibal Lecter.

"We couldn't repeat the experiment afterward..they cut our budget and hid the results. I'm surprised you found the article at all. Since then I've only developed a hypothesis by doing some more literature research."

"And what do your hypothesis and conclusion from your case reviewing tell you, Bedelia?"

She picked up the glass and took another long sip from her wine.

"I doubt you want to hear it", she gave back.

"I want to hear whatever advice you feel like giving me."

A short silence followed in which she considered her words, Hannibal noticed it.

"What do you think?" Hannibal asked, getting impatient.

"Well.. I hypothesize that it is possible to survive separation if your bond has not been strengthened by events such as the birth of a child and the bond is still new. Besides, your mate has to die in the early stages of your relationship. But whether by your hands or by someone else I don't know." She paused. "This is all I could gather from reading and analyzing elder cases and my own... research. I don't know if it's a good idea to test the hypothesis but it would surely be interesting to....study the effect of separation on a willing participant."

Hannibal didn't want to test it either. But he would keep it in mind if Will decided to stay away. For now, he had to let events unfold. His thoughts strayed back to the ominous mate of Franklyn and his ambitions to kill. Bedelia smiled to herself, content with having planted the idea in his head this time. Small revenge for the incident with Frank where he had manipulated her into the killing.

Baltimore, Chouiphone Music Shop & School

Another long day for Tobias Budge had drawn to a close. His last cello student had just left about a minute ago. He flicked off the lights and shut all the windows and doors before walking downstairs into the shop. Now the real fun could begin. The day was ending but the night was just about to begin when he would prey upon his next victim, a talentless aspiring musician who had joined the Baltimore orchestra in the trombone section. He was supposed to finish his tableau of musicians serving a better purpose in death as an instrument to be played and he was the last missing piece in his design. All he needed to do was to find an excuse for Franklyn to not disturb him during his abduction. And maybe he had time to take pleasure in sex with a submissive, suitable omega whore. Well, maybe. There was still a lot to do. Murder was a symphony and symphonies needed time and true dedication to bring them to perfection. He still needed to kill and prepare the guts of his other victims he had abducted and locked into the cellar before presenting his tableau to the police...and the Ripper. It would get complicated with the transport. But passing the challenge and getting the work done would make the reward all the sweeter. Tobias smiled, his mood lifting at the prospect of creating the best tableau the people in Baltimore had ever seen. He was about to lock the door of the shop and a small music school when his phone buzzed.

The panther hybrid with the black ears and the long black thin tail growled in pleasure when he read the news about the pure omega Will Graham working for the FBI. He had heard Franklyn talk about him before when he complained that his psychiatrist Dr. Lecter preferred him over Franklyn. A smile found its way on his lips. This good-looking omega would be his sweet reward for the hazardous work he was doing and Tobias was determined to find out who his alpha was before claiming him and killing his alpha. A suspicion rose up in his brain, but he needed to be completely sure. His tableau already put him at great risk.

Tobias sent Franklyn a quick message about postponing their opera date tonight because he already had received ten new messages and it annoyed the death out of Tobias. Pathetic omega. Then he sent his fellow accomplice and alpha called Matthew, a close friend working in a funeral parlor, a message saying he required his help in getting the corpses to the Baltimore Opera another night and that he would pay him thrice for the efforts. After that he locked the doors, walked down the stairs into the cellar to begin his work, whistling a tune of *Mozart's Le Nozze di Figaro* to himself.

If everything worked out the way he wanted, he would be gone with the omega Will Graham after finishing the tableau and both men dead.

Chapter End Notes

No, Hanni, no :(*screaming at him*
Stupid cannibal. Really.

I promise it will get better and things will smooth out. If you're here for the smut - it will take a few chapters more. For now, drama is on.

Demons From The Past

Chapter Summary

Will is stressed out, exhausted and needs a break but nobody lets him.Will has some unwanted flashbacks when he receives a letter announcing the death of his father.

So, Will is basically a sweaty upsetti spaghetti 😅

Chapter Notes

Warning!

This chapter deals with the death of his father, the bad relationship between them, alcoholism and forced mating.

The next chapters will be rather angsty as well until the arc with Tobias Budge finishes.

Sorry it’s so dark but it will get better. But I can understand very well if you drop out.

Inspired by the songs:

Lacuna Coil - My Demons
Muse - Pressure

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Stress. So much stress. The whole week had been too hectic, too cramped for Will, leaving him no time to take a breath or reflect the present events. After wrapping up the case with Wells at the morgue together with Zeller, Price, and Bev, Will had to finish the report for Jack, then work on the missing person cases, collecting the preliminary reports from the police departments, checking the database and analyze the assumed victim's backgrounds and eventual connections. But so far, no luck. All they were certain of was they all played in the orchestra for some time or had some guest appearances. Time was against them and the missing musicians were probably dead. The potential culprit was someone attending the Baltimore orchestra performances on a regular schedule or was related to the musicians in any other professional way but they had no idea whom to look for. At least he didn't have to do house to house interviews. It would have meant more traveling, more stress which he couldn't bear and his body even less.

But talking about self-care, he didn't have time for the simplest things. He barely had time to get routine tasks like shopping, cleaning or cooking healthy meals done. Most of all he regretted not having a lot of time for his dogs except for the dutiful feeding and washing and short playtime as he was extremely tired in the evenings.

Also, there were lectures to give and papers to grade. The day after Well's arrest, he had met and talked with Alana, who had to hold the lectures for him to get a picture of the topics she had presented to the class and to decide which topics should be covered shortly in his lecture as the exam time was approaching.

She had also handed him the folders with the papers the students were obligated to submit as the deadline was today on Tuesday. There were now hundreds of papers to be graded. He had given Alana the first half for correction, the remaining fifty folders were lying on the shelf behind him. When he had finished, they'd swap. The online version had to be uploaded, too, and it would have saved them a lot of paperwork correcting them with the program available, but generally speaking, both preferred looking at the paper in front of them as it made spotting mistakes a lot easier. They only used the electronic files for their standardized plagiarism check.

As if this wasn't enough the new article of Freddie Lounds had caught his eyes. Usually, he ignored them but this one unnerved him. It exposed him to everyone else out there. Especially at the campus. He had noticed it when the students and agents started giving him some odd looks and Alana had mentioned it to him during lunch break. Jack had called him, too, right after he read it and assured him to try and get her to remove this article or at least rewrite it. Both agreed on the fact it was an invitation for killers and alphas to hunt him down.

At least Will had the satisfaction that Freddie Lounds had to be careful in the future and that the ad sales of her website were decreasing if news about her unorthodox journalism spread through other channels.

It was already Tuesday evening and Will was still sitting in his office. The painful pounding in his head returned and Will considered taking Bev's advice to go and see a proper doctor specialized in neurology. Someone really interested in treating him unlike Dr. Chilton and the rest of the crew who were more interested in their ego and scientific study on omegas working for the FBI and less in his health. Will considered asking Hannibal for a recommendation but guilt seized him and he evaded writing Hannibal, whom he had hurt, for advice.

Will still hadn't called or texted him despite knowing he should but Will didn't want to appear as being completely dependent on his new mate either. Will would ask him on Thursday evening about his professional opinion during their official appointment and have a resolving talk once and for all once he was decided.

So he skimmed the website with the list of doctors and found a well-known and recommended neurologist called Dr. Sutcliffe, at the Baltimore Noble Hills Care Center, whose ratings were good. He fetched his smartphone and dialed the number. Luckily for him, there was still someone available at the reception and he was able to get an appointment after describing the symptoms which worried the receptionist as well.

Will had been so focused on the screen in front of him to prepare the presentation for his next lecture, he had forgotten to turn the light on. He rubbed over his face and through his hair, tired and worn out. His eyes were hurting from staring on the screen of his MacBook for ages in the moody room.

A shrill cry, like that of a wounded person, echoed through the hall and he winced. Accidentally he knocked down a pile of books and folders next to him but he didn't pay attention.

His breathing was flat, his vision narrowed and turned blurry around the corners of his eyes. At the entrance to the lecture hall, the black raven stag appeared again. It snorted out loud and bowed his crown of antlers towards him, nudging him to come closer.

Will got up, as if in trance, nearly stumbled upon the books and papers on the floor and followed the stag into the entrance hall. The black raven stag disappeared when he reached the point where it had waited for him. Will massaged his temples and gasped when another strong pain jolted through his skull.

Something was wrong with him. Will let out an agonized whine. When he smelled the borrowed scarf again, he wore every day out of habit, he no longer smelled the scent of Hannibal, merely his own. He was aware he should give him back the scarf but he would do that when they would talk again on Thursday evening.

Will walked through the corridor and pushed the heavy doors open. The late evening had set in and no living soul, no student or agent roamed the paved way between the academy and the other building of Quantico anymore. An unnerving silence surrounded the place usually so crowded and packed with students and agents rushing from one place to another.

He glanced at the grey, massive building on the opposite side. There were only a few lights turned on in the building. One of them was Jack's office. Will shivered and wrapped his arms around his upper body. He had forgotten his jacket inside when he followed the raven stag, his hallucination. Will closed his eyes and imagined the building to be his house, his little boat on the sea in Wolf Trap, Virginia. The one that always had been an anchor, grounding him when he needed it most. He lingered there, a few meters from the door, waiting for another cry, a sign of someone hurt or in danger.

There were no more wails, no more screams absolutely nothing. He sighed, cursed himself for his delusions. He walked back to his desk, gathered the papers, the books from the floor and fetched his belongings - his jacket, the laptop, and the papers although he never took them home and always locked them in the drawer of his office.

His smartphone beeped and he swiped to look who the sender of the message was, hoping it wasn't Hannibal. And he was lucky. More or less. It was Beverly wanting to reassure everything was alright as they didn't talk a lot this week. Will had also avoided her on purpose.

"Are you okay? Did you make an appointment with the doctor? If you come back here tomorrow or whenever a crazy ass hat gives us more work, looking as terrible as you looked last and this week, you can be sure I'll keep my promises.

He could not help but smile at her choice of words a little. She was straight forward, not speaking in strange metaphors, and it was something he appreciated.

"Not needed, Bev. I've made an appointment for tomorrow. If you're still worried, you can accompany me."

"Yeah, I do, if your mate doesn't mind. Which doctor?"

"No, he doesn't. Things are pretty complicated. Dr. Sutcliffe at the Baltimore Noble Hills Care Center. I was able to make an appointment at 9.30. AM."

"Oh-oh. That doesn't sound good. You need to tell me more. Great. It seems I finally affect your self-care. I should manage."

"See you tomorrow, Bev."

"See you. And call or text me if you need anything else. Have a nice evening."

Will hoped, Jack wouldn't need him tomorrow or the days after because he would need time for himself to figure things out for him and Hannibal.

Night had set in when he made it back home. He barely saw these hands before his eyes anymore, so he illuminated the way from his car to the porch. A faint cold light, like that of a smartphone, in front of the door disclosed a man was standing there. The man from the kennel whose service he had needed again. Barks, whines, and whistles greeted him when he arrived at the doorstep and Will calmed down. He nodded at the man standing at the porch, watching the dogs playing and running around in the muddy snow. The man whose name was Gregg then shifted his gaze back at him. Will greeted him with a forced smile, apologized for being late and handed Gregg the money. The study man with the red hair and beard smiled, thanked him and got into his large van.

Will laughed as the dogs whom he hadn't seen the whole day appeared ran towards him with amazing speed and jumped into his lap, nearly knocking him down. Some of his worries fell off him in an instant. Even his sickness was forgotten a little bit. Will hunkered down and hugged every single one of them - Winston, Jack, Ellie, Buster, Harley, and Zoe.

Winston was especially affectionate, he licked at his nose, his cheeks and nuzzled him everywhere. "Oh, I missed you, too", Will said and buried his face in his fluffy fur before he moved on to Buster and Zoe who were also quite affectionate and needy and licked him. Jack and Harley were not that kind of affectionate but they walked around his legs and seemed happy anyway their owner was back.

Will played with his pack for a while, throwing their most favorite toys into the field, waiting for them to bring it back until they were tired or hungry and followed him back into the living room.

When he checked the mail he had gathered from the box outdoors, his smile faltered and he forgot everything around him. There was an official letter from the authorities saying they

were sorry to inform him, his true father Beau Graham had passed away and that he was about to be buried by the public funeral's service, as nobody had acted to organize one so far.

His assistance was needed in settling the remaining legal issues e.g registering his death to inform the companies and the bank, as well as paying the costs for the funeral as the savings of the deceased would not be enough to cover even his accumulated debts.

Will tossed the letter aside. He would contact the death notification and funeral services and the local authorities tomorrow or in the next few days and think about how he would best proceed in getting everything done without getting involved too much. He had no intention of traveling to Biloxi. None at all. Will wanted to have nothing to do with his father, the death certificate, tidying and selling the house and none of his debts.

Will dragged himself up the stairs into the bathroom, searching for a new bottle of painkillers and a box of antipyretics. Consequences be damned. He needed them right now. Will swallowed them down with some water. The bed he now lay on was cold and he was lonely. The sheets smelled sweaty as he hadn't changed them all week. The omega in him cried and whined. Will lay there, exhaling deep breaths while staring at the ceiling. He knew he had to decide for Hannibal and him soon and needed to focus. His head didn't make it any easier though. Damn.

His thoughts strayed. Unfortunately, they strayed back to a time much unhappier than it had been now thanks to the official notification of the administration.

He remembered his parents having a fight when he was eight years old, still living in Biloxi. Will recalled the crying, the screaming and the day his mother had broken down in front of him and cried, curling up on the couch while his father yelled and threw things at her.

When he had been harassed and yelled at by his father, an alpha, just being sixteen years old, going to college. This was eight years after his mother had gone. He had presented as omega when he was portraying the first signs of his heat at college. His father had gone to the doctor with him when the teachers had urged him to go as he had collapsed.

" You're a filthy little omega", his father cried at him, drunk as always, his dark eyes flashing, in his right hand holding the papers of the doctors. "You're like your mother. A good-for-nothing sissy", he said loudly, when tears streamed down Will's face at being treated like that in front of the doctor. "Now I have to find a suitable alpha for ye' who toughens you up."

His fingers touched the remains of the old mating scar on his neck and other memories rose back to the surface. His throat grew tighter. It got difficult to breathe. He gasped for air, his chest rising and falling fast as the old demons from the past came back to haunt him. His t-shirt was drenched with his sweat.

The time when his father came back home with an alpha called Francis. He was young, a few years older than Will, working with his father at the boatyard in Biloxi. Will had disliked him in an instant as he had kicked after his dog and later had killed him. At least Will had suspected it when he discovered the dog dead on the road another day. His father had claimed it was another animal or someone else but Will didn't believe him.

Francis had been an odd, quiet man yet a strong alpha, tall and muscular. He was not a thoroughbred alpha but he still radiated viciousness. Maybe it was because of this, he was particularly unpredictable.Rebelling against him would have been a suicide mission. Will had no other choice than to obey. His father gave him away after a few weeks of getting "accustomed" to him and taking him out of college. Beau didn't even wave him goodbye when they finally left Biloxi in the white van of Francis.

Will had decided to run away in the middle of the night when they had settled down in Francis' inherited house in Florida, right after the bonding. He had knocked him unconscious with the sharp edges of a figurine when Francis had fallen asleep after the sex, then stolen the keys of his car and driven away as far as possible until the fuel ran out and he had to walk along the road as he forgot to take money with him.

Molly Foster had taken him in when she saw him all lost and all drenched to the bone wandering around along the street with the thunder rolling in the sky and rain pouring down. It was her who had convinced her parents in the car to take him with them back home and take proper care of him with them becoming his legal guardians after a while.

The sweet Molly whom he had been living together with after they had moved out of their parent's home to avoid being mated again against his will.

Will wondered how she was doing now. If she had found a family already. She always wanted to have children so they split up when she got to know someone else, right when he got accepted at the police academy in New Orleans to become a cop. A mutual decision and he didn't mind despite having loved her. She had been beta and he an omega - he would never be able to father children. Despite having a cocklet, male omegas were not able to impregnate betas.

Francis had become a little violent, as far as he was aware of. Served some time in prison for one or two years. What he was doing today, he didn't know and didn't care as long as Will was safe from him. Will had stumbled over an article when he was a cop. Luckily, Francis never found him or tried anything. To prevent such incidents, Will had used scent and heat suppressors as soon as he was enrolled at the police academy, receiving them for free by the medical staff.

His father Beau, well, Will didn't miss him at all. He had always been aggressive, bad-tempered and an alcoholic as long as he could think of. Since he had been forced to leave, he hadn't visited nor did he write him. Will simply didn't care and wanted to move on. He was best left alone. His childhood had always been miserable thanks to his alcoholism. The person he truly had missed in his life was his mother. She had tried to shelter him as long as he could remember.

But unfortunately, the fighting with his drunken dad dominated the few precious memories he possessed. His stomach clenched at the last painful memory of her leaving with her suitcases and his so-called dad throwing a bottle of whiskey in her direction.

Will looked at the bottle of whiskey at the table then touched his belly. The urge was strong in him to grab the whiskey and drink it. But thinking about the embryo, even though Will

wasn't sure there was one, he also knew he had a potential responsibility which he had already put at risk with his meds.

Sighing he got up and looked for some other food in the fridge he could consume instead. He still had a box of mac and cheese to devour. Will needed it more than the veggies and pieces of fish in his fridge.

He hurled a checking glance at the dogs. They were all sleeping and curled up on their dog beds. He smiled. Dogs were loyal companions. The relationship was easy to manage and they never disappointed him. Unlike humans or alphas, they were predictable in their behavior.

When he had finished the soothing bowl of creamy pasta, he thought about how he would tell Hannibal he should better look for someone more suitable - either at their next session or via phone. Will would never be ready for a relationship. He would always be a patient with lots of issues to deal with which would poison their relationship.

In the end, even his mac and cheese didn't help. He grabbed a glass, poured himself a finger of whiskey and sat on the porch outside, wrapped in his blanket. If he broke up, then he's better to kill that was growing inside of him as well. He pondered on how to proceed with the burial of his dad, the legal affairs and how to avoid staying there for a long time.

Later at night, he drifted again into an uneasy sleep. The nightmares came back.

Darkness crept in and for a minute panic seized him before Will was able to catch a glimpse at his surroundings when his eyes adjusted to the darkness. Will found himself standing in the spacious basement of what seemed to be a castle or an estate, looking old and withered. He winced. Someone was screaming as if in agony. It sounded like a child. Then there were sounds as if someone was fighting. Will quickly walked through the dark long hallway whose floor was covered with bones and snails up to the stairway, following the screams, the loud bangs from a fight.

Will was confused. Why was he even here? Was it the incident with his father, the flashbacks that have evoked a reaction in his mate?

He walked on, shivering in his t-shirt and boxers and he wrapped his arms around himself. He was careful not to tread on the snails on the wet, slippery, stairs made of stone. The screams were drawing closer. He stood in front of a huge black metal door and he opened it. His eyes widened when he peeked inside. It was a little girl tied to an old, dirty, rusty chair. The sight was horrible. Junks of flesh had been torn out of her body. Blood had accumulated in a small puddle underneath the chairs On the floor there were two other corpses. Will guessed they were soldiers, from the helmets and uniform they wore and the culprits for bloody axes were lying next to them and cooking pots.

And there was Hannibal, kneeling beside the delicate, dead girl and hugging her. From the pitiful sounds, he made Will deduced immediately he was crying. It seemed he was grieving for her. Will wondered if she was a family member who had deceased and killed.

Will's omega instincts immediately took over. He wanted to comfort his mate, pull him into his arms, even though the things were not good between them. He opened the door a little further

and walked through the door. "Hannibal", Will exclaimed, stepping closer. "Come here. I'm sorry."

Hannibal stopped crying and looked up in surprise at his mate. He tried to conceal as much of his emotion as he could but the tears on his cheek betrayed him.

He quickly got up, cast a cool glance at him. Will took some steps towards Hannibal but when he had finally reached him, everything turned to black.

Will woke up and sat up straight in bed. His heart ached at the thought of Hannibal suffering. What did this dream mean? Did he have a sister who died when he was younger? Was his sister killed? And why were there lots on the floor?

Will put his head back, pulled the blanket up to his chin, trying to fall asleep again to get at least a little bit of sleep. Tomorrow was another day to deal with everything and mysterious dreams. But he kept thinking about the meaning until his eyes fell shut and finally a peaceful slumber overcame him.

Hannibal jolted in his bed as he woke up, breathing heavily, exhausted by the intended interruption of the nightmare. He hadn't had a nightmare about Mischa for a long time. Since the bonding, he had now gone through two of them. It had cost him a great deal of energy controlling it and the sensation could be compared to finishing a particular long swim training. But it seemed to have worked. Hannibal sat up and led a glass of water to his mouth with slightly trembling hands. This had been bound to happen. Luckily he had been able to end it just in time before the truth was revealed and Will would deduce everything.

He looked at the empty side of the large king size bed, illuminated by the cold, silver light of the full moon. Will was so close yet so far away. Hannibal laid back in the silken sheets and closed his eyes again. At least he would see him again tomorrow evening if Will didn't cancel. If he did, he'd drive to Wolf Trap himself the day after or try to set things in motion by getting to know the mysterious friend of Franklyn and draw the new killer out. He got tired of waiting and being treated like that by his mate. Enough was enough.

Chapter End Notes

Some things:

I am aware of the unrealistic depiction of funeral services / death notification because I didn‘t and don’t want to focus on the whole process and keep it relatively simple as not to disrupt the story.

Francis will play an important part after the next arc, that’s for sure, but it will take a while until we get there.

More about Will's pregnancy will follow later as well. Right now he suspects being pregnant but doesn't know for sure . It's still early. Two weeks have passed after they had sex. I am figuring out when and how he will know it.

Yes, they're going to talk to each other again. But the first conversations are not going to be nice. The nice part will follow after the climax.

More chapters are on the way. I'm writing and trying to finish the arc soon so I can update more frequently.

Thanks for reading! ❤️

The Serenade of Murder

Chapter Summary

> Will arrives at the Baltimore Noble Hills Care Center for his appointment but murder sabotages his plans again. He is called to the crime scene at the Baltimore Opera.Later when he's back at the neurologist Hannibal calls him...

Chapter Notes

> The chapter update went quicker than expected. I had a good writing streak :)
>
> No specific trigger warning applies to this chapter, except for canon-typical violence and mention of fantasies perhaps.
>
> Note:
>
> I've made a few changes in the last chapter. Originally, Will knew it was Wednesday when they would meet again but I changed it in chapter 9. He now thinks it would be Thursday, whereas it's Wednesday. Hence, the conflict.
>
> Matthew, it seems, meant more to Tobias than originally planned but now that Will is in the game he's not as interested in him any more.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Somewhere outside Baltimore

The work was finally done. It had taken Tobias a whole week to prepare the corpses, drain the body fluids and embalm them to prevent the corpses from decaying quickly. Besides, the guts needed a lot of tending as well. It needed skilled and steady hands to create strings from human-cat guts. Tobias shivered a little in the cold outside of the hut. Despite his warm coat, the cold showed no mercy on him. Tobias wanted to wrap this up as soon as possible and transport the corpses to the Opera house.

Tobias looked at his watch on his wrist. Matthew was late again. Time was precious to him because the longer they waited, the sooner it would be morning and the chance of being discovered increased when the facility manager would check upon the building like every morning at 7 am. It was already 1 am and they needed a lot of time to adjust the corpses and finish the detail work. Finally, a car pulled up in front of the hut. It was a black van with windows disguising the interior - a vehicle used for the funeral business.

A man got out of the car. The silhouette made it clear it was unmistakably a wolf hybrid. It was Matthew Brown, his accomplice. Tobias eyed Matthew with a chill look in his dark brown eyes. “You’re late”, he remarked in his deep voice and growled. He fletched his sharp fangs.

Matthew growled back. “Just be glad I’m here. I can still drive home again, have my night of sleep and let you do the work all alone.” His dark eyes, enlightened by the xenon light of his car whose motor was still running, flashed red in his annoyance.

Tobias held his gaze, unimpressed. “Your guts would be another great addition to my collection”, he threatened him coldly.

“I’d like to see you try”, Matthew countered.

With a swift movement, he drew a syringe with a liquid in his hands, threatening to pierce the throat of Tobias. The other arm was wrapped around the throat of Tobias, holding him in a headlock. “Don’t underestimate me ”, he snarled.

Tobias closed his eyes for a moment and hissed. He really should have done it alone. It was a mistake to pull Matthew into that business. The man was interesting at the beginning until he had seen Will Graham and decided he would need an omega as a mate instead of a fellow alpha.

“I’ve got the money “, Tobias hissed. “I’m going to pay you thrice the amount as last time.”

Matthew let him go and pulled his hands away but stayed watchful and wary. His claws were extended, just in case, he needed to attack.

“I want it now “, Matthew said, pinning him against the wall again after he had put the syringe into his pocket. Another low growl rumbled in his chest.

Tobias wrestled in the pocket of his jacket and handed him the bag with the stack of bills.

“Let’s go”, Tobias said. “We have a lot of work to do.”

They entered the hut and hauled the corpses into the van before making way to the opera house where they used the secret entrance and the elevator once they stepped inside the building. When the work was done and Matthew was about to leave Tobias to his detail work, Tobias held him back.

“One more thing, Matthew”, he said.

Matthew halted on the way down from the stage and raised his eyebrow.

“I need you to be at the house and guard Will Graham once I’m on the way to his alpha.”

Matthew granted him a cold predatory smile. “Only if the payment is right.”

Tobias rolled his eyes while shoving the neck of the cello into the throat of the trombonist.

“Of course, you greedy bastard”, he answered. “Choke on it. Now watch out and warn me if someone’s coming.”

“I will, but I can’t guarantee anything”, Matthew answered coolly, putting his hands into his pocket, cocking his head to the left.

“Just as long as you keep looking and informing me”, Tobias replied while carefully placing the violins into the hand of the victims. Just a little longer, Tobias thought, and he would be reunited with his one and only mate.

He smiled, imagining him tied up, warm and pliant beneath him. Soon, very soon, would Will Graham be drawn to him. There was no need to stalk him and risk getting his attention by leaving his scent at his doorstep or drawing the attention of his mate and getting ambushed while he was unprepared.

“What do you mean by that? Just send me the papers, I’ll sign them. I don’t have any time. I’m a federal agent”, Will snapped into the phone, tense and annoyed, his mouth dry. An angry growl escaped him. He looked at his watch. Within the next few minutes, Bev was supposed to arrive to take him to the care center. He had sent her a message last night, saying he had an acoustic hallucination in the office and didn’t trust himself to drive.

“I’m sorry, Sir, but I’m afraid you have to attend in person.I understand if you don’t have the time, that you need time to process it all but it requires your physical presence.We are legally required to do this. It’s a standard procedure”, the lady at the phone said, apologizing to appease him. “After that, you can use a lawyer as intermediate and arrange everything from home.”

Will ruffled through his hair. He would have loved to throw the phone against the wall if he didn’t need it.

“When do I need to be there?” He asked the woman from the department of the Biloxi administration at the phone reluctantly.

“As early as you can “, she replied. “Preferably within the next three days.”

Will paused. “I’m a bit sick as of late. I don’t know if I can manage this week.”

“I understand”, she said. “Next week is still okay.”

“Good”, Will mumbled into the phone.

Will made an appointment with the woman from the local administration scheduled for next week then slammed the phone on the table. His stomach already clenched at having to go back to the place he wanted to avoid to go to.

He took a sip from the glass of water on the table, gulped down the bowl of muesli with fruits in it, then took care of the dogs, leaving another note for Gregg on the table.

Will glanced outside when the noise of Bev's car broke the silence. The dogs barked and wagged their tails and some scratched at the door.

Will whistled. "Hey", he called, his voice loud and authoritarian. They turned their heads towards him when they heard his loud voice and they moved away.

Will grabbed some self-made snacks from the table. "Hey buddies", he said to them, luring them away from the door. "A little treat for you." The room was filled with yelps, little barks as everyone fought for some space.

"There's enough for everyone", Will said and threw the snacks to them.

A knock made him glance at the door. Beverly was standing there, waving at him.

"Be good", Will said to the dogs, ruffling through the fur of his pack before he grabbed his bag with the MacBook and headed towards the door. He smiled at her.

Beverly touched his forehead. "It's good we go to the doctor together ", she said, raising her eyebrows. "You got me worried last night. "

She threw another glance at the dogs, in his living room before her looks fell on the damaged wall.

Will noticed that. "Come on, let's go. Traffic is already pretty bad", Bev said and they left the house.

They walked to her black Hyundai estate car and were on their way to Noble Hills Care Center.

During the drive, Beverly wanted to ask him something but he merely looked out of the window and she remained silent, feeling it was not the appropriate thing to ask why his eyes were red-rimmed from crying.

Will was sitting in the waiting room of the neurologist together with Beverly. Women, men and even some teenagers were chatting or reading, trying to distract themselves. The air was filled with the sour scent of the distress of omegas. It was a large, square room with the apricot painted walls and the glass windows to the left, giving the patients a good view at the town below. Videos introducing the whole staff were played on a large flat-screen monitor mounted on the wall. Dr. Sutcliffe was a popular neurologist it seemed. He was staring at his clammy, sweaty hands, contemplating. His nerves were on the verge of tearing just like a rope exerted too much.

Meanwhile, Beverly was reading something in a magazine she had picked up from the table. Will winced. His phone vibrated in his pocket. A part of him was relieved to find an excuse for not getting a brain scan and maybe find nothing wrong with it and his hallucinations being part of mental illness but another part of him was annoyed because he mainly received calls from Jack Crawford these days. Will debated not to take it for the sake of his health but it seemed he didn't have another choice. Cursing under his breath, he withdrew it. The other

patients in the waiting room of the practice glared at him for using the phone when there was a sign in the door saying it was not allowed to use the phone.

Will got up, knowing where this would be leading to. “Yes, Jack?”, Will asked. The cat ears of Beverly straightened and she put aside her magazine as well.

“You have to come to the Baltimore Opera House, Will. And you’d better prepare yourself.”

Will exhaled, threw a meaningful look at Beverly and gestured her to leave.

“Fine, I am on my way, Jack”, he answered, ended his call and put the phone into the pocket of his field jacket.

Will left the waiting room and went back to the reception. “I’m sorry, can I cancel my appointment? It’s an emergency..”, Will remarked to the man sitting behind the counter, typing something the computer, probably the data of some patients. “Can I come back tomorrow..or this evening?” Will asked.

The receptionist sighed, a little annoyed that he would leave again, messing with his schedule.“Well..yeah, we could fit you in at 7.30 pm tonight”, the man replied coolly.

Will nodded. “That’s fine for me, I’ll come back tonight”, Will replied and then hurried out of the building together with Beverly.

Once in the car, Will swallowed another pill of aspirin dry, hoping it would serve the purpose. It was a ten minutes drive to the opera and they arrived soon.

Police officers and first responders had already blocked the entrance to the Baltimore Opera House. Having parked the vehicle on the official parking lot and showing the credentials to the officers approaching him, Will and Beverly pushed themselves through the crowd of officers, first responders, upset employees and walked through the glass door.

He stood in a vast foyer. The interior was black, contrasting with the colorful, orange exterior. He didn’t know where to go at first as there was a stairway leading to other concert halls in front of him. But when he heard familiar voices, he knew it must have been the concert hall around the corner.

Steps echoed in the spacious foyer and a familiar figure came closer. It was Jack.

“There you are”, Jack greeted him, relieved to see that Will came despite their last argument.

“Hello Miss Katz”, Jack continued, nodding at her. “Zeller and Price are already there.”

”Hello, Jack”, Will replied to him in a cool tone.

”You still don’t look better”, Jack remarked, frowning at his pale face. ”Have you seen a doctor?”

”I was about to. You just interrupted my appointment”, Will replied in an icy tone, putting up the glasses on his nose and followed Jack and Beverly to the doors of the concert all on the right side of the staircase.

”I’m sorry. But this couldn’t wait”, Jack explained to both of them with a shrug. “When you’re there, you’ll know why.”

They entered the concert hall. It was vast. Even though the building didn’t look like it, the interior was impressive with the round, ostentatious ceiling above them. Will and Jack walked up to the stage. The curtains had been lifted, the spotlight illuminated the gruesome tableaus on the stage.

Beverly hurried to Brian and Jimmy who were already busy with photographing and collecting samples with their gloved hands, putting them into labeled plastic bags.

Once on stage, Will truly shuddered at seeing the horrific tableau of dead musicians in the chair circle from the near distance. The victims in the outer chair circle were holding violins in their dead hands. Their eyes had been removed from their socket and replaced with red roses.Their mouths were hanging open. All of them were dressed in black suits or suit dresses but beneath the white shirts they had been dressed in, there were deep slashes across their abdomen, showing the abdominal cavity had been emptied of the guts.

Particularly brutally mutilated was the corpse of the man in the middle. The neck of a cello had been shoved through his throat. His vocal cords were exposed as if serving to be played like a string instrument . Will walked around the corpses and covered his mouth. They must have been dead for more than a week already, for the putrescine, repugnant smells of various gases permeated his nose.

“Well, these are all the missing musicians we have failed to find in time”, Jack sighed.

”The victims are Douglas Wilson, trombonist of the Baltimore Metropolitan orchestra. He is the latest victim. Killed shortly after his last performance. Then there is Roger Stevens, the violinist. He had been a guest musician for one or two concerts, always having played in the second row. Recently he had been a part of the Washington Metropolitan Orchestra. Sarah Meyers, a cellist, had been a guest musician, too, traveling through the states, only temporary employments. Last time she performed in Richmond, Virginia. And then we have Alexandra Griffith and Lukas Robertson. Both have been soprano and tenor and were recently unemployed “, Jack summarised their findings for Will again.

Will nodded and inhaled deeply to get ready for the reconstruction.

“Let’s go everyone”, Jack shouted, gesturing at the forensic crew and police officers swarming around to clear the crime scene. The forensic crew including Zeller, Price, and Beverly obeyed and retreated. So did Jack.

“Alright”, he said softly to Will. “You look.”

Will inhaled. The weight lay heavily on his shoulders. He felt trapped within the prison of madness again and gazed up at the ceiling. For a moment he thought it would crumble down

on him.

”Treat it as an intellectual exercise, Will”, Jack said, unleashing a wave of soothing pheromones into the air. He patted his shoulders, then left with the other agents. He turned around to face the circle of dead people sitting in the chairs from the front.

Will closed his eyes. The golden pendulum swung over his head. Time reversed. He was taken to an empty room in a basement with the corpses lying on the tables.

”You were already dead when I brought you here”, Will said, walking around them, approaching them. ”I have kept you..until I deemed it was your time to die.” He let his hands run through the hair of a corpse, then went to another, doing the same. The pendulum swung again. The scene shifted. Colour returned into their faces, the wounds on the abdomen disappeared. They were all alive, duct tape on their mouths. Sweat ran down their foreheads, their eyes were widened in fear. They tried to scream but only muffled noises left their mouths. He hit the back of each head expertly with a hammer. Blood gushed out. ”Your deaths should be quick. I don't have much time.” Will walked back to have a better glimpse. Blood ran down the neck of the corpses. Will frowned, then grabbed a scalpel. ”I take out your eyes and plant roses into the sockets. ” He paused. ”A message to the person I admire.”

The scene shifted again. The corpses lay on steel stretchers like those in a morgue somewhere in a basement.

”I try to stop decomposition. I’m storing you somewhere where it's cold..where I have tools and can work undisturbed. I use embalming fluids and formaldehyde after draining all of you.”

The man in the middle stared at him with widened eyes, shivering, struggling but the ties on his hands were too strong. Will walked towards him, looking menacing.

”You are the gem of my design. You are the last missing piece.” Will paused, fetching the strings. ”But I will not be merciful.” He strangled the man in the suit with the steel piano strings. The man struggled and let out muffled moans but he fell silent at last.

Will cut through his throat with a scalpel. ”I open your throat and expose your vocal cords. ” Will panted while working on them. ”I shove the piece of the violin down your throat.”

The scene shifted again. He was back in the concert hall. The dead bodies appeared on the chairs, one by one.

Will stopped and frowned. ”I was not alone. I had help setting you all up. ”

The corpses had all violins in their left hands. Their heads were all fixed on the man in the middle though. In the middle of the morbid chamber orchestra on the stage was the corpse with the neck of the violin in his throat.

Will, standing behind the man, grabbed the cello bow and started to play.

“I wanted to create a sound”, Will said, while playing. The rich deep sound of the cello reverberated in the room. ”My own dark symphony. ” He closed his eyes. “A symphony for you. My love.”

The sound of clapping hands resounded in the vast moody hall. Will blinked and stared at Garret Jacob Hobbs sitting in the audience applauding him. He gasped, his eyes widened and soon he found himself torn back to reality.

“Will”, a booming voice resounded in his ears. He gazed at Jack who was observing him worriedly. “You’re here at the Baltimore Opera. It’s 10 am.”

Will’s breathing was flat, his chest heaving and falling quickly before it slowed down along with his pulse. Will inhaled and exhaled deeply. He purred to calm himself down.

“What have you got for me?” Jack asked him.”Is it the Ripper?”

Will contemplated for a few moments. He stared into space, then shook his head a Dr we coming to a conclusion.“No.This is a serenade, Jack. The killer has put on a show to demonstrate how well he plays… his new instrument. He’s a musician. He knows how to play the cello, the violin. Maybe a teacher or someone affiliated with the orchestra in a certain way.”

“It’s a serenade to the Ripper, you mean?” Jack inquired.

“Probably...or someone else. Someone he adores in his....way”,Will said. “He needed to display it. To impress.” He paused, wondering to whom the tableau was dedicated to.

“Our killer wasn't lazy. He has a lot of experience.”, Will continued, his eyes flickering over the corpses draped in the chairs and at the posture of them while stood up close.

“Yes”, Jack agreed, cocking his eyebrows. “He has been very active in the last few months, that’s for sure.”

He fell silent, pondering on Will’s first remark, his face pulled into a thoughtful expression.

“But what makes you say he’s experienced? “Jack asked. “It’s pretty risky to set up a tableau like this, leaving obvious evidence behind.”

“Well, look at the incisions on the throat and the abdomen ”, Will said, pointing at the bodies... “They’re almost surgical. He’s not a surgeon, but a craftsman. Someone possessing enough understanding of human anatomy and the talent to work precisely just like the Ripper. He has experience but he has never killed like that before”, Will explained.

“Alright”, Jack agreed, scratching his chin with his hand while following his train of thoughts.

“He most likely had an accomplice”, Jimmy peeped up from behind Jack and Will, having finished with photographing everything.

“Yeah, there is no way that he could have carried the corpses on the stage alone”, Beverly added, lining up with Jimmy and Will, her face put into a frown.

Jack nodded, his eyes analyzing the corpses again. “It would have taken him a lot of time which he couldn’t afford to lose. The staff here would have noticed.”

Brian was then investigating a bow and stroked his finger along the material, furrowing his eyebrows when noticing the powder. Beverly took interest in the bow as well.

“There’s powder on the cello bow”, Brian remarked, coming up from behind, showing the bow to them. “Probably the remains of some chemicals.”

“So he must have treated the vocal cords with chemicals”, Beverly deduced. “You usually do that with catgut strings. Olive oil is used, for example, on traditional gut strings or a combination of different chemicals.” Brian threw a questioning look at her.

Beverly rolled her eyes when she caught his skeptical glance. “I’ve played the violin for some time. I know how this works.”

Will had an idea when he joined in once more. “You said something with catgut strings. The abdominal cavity had been opened and the guts taken. Maybe he had used them for the violin strings in their hands. And God knows for other instruments as well.”

Everyone looked at him. “This is a good point”, Beverly said.

“Good work again, Psycho”, Brian said, looking Will into the eye with a wink.

Will just stared past him.

“Let’s bring the bodies to Quantico and figure out the rest”, Jack announced to everyone.

He walked away to talk to other agents and officers to help him with the bodies. Everyone. left the stage. The corpses were put into black body bags and carried out of the hall into the vans.

“Do you want me to take you home or do you wanna go with me to Quantico? Beverly asked Will when they left the building.

“I’ll go with you to the lab “, Will said. “And I have some stuff to do at the campus.”

Beverly nodded and they went back to the car.

Baltimore Noble Hills Care Center

Will was the last patient of Dr. Sutcliffe. The whole room seemed abandoned. The flat-screen was already turned off. Beverly had dropped him off and he had assured her he wouldn’t need her assistance and he would take a cab back home so she wouldn’t have to wait. The doctor was late, 10 minutes already, and it didn’t improve Will’s mood.

His phone buzzed in the pocket.

Will looked at the screen. It was Hannibal. Frowning what this call could be about, he picked up the phone.

“Hannibal?” Will said, a little reluctant.

“Hello Will”, Hannibal replied in a detached tone. “Where are you? You have an appointment standing open. I have a 24-hours-cancellation policy as you know.”

Will rubbed his face with his hand and sighed. Oh fuck. He had thought the appointment had been scheduled for Thursday.

“Oh, sorry”, Will replied with a sigh but he sounded tired and did not mean it somehow. He didn’t care about many things since the morning began and he discovered the tableau.

“I forgot. I thought it was due tomorrow. I had a busy day. We have discovered the bodies of the musicians. I’m at the neurologist. I’m getting a brain scan.”

There was a pause.

“No, it was scheduled for today”, Hannibal answered, his voice strained and cold.

“And why couldn’t you tell me you were getting a brain scan? I could have recommended you a neurologist. ”, he said coldly. “It is not very courteous of you to ignore me in this way. I had hoped you would have trusted me after everything I have done for you. You could have sent me a message in the very least.”

There were disappointment and cold anger in Hannibal’s voice which strained Will’s nerves even further. Something broke.

Will’s jaw clenched. The anger he had accumulated throughout the night and day were rising to the surface, bursting out of him, uncontrolled, like the eruption of a volcano. It was unjustified he vented his anger at Hannibal but he didn't bother.

“I have already apologized, Hannibal”, Will snapped, his voice raising, and a growl rumbling in his chest. “It didn’t matter if he shouted, he was alone.“I don’t know what else I should do. And besides, my decisions are my own. I am a grown man and I don’t need you to take care of me like a baby. I can make my appointments”, Will told him in a raised voice. His finger holding the phone was gripping it tightly, his knuckles paled. The omega in him revolted and told him to stop, but he was full of anger and frustration.

“You don’t want to be seen as a baby yet you seem to behave just like a child”, Hannibal said coolly. “If you are an adult, then behave like one and talk to me.”

Another icy silence reigned between them. For some moments, Will was riddled with regret and utter embarrassment because Hannibal didn't deserve any of this.

”Mr. Graham? ”He looked up at the door. A nurse was waiting for him, beckoning him to follow her. He gave her a sign with his hands, he would come in a minute. She pursed her lips

and rolled her eyes but walked away and waited outside, leaning against the counter.

Will turned his attention back to Hannibal. He didn't know what to say. Didn't know how to fix this and soothe his angry mate.

"Sorry, Hannibal", he said again. "I have to go. Can we talk tomorrow or the day after?"

"Yes", Hannibal answered curtly. "Come to my office when it suits you. And please return my scarf to me, if you don't mind."

Will wanted to say something else but then the line went cold.

Hannibal entered his home and let the door fall shut with a loud bang. His self-composure had cracked and the angry alpha had taken over. If anyone of his colleagues saw him, they'd be wondering what was wrong with him but right now he was alone and he didn't care. He put on the coat on his rack and retreated into the living room, needing a moment to rest after the tedious day and the disastrous phone call before preparing Saltimbocca alla Romana, reminding him of better times in Florence.

Hannibal was bursting with fury and frustration. His eyes were gleaming crimson red. What had he done to Will to deserve such a disgraceful treatment? Even his patience had a limit and Will has strained it much. He grabbed the phone and stared at it. His hands were trembling. Fur was growing on his hands. His hands transformed into paws again, the claws extending. Maybe Bedelia had been right. Such an unworthy, rude omega to have bonded with - he had been reckless indeed. His inner beast was telling him to kill him. It was raging and howling.

Yet a part of Hannibal was aware he couldn't do it right now. In frustration, he grabbed the phone tightly and tossed it with a violent movement against the wall. The screen cracked but Hannibal didn't care. He could buy a new one.

Hannibal took a deep breath and waited until the howling alpha retreated into the dark cage of his soul and the savage storm inside him abated. Hannibal contemplated the words Will had said to him. How convenient he had chosen Donald Sutcliffe. Luckily he was befriended with him. Or as befriended as he could be with such common people and colleagues.

He would call Donald Sutcliffe later and tell him to hold back the results of Will's brain scan. On Friday *Tristan und Isolde* would be performed at the opera house if it was not cancelled due to the murder. Nothing had been communicated yet as not to lose money, he suspected.Maybe he could convince Dr. Sutcliffe to go with him and talk about the result in the break.

Hannibal walked back, grabbed his damaged phone and retreated into his kitchen to pour himself a glass of wine. He cocked an eyebrow. It was a miracle it had survived the ordeal and was still working. But tomorrow he'd buy a new one anyway. He opened Tattlecrime.com on the splintered screen and read the article about the gruesome murder at the opera house. A slight smile curled on his lips. This was a murder was meant for him, the

Ripper, inviting him into a deadly game. And he didn't object to play along a little. He could easily disguise the kill as self-defence.

If Franklyn was attending on Friday too, he probably would because he never stopped obsessing with him anyway, then surely his mysterious friend or mate who seemed to be suspicious would probably be there as well.

He finished the glass of wine and put it back on the counter next to the sink. He fetched the main ingredients he would need for his Italian dish from his fridge in the basement - thin, delicate slices of bacon, tender and delicate scallopini he had prepared in advance some time ago and some asparagus to go with the meat.

Hannibal put on music. A melancholic aria from *Puccini's La Bohème* resounded in the kitchen. He halted for a moment and let the dramatic music sink in before delving his knife into the onion on the cutting board with a graceful and steady movement of his hand. He tried to think of nothing else than the task ahead of him.

Music and cooking were always the best remedies.

Chapter End Notes

I am sorry for the problem with the plot at the end, concerning the meeting in the opera. Of course nobody in their right mind would perform an opera play two days after murder. Noticed it too late 😭. I'm going to fix it in the next chapter.

Maybe this chapter will be rewritten but for now I'll leave it be.

A Night At The Opera

Chapter Summary

Hannibal attends the rescheduled opera performance of Tristan and Isolde with his colleague Dr. Sutcliffe in Washington.He meets Franklyn and his friend Tobias. He invites Tobias for dinner. Will wants to wrap things up,leaving Hannibal no choice.

Chapter Notes

Hello there!

First of all kudos to you if you still read my story. I love you 😘

I know there may be some plot holes and that they should have met before the murder. Maybe I'm going to change the chapters after finishing the story.

Now I just want this arc to be over with and the angst to end. It will end, I assure you. Just a little longer.

And sorry for some undetected grammar and spelling mistakes. I used Grammarly and read it thrice but some mistakes are really tenacious.

Enjoy.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The opera play took place as scheduled, at the Washington opera house though. Even though the community and the orchestra members had been truly shocked to lose one of their members, the trombonist, - money was still important to survive in this hard business. They had taken a whole day off to grieve and for investigation procedures before they continued their scheduled program at another location. Thank goodness, Washington had an even larger building with more concert halls.

The bright white light filtering in the spacious opera house went out and the audience went quiet. Not a single noise except for a bit of coughing and rustling in some rows. Hannibal, sitting in the middle of the crowd with his companion Dr.Sutcliffe closed his eyes as the melancholic, dark yet soft melody played by the string section and the flutes opened the first arc of the dramatic opera piece with the prelude. It was beautiful. Hannibal was completely enthralled. Every time he attended the opera, he was taken into another world.

Music was a good distraction. Like literature and art, it had a soothing effect on people, offering them an escape into a fictional world for as long as they liked. Of course, it was not reasonable to dwell in this fictional world for a longer period time but it was like a balm on his wounded heart after the nightmare he had endured, Will's stoic silence and his outburst at the phone.

He understood to a certain extent despite his impatience and imminent anger from his rudeness and loss of control over Will's encephalitis, his omega was stressed from the case works. It took a great toll on him but Will was also hiding something he didn't want to admit. Something crucial. It was frustrating for Hannibal. Of course, he could simply call Jack that Will refuses to talk to him and sabotage his therapy but enforcing another conflict was not helpful. Will had to come to him on his account.

Hannibal was usually not fond of Richard Wagner's works as even he deemed the compositions too heavy and too theatric for his taste, but Tristan and Isolde was a composition he could arrange with. Today he was just in the mood for such a dramatic piece.

The first arc telling the story of Tristan and Isolde traveling to the king's land, tension rising between them as Isolde discovers he has returned to her for being married away to his uncle, culminated in the drinking of the poison that let both fall into deep relentless love. It ended with a fulminant crescendo of the whole orchestra and the choir.

Hannibal rose from his chair and applauded to the musicians who then quickly appeared behind the stage. A tear was running down from the corners of his eyes. His companion joined him soon as well as many others.

"So, why did you want me to change the results of Mr. Graham?" Dr. Sutcliffe asked him in the short break between the first and the second act. They have retreated to one of the standing tables at the corner and grabbed a glass of champagne from one of the waiters walking by.

"His mind works in a different way than ours. He' a pure omega and he has a high level of empathy. Too many mirror neurons in his brain. It would be interesting to study the effects of the encephalitis for a while ", Hannibal explained.

Dr. Sutcliffe nodded, considering his words. "I see. This is truly fascinating."

Hannibal gave him a polite smile. "There are opportunities for both of us." The glasses clinked and both took a sip from the champagne. The beta looked thoughtful and sipped from his glass. "I wouldn't hide it for a long time, though. His brain is literally on fire."

"Don't worry, Donald", he responded smoothly. "I will put out the fire just in time."

With that said they returned to the places. Hannibal made himself a reminder to kill the doctor on the next opportunity. He was posing a risk.

The lights went out again and Dr. Sutcliffe and Hannibal took their seats. Hannibal closed his eyes and immersed himself in the music, the dramatic moments, the beautiful combination of

tenor, soprano and bass voices and the crescendo and diminuendo of the orchestra.

Time passed and the stage changed. After another short break, it was time for the last act. The crystal clear and impressive voice of the soprano reverberated in the vast concert hall of the Baltimore opera house. She was singing the last aria from Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde" - called "Mild und leise wie er lächelt " and her performance was simply stunning. Her voice mastered the high notes with ease. She also gave everything, pouring all her emotions into the dramatic, melancholic parts of the aria. Be it acted or not, goosebumps spread on his skin, down his spine.

He had seen her perform many times but this was undoubtedly one of her best performances. Hannibal's eyes were filling with tears once more. Thinking about Will, he sincerely hoped their relationship would not suffer the same fate as the tragic pairing in this opera performance - they were united at the end, yes - but at a high price.

The opera song came to an end with harmonious chromatic chords depicting the resolution of the dramatic story arc with their love death. Their relationship was doomed. But least Isolde and Tristan would be together in the afterlife.

Silence filled the room at first, giving space to the last note being played. Besides, it was rude to applaud while the orchestra was still playing and luckily the majority of the guests were aware of that. Hannibal was the first one to get up and applaud, once again, enthralled and overwhelmed Dr. Sutcliffe joined him once more. Soon after, the whole concert hall was cheering and giving the orchestra and the singers a standing ovation. With a short look from the corners of his eyes as he tilted his head, Hannibal noticed that, as expected, Franklyn was also attending the opera, having stood up as well, waving at him from the back.

He saw someone was standing next to his patient, a man with a dark complexion and cold, calculating looking eyes. He was tall and slender. Hannibal sighed. The meeting with Franklyn was inevitable but he would wait until the room had emptied.

"Thank you for the invitation", Dr. Sutcliffe replied to Hannibal. "But I have to go now. Lots of patients on the schedule tomorrow.

"Can I rely on you, Donald?" Hannibal asked him, putting a hand on his shoulder.

"Yes", Dr. Sutcliffe replied. "Just like in the old times." He winked and then disappeared into the crowd.

Lots of people had attended the opera and the room was filled with the chattering and groans of people, all exchanging their impressions on their performance. Hannibal was lost in thought for a moment, wondering when and how to kill him without Will noticing. The scent of a perfume he knew permeated his nose, tore him out of his thoughts and he turned to the right. He put on a polite smile as Mrs. Komeda walked towards him. She was a welcomed distraction from the threatening conversation with Franklyn and his new mate.

Hannibal didn't like her particularly, deeming her just a common beta-like everyone else, but she held an important rank in Baltimore's upper socialite clubs. It was her after all that helped

him become admired and well-known among the socialites here when he had arrived years ago and settled down after changing his profession.

"Hannibal", she greeted him with an almost sharp like a smile. "It's good to see you again", she let her dark brown eyes wander over him. "You haven't met with us in the last two weeks." She sounded almost reproachfully.

Hannibal returned her polite smile. "I am sorry but my duties kept me quite busy. My patients are very demanding and I preferred to take time for myself in the evenings."

"I see", Ms. Komeda replied, decided not to press this point any further. "You heard about the murder at the opera house in Baltimore?" She asked him, her voice quiet as if she had said something forbidden.

Hannibal moved his head, a little nod. "Of course. It was horrible. What a tragic loss for the orchestra. But all the same, I am grateful they didn't cancel the performance."

"Yes, indeed", she replied. "They delivered an extraordinary performance tonight despite the incidence. Maybe it even helped.." She quickly put a hand over her mouth.

"I fully agree", Hannibal answered with a little amusement in his voice. " It was a particularly emotional performance. Music is also a tool used by therapists to cope with trauma. One could argue that music and art are the best tools to cope with such traumatic events. I think the board of the orchestra as well as the members of the orchestra were surely aware of this."

"Bravo, Hannibal", she complimented him, wiping a tear out of her eyes. "You always find the perfect words."

A short silence ensued. Her dark, curious eyes then fell on the silver scar on his neck and she chuckled. She pointed her long fingernails at his scar and raised one eyebrow a little. "Congratulations, Hannibal ", she remarked with a knowing smile. "Why don't you introduce us your mate?" Ms. Komeda asked, crossing her arms now, moving her legs as it became uncomfortable to stand on the high heels a longer time.

Hannibal's smile faded a little. "Well, am not sure if the bonding was not a little premature." He paused. "I don't see him a fit for my social standing here, to be honest. I'm sorry, Amelia."

Her eyes softened. "Ohh, I see." She turned around, noticing something was off.

Hannibal noticed it was Franklyn and the new alpha he had told him about standing some meters away, waiting for the perfect opportunity to interrupt them. Instead of searching for eye contact, he focussed on his conversation with Ms. Komeda instead.

"Maybe you could find yourself a suitable new mate at one of your fancy dinner parties", she said with a winked. "To be honest, I miss them a lot. You should give us another one", she demanded, her thin lips pursed. "I enjoyed the meals a lot."

"A feast must present itself", Hannibal remarked to that with a regretful smile, baring his sharp fangs a little. "You cannot force it."

He was sorry he couldn't provide the meat for a dinner party. He was craving it so badly but it was too dangerous while he was still bonded. It was jangling his nerves but he was powerless.

"A dinner party is no unicorn", she countered in a disapproving, reproachful tone, furrowing her thin eyebrows and pursing her thin lips.

"Amelia, should I plan one, you'll be the first to know", he countered with a soothing, charming purr, which put the beta at ease again.

"Alright", she laughed. Ms. Komeda turned away to greet the newcomers, Franklyn and his new partner.

"Someone tries to get your attention, Hannibal", she laughed, retreating a little to give both men some space but stayed where she was. Hannibal shifted his gaze too.

Franklyn stared at him with an open smile. Next to him stood the tall, slender man he had gotten a glimpse of in the previous break between the acts. From up close, Hannibal recognized he was a panther hybrid. His dark eyes, as cold as ice, were fixed on him in curiosity.

"Hello Dr. Lecter", Franklyn greeted him, wagging his dog tail and purring. "This is my friend Tobias",

"Hello Franklyn", Hannibal greeted his patient politely. .He then shook the hand of Tobias. "And a pleasure to meet you."

When their gazes met, Hannibal was pretty sure he had another predator in front of him. Of course, he didn't have evidence. But his instincts were seldom wrong.

"I can say the same. I was looking forward to meeting the man Franklyn has told me a lot about", Tobias answered smoothly, his dark eyes glinting.

"How do you know each other? " Mrs. Komeda interjected, looking from Franklyn to Hannibal.

"There should be some mysteries to my life outside the opera", Hannibal countered, giving her a polite smile.

"Well, I'm his patient."Franklyn destroyed his deflection with a wide, proud grin on his face.

"I see", Ms. Komeda interjected with a pitiful look on her face, gazing from Franklyn to Hannibal who appeared to be uncomfortable.

"He spent the whole evening staring at you, instead of focussing on the opera performance on stage ", Tobias remarked in a cool tone, growling in displeasure.

Hannibal raised his eyebrows a little, his grey ears straightening. "Did he indeed ?"

"That's not entirely, true", Franklyn interjected, frowning and growling as well. "I was attentive all the time. I especially adored the last aria. What was it called? Mild und leise ", he added, a little wavering and thoughtful before returning to his cheerful manner. "Anyway. I was aware of the story, Tobias. Everything was perfect. Don't you agree, Dr. Lecter?"He shifted his gaze back to Hannibal.

"I found it very entertaining indeed", Hannibal replied smoothly. "And the last aria is called "Mild und leise wie er lächelt", he corrected him.

Franklyn blushed a little but then he looked from him to Tobias with sparkling eyes and a happy whine, his dog tail wagging in anticipation. "See, he liked it, too."

Tobias merely rolled his eyes at Franklyn's behavior and scoffed. Hannibal let out a faked chuckle, seeing him unnerved like that and slightly jealous.

"Still, this is something we need to discuss in our next session, Franklyn. Your obsession with me may damage your new relationship again", Hannibal remarked with a little reproach, then shifted his gaze back to his partner.

"And what about you?" Hannibal turned to his partner called Tobias.

"I found the performance of the orchestra satisfying despite the unfortunate incident", Tobias remarked in his smooth, deep voice. "The sound has improved. Especially in the trombone section. I can't say I'm particularly sorry."

Hannibal took the cue immediately. The air seemed a little thick now, brimming with tension. Franklyn seemed a little uneasy, twitchy, and decided to make way to the toilet, leaving them on their own.

Ms. Komeda took this occasion as a hint of leaving in the meantime, interrupting him." I have to go. See you next time, Hannibal. And don't forget the dinner party." She winked, then left, her high heels clicking loudly as she walked away. He gave her a courteous smile.

"I'll be back in a minute", Franklyn announced, too, nudging Tobias' shoulder. "Nervous stomach." The latter nodded but shifted his focus back to the conversation with Hannibal.

Franklyn followed Ms. Komeda out of the concert hall but turned towards the stairs whereas she aimed for the cloakroom to fetch her fur coat.

Undisturbed, they continued the conversation.

"Where were we?" Hannibal asked.

"The unfortunate efforts of Mr. Wilson in the brass section", Tobias reminded him.

"Ah, yes. I agree. The trombonist had been underperforming in the last few concerts", Hannibal replied.

"You seem to know a great deal about music. Do you play an instrument yourself?" Tobias asked.

"Mostly the Theremin. The Theremin isn't the only instrument I play, I do like playing the harpsichord, but it is one of my favorites. It can generate any pitch throughout its range, even those between conventional notes.

"So can a violin or a trombone", Tobias answered calmly.

"Are those your instruments?" Hannibal asked back.

"The violin and the cello. Yes. Not the trombone."

Hannibal hummed. "It's a shame you don't play the sliphorn."

He paused. "It seems we're both comfortable playing between conventional notes", he insinuated in a dark voice.

"I guess so", Tobias replied, licking his fangs. Tobias searched for something in his pocket. He handed Hannibal a business card. Hannibal saw that Tobias Budge was the owner of a music shop and school called Chourdophone in Baltimore. Hannibal put it into his wallet.

"Thank you, Tobias. Do you prefer steel or catgut strings ?" Hannibal asked, intrigued.

"I prefer the good old car guts", Tobias answered with a crooked smile. Hannibal caught the innuendo in his voice again.

"The sound is more authentic.", Hannibal replied. "It has never disappointed us musicians in thousands of years. The sound is a lot richer and darker."

"I agree", Tobias replied. "And it requires much less maintenance than the standard steel strings"

"Well, your acquaintance is quite convenient for me", Hannibal commented on that in a smooth tone. "My harpsichord needs new strings. It's making an awful noise. I'd like to invite you to dinner on Monday evening. Maybe you could have look at the harpsichord then if you don't mind.."

Tobias looked surprised but pleased. "Most certainly. It would be my pleasure to help", he answered with a purr. "Any instrument not being played because of damaged strings is a terrible thing."

"It is settled, then", Hannibal ended the conversation, turning around to head to the counter which was in charge of keeping the coats of the customers. "Is 7 PM alright for you?"

Tobias granted him another predatory smile. "But of course", he snarled.

Tobias watched Hannibal walking up to the counter fetching his coat while waiting for Franklyn returning from the toilet, his black long panther tail wagging, mirroring his agitated state of mind.

Of all gifts and uncanny abilities his skill to remember faces very well, even if he had seen them just once or twice, was the most remarkable one. Tobias guessed in an instant when he had seen Dr. Lecter's face that he was the man he had watched a few months ago at the bus yard in the middle of the night dressed in a plastic suit, busy with strangling another man. Now he had finally associated the name Franklyn had talked about with him.

Killing the Ripper would be not easy. Tobias needed to be quick because he would not be in his home, his realm, tomorrow evening where he had everything at his disposal. The logistics would be a problem.

His always steady heartbeat quickened a little at the coming thrill. This was a game of life and death. And he was eager to play it and snatch the omega out of the Ripper's hand.

"Tobias", a loud voice called through the now emptied hall. Tobias snapped out of his fantasies, put on his mask and walked from the corner where he was standing towards Franklyn whose eyes went searching through the hall.

"Ah, there you are", Franklyn exclaimed in relief, his dog tail swishing back and forth. "I thought for a moment you had already gone home."

"Of course not", Tobias purred. "I am a gentleman and would not leave an omega home alone in these dangerous times with a killer on the loose."

Franklyn blushed a little. "That's kind of you." He buttoned up his black coat and wrapped his crimson cashmere scarf around him. They left the building and made their way to the parking space.

The weekend passed in a blur and Monday arrived quickly. No word of Will so far announcing his apology but at least Hannibal had other interesting company. Tobias arrived on time, no minute too late, and looked after his harpsichord as promised. It had not been a lie. Hannibal watched him, fascinated, how he fixed his beloved instrument with a few skilled hand movements. It was clear that even though he planned to kill him, Tobias Budge was too much of a passionate musician to let this instrument go to waste, Hannibal had recognized.

Afterward, they returned to the dining room. Dinner had been prepared in advance of course. Hannibal had not been idle. It had helped him focus his thoughts on the present moment instead of Will and his heartache. The entrée was foie gras, served with figs, a rich sauce and some greens for decoration.

Having brought in the entrée from the kitchen Hannibal now poured Tobias a glass of red wine. Tobias smelled it and sipped, his expression thoughtful.

"A late harvest Vidal from Linden", Hannibal explained in his smooth, gentle voice, watching him with attentive eyes.

"Virginia? I thought it was French", Tobias answered, pulling his forehead into a frown

"The Virginia wine revolution is yet upon us. I apologize for being so blunt, Tobias, but I have to ask... did you kill the musicians?" Hannibal scrutinized him intently.

Tobias let out an amused scoff, his eyes showing disbelief and amusement. "Do you really have to ask?

Hannibal smiled. "No. I was merely changing the subject."

Tobias took a piece of the foie gras. A moment of silence hung in the room.

"The FBI is investigating the murder, Tobias", Hannibal continued. "As much as I admire your courage, you know that it was a reckless move. They'll be interviewing you soon."

"Let them", Tobias replied, taking another sip from the wine.

"You're very confident", Hannibal remarked coolly. "Or are you planning on getting caught?"

"They may question me because I own a string shop."I make my string. Tell anyone who asks, it's imported from Italy."They'd send two men to conduct an interview, I'd kill them. Then I would find Franklyn, kill him. Then I would disappear."

"Don't kill Franklyn."

"I've been looking forward to it", Tobias countered with a dangerous glow in his dark eyes. I was going to kill you."

"Of course you were. I'm lean. Lean animals yield the toughest gut."

"What stopped you from wanting to kill me? Or have you stopped?" Hannibal asked.

"Nothing", Tobias said, abruptly getting up. "I'm looking forward to killing you and then have your mate, Will Graham, for myself." He paused, a maniac grin slipping on his face.

Hannibal's pulse accelerated a little and he instinctively clutched the curved linoleum knife in his pocket.

"Having your pure omega as my mate will be wonderful. I will record your death and show it to him. I am going to prove that I am a more capable, strong alpha than you are."

"But if he doesn't satisfy me in bed, I will have some fun with him, cut his throat and use his guts", Tobias continued.

Hannibal's face grew still but his inner Alpha raged. Despite the grudge he held against Will he couldn't suppress his worries and his primal beast.

He rose from the chair with a swift movement as well. The air in the room was uncomfortably tense and thick. The silence before the storm. He gripped his linoleum knife tightly and was on the verge of fetching it from his pocket at any moment.

Hannibal bared his fangs, his eyes glowing dark crimson red.. "I'd like to see you try, Tobias", he growled. He looked down at the plate for a moment and smirked, already depicting a suitable recipe for his organs after gutting him.

It seemed he had to kill him after all and he would not see Will's true potential. Well, he had officially invited him into his home, it was bound to happen. This invitation may have been a little bit impulsive and disappointing. But maybe he could trap Tobias, call Will and still enforce an encounter. Either way, this was going to be interesting.

Tobias followed his gaze to the plate with a skeptical and slightly suspicious look on his face, as realization struck him.

"I didn't poison you, Tobias. I wouldn't do that to the food", Hannibal remarked.

The bell rang. Someone was at the door.

Tobias froze. This was inconvenient and he hesitated. Of course, he could kill him now but he would leave too much evidence. He would have to postpone it to another day.

"Expecting someone?" He asked Hannibal coldly.

"No", Hannibal replied and turned away from the predator, sure of the fact he wouldn't attack him with someone visiting him, which would make this kill a high risk.

Tobias looked at the glass window, opened it and disappeared into the night.

Hannibal walked along the corridor and opened the door. The strong sweet smell of wood, dogs and the sweet scent of fever wafting through the door made him purr despite his annoyance.

It was Will.

After opening the door, Hannibal had to step aside for Will was hurrying in quickly without a proper greeting or saying another apologizing word. Hannibal eyed him warily.

"Hello Will", Hannibal greeted him coolly, not having forgotten their dispute at the phone."This is a surprise. Why didn't you call me to announce you're coming?" He asked, his voice clearly showing his irritation.

Will avoided his gaze, his ears were pressed flat against his head.

He let his maroon eyes flicker over Will. He was sweating, trembling. The alpha sensed his emotional state as pheromones signaling intense distress permeated the air. It brought a sour scent with it. Hannibal's alpha wanted to comfort him but he remained distant.

"I'm sorry", Will sighed. "I came here to discuss things with you. I apologize for having it dragged out for too long. I wanted to wrap things up."

Hannibal's alpha howled in sorrow.

"Fair enough", he replied instead. "Come on in. I have dessert left if you're hungry."

The omega moved his head a little, obliged and followed him. They made their way into his moody, theatric dining room with the indigo blue walls and the antlers on each side of the walls. "I'll be back shortly. I'm afraid I don't have any more of the main course left."

"Never mind", Will countered curtly, a little absent-mindedly. He was determined to make this last discussion as short as possible. It would save them a lot of pain.

A frown graced his face when he noticed the half-eaten meat on the silver plate, and the open window. Cold winter air cooled down the room immensely. He sniffed and discovered the scent of an exquisite perfume in the air and that scent of another hybrid.

He smiled bitterly. Of course, Hannibal was already dating someone else. How could he have been stupid to assume that the alpha would be patiently waiting for him until he had come clean?

Hannibal returned with the bread pudding topped with cream and chocolate and fetched the dish of his previous visitor.

"Did I interrupt your date?" Will asked him, a little snappish, looking everywhere else but not at Hannibal, reluctantly sitting down then grabbing the silver fork and taking a bite of the bread pudding.

Hannibal growled at the snappish comment and exhaled sharply. His eyes glinted crimson red in his annoyance and he bared his teeth for a moment. "I assure you that it has not been a date. A colleague of mine was here. He had to leave urgently. An emergency", Hannibal answered coolly, taking a sip of his wine.

Will sighed, looking weary and resigned. His eyes filled with tears. More pheromones were sent out of his scent glands. "No, it's fine. You don't have to tell me. It's not one of my business who you're meeting with. I came here to say that it's better we try to stay away from each other..I'm not good for you. Not good enough for you. I'm unstable and you deserve someone better."

Hannibal didn't know what to say at first. While his alpha was appeased, a little, when Will entered his home, being finally physically close to him again, he felt as if he was lying on the floor like a dying animal. Slowly bleeding out and suffering. He contemplated if he should tell Will that their soul bond was not easily breakable but in the end decided he should let him find that out on his own.

"I love you, Will", he said in a gentle, heartbroken voice. "I'd do anything to help you with everything troubling you,-"

"Yeah but our relationship is one-sided", Will interrupted him, his voice on the verge of cracking. "I'd carry so much emotional burden and baggage into this relationship, you would only be busy in analyzing and treating me all the time instead of being my mate."

His fork dropped on the table next to his plate with a loud clangor in his emotional agitation.

"Trust me, I wish I could be the one you deserve", Will added quietly, his voice trembling. "It's not easy for me."

Hannibal opened his mouth but Will interrupted him again.

"It's better for you. Don't argue."

Will picked up the fork again and shoved another piece of the pudding into his mouth.

Only the ticking of the clock and their breathing were audible. It was very quiet in the large room. The silence heavy, loaded with anguish and sadness hovered above them like a Damocles sword. Hannibal never experienced so much pain, so much anguish and grief since the death of his sister Mischa. But he relented at last as there was no other possibility.

"If that is what you wish", Hannibal finally gave in, his voice detached, his face a mask. "Though I'd advise against it.

"It would be an inconvenience for our therapy sessions..", he said. "Undergoing a bond-breaking means we shouldn't be in any physical contact."

Will blinked the tears away. "I-I know." He said, biting on his lips. "I'm so sorry I bonded with you so quickly."

For a moment Hannibal held his breath. The sharp anguish in his heart caused by Will's suffering ate him up inside. It tortured him. If he could only make him see how much he loved him. That Will was only pursuing ing a self-sabotaging strategy due to unresolved trauma. That he would do everything in his power to help him overcome the self-depreciation and the ghosts that haunted him.

Hannibal sighed heavily. He stopped eating the dessert he had put so much effort into as he had lost his appetite completely and placed his fork down on the table cloth."I can propose another psychiatrist to you if you don't mind."

Will nodded. "I think that would be the best solution", he said softly, still not having the courage to meet his gaze. A single tear ran down his cheek.

Hannibal was utterly defeated and grieving. If that was the way things would be going, thanks to Will's self-sabotaging pattern, he would better start following Bedelia's advice now.

"Will, there is something else I need to tell you", Hannibal announced as Will was about to approach the threshold.

Will raised his eyebrows and shot a quizzical look at him.

"What is it?" He asked as he was putting on his field jacket again and about to open the door.

"This borders on breaking doctor-patient confidentiality but another patient of mine gave me a hint on a potential suspect in the murder case", Hannibal explained, now wanting Will to leave as quickly as possible, getting up as well and accompanying him out of the dining room.

Will's eyes widened and his grey tail and ears tensed. He was listening intently to Hannibal's explanation now.

"What did he say about him?"

"He insinuated his new partner was joking about wanting to kill someone some days ago. He could fit the profile. His name is Tobias Budge, owner of the shop Chordophone here in Baltimore. You should consider interviewing him", Hannibal suggested, handing him the business card.

Will considered this information, standing still for a moment. "Thank you, I will."

Hannibal waited for him to take his leave but he didn't. "Oh, I forgot something", Will explained. He searched for a bag he had brought in earlier, discovering it beneath his chair. He walked towards the chair and grabbed the content. It was his cashmere scarf, Hannibal noticed.

"Here's your scarf", Will added and threw the freshly laundered cashmere scarf in his hands as he walked back, brushing past him.

Then, without a last look at Hannibal or a proper farewell, he hurried out of the dining room into the anteroom before leaving into the night, leaving the door open behind him.

Hannibal closed his eyes for a moment and sniffed the cashmere scarf. There was no further scent of the omega on him. It was as if their history had been erased.

Then he sighed when he heard the loud roaring of the Volvo engine. He was perfectly aware he had sent him eventually into the lion's den, suffering or death, but if Will would emerge victorious out of this and decided to come back to him seeking forgiveness of Hannibal, he told himself, all would be forgiven. But if Will died in the process, he would be free of his burden as well.

Hannibal shut the door, folded the scarf, placed it in his drawer and walked up the stairs to continue his composition on his harpsichord. The sound it produced was dark and rich thanks to the new strings and secretly he was grateful for Tobias helping him.

Chapter End Notes

sending you tons of hugs

It will get better.
These two *shakes her head*

Next chapter is in the works but as I have an exam on Friday, the chapter will be posted some time after.

Trapped

Chapter Summary

Will investigates the shop of Mr. Budge but things don't turn out in his favour.

Chapter Notes

Hello!

I had this chapter draft lying around on Google docs a while but I decided to go ahead and post it instead of posting it in one piece. The whole ordeal will be split up in several chapters as a 5k chapter is very tedious to edit.

My writing style may vary from good to bad. I'm sorry. I can't help it. Sometimes I write like a child, sometimes better.

Enjoy nonetheless.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Another night with disturbed sleep had ended. At least he felt a little better than yesterday. Will had decided not go to Budge immediately, having felt too tired to call Jack who would have wanted him to go no matter how sick he was. Will brushed away the snow from his face and tried to shove the anguish in him away while he watched the dogs running around in the snow. He wishes he'd have time to grieve, to deal with his feelings but now wasn't the right moment. After feeding the dogs and writing Gregg another message, he left the house in a state of trance, without breakfast, this time and tumbled through the snow to his car.

He thought he heard the shrill cry of another animal once more but he shook it off, having no time to lose to go to Dr. Sutcliffe to talk with him about the brain scan and the results. Will then quickly got into his Volvo and buckled his seat belt. He dialed the number of Jack with shaking hands. While the phone rang, he inhaled deeply and wiped away the sweat on his forehead. "Hello Will", Jack's tired voice resounded in the speaker. "What is it?" He asked. "We have a suspect", Will replied, his voice now steady. "Dr. Lecter called me this morning. One of his patients had hinted his alpha mate has something to do with the murder." He paused, giving Jack some time. "I'm going to investigate him now." "But with some backup, Will. Call the Baltimore PD for some officers to accompany you." "Yes, I'm going to do that." "Alright. Be careful, Will", Jack said. "Call me if you need anything else."

Will ended the call, then dialed the number of the Baltimore PD. “This is Will Graham, special agent of the FBI, I need two officers for backup at the shop Chordophone in North Charles Street 67, Baltimore.”

Then he started the engine, sped up and drove down the lane, trying to shut his whimpering omega self silent and focus on the road.

Baltimore Chordophone Shop And Music School

Will entered the music shop. Two police officers from Baltimore PD accompanied him for back up. As soon as the three of them had stepped into the shop and the door fallen shut, the noise from the street, the traffic, and the people yelling and calling, diminished. Inside this shop, the walls seemed to be isolated quite well, which was, of course, handy if you needed silence for the music lessons or to test the instruments musicians were going to buy.

Will let his eyes flicker through the room. It was a dark moody room stuffed with instruments. The interior radiated old fashioned, classical elegance. On the left green wall beneath the name of the string shop hung a huge painting framed with gold, depicting a mermaid with a violin in her hands and a ship with men sailing passing her by. One sailor fell into the water, having succumbed to the deadly song. Wood was everywhere to find - mostly mahogany. The wooden flooring creaked beneath their feet, as they walked towards the counter. Will rang the silver bell on the table.

Behind the counter there was a massive looking door, probably leading into the cellar or another floor of the building.

While he waited, he turned on his heels to get a good glimpse of the shop and to look for hints or further evidence. On the left side of the shop, cellos of different sizes stood next to each other, arranged from smaller ones to larger ones. Above the cellos, a row of violins, also arranged by size and price, graced the wall. On the right side of the room, guitars leaned against the wall. There was also another entrance probably leading into another part of the house where the music lessons were held- undisturbed by customers and the noise outside, of course.

In the meantime, a man had walked through the door on the right while Will was roaming around and glimpsing at some strings or other tools behind him. When he felt his presence, he whirled around and looked at Mr. Budge. His heightened senses told Will was him. Will was a hundred percent sure of that when he gazed into these dark, predatory eyes of the man who was dressed in a white shirt and a black waistcoat and black pants. He took a sniff but he couldn’t detect the smell of an alpha. The man probably covered his alpha scent with a scent suppressor. He cursed himself for having stopped taking the scent blockers, for the discussions he had led with Jack at the last crime scene and he hated Freddie Lounds for writing the article.

“Hello”, the owner greeted him back behind the dark, heavy counter, his voice pleasantly deep and friendly. “How can I help you?” He asked with a charming smile, bending over the counter towards him, resting his arms on the table. His black tail moved back forth in

agitation and a low, quiet catlike purr rumbled in his chest when his olfactory senses took in the sweetish, omega smell.

Will observed his reaction and watched his pupils dilate when Mr. Budge smelled his omega scent. He'd better be a little more careful in the future. At least his recklessness had its advantages for once as this reaction proved he was an alpha.

"My name is Will Graham, I'm a Special Agent from the FBI." He held up his credentials. "I'm here to investigate the serial killings that were discovered on Wednesday morning at the Baltimore Opera and Concert house."

Mr. Budge nodded, his face showing sorrow and grief. "Dreadful to hear. Such an incredible waste of talent. I am sorry."

"You knew them", Will remarked, narrowing his eyes a little. His tail stiffened and his ears bent forward, indicated wariness and tension.

"How could I not ?" Tobias Budge answered, letting out a little depreciating scoff. "The Baltimore music community is very small. Especially the professional one." He walked around the counter, letting his hand rest on the strings.

Will moved his head a little to show he agreed. After holding the gaze with Mr. Budge for some seconds, Will's analytical eyes wandered off before resting on the white strings placed on the desk next to Mr. Budge's hands.

"What are these made of?" Will inquired, pointing of them.

"They are made of steel. I import them from Italy", Tobias Budge explained.

"Which other materials are used?" He continued his questioning.

"Some strings are made from cat guts", Mr. Budge replied. "But they are usually only used by a handful of professional musicians..", Tobias Budge started to explain. "For most musicians, it is unethical."

Will barely listened, his attention drifting away from the explanation. He furrowed his eyebrows and gazed back at the door. For some seconds he believed he heard that high-pitched cry, that of an animal in pain he already had heard so often, but when he looked around and turned to the police officers nothing seemed to be wrong.

"Is something the matter?" Tobias Budge asked with a concerned look on his face. A wave of soothing, sweet pheromones floated through the air. Tobias cursed himself. He didn't want it to happen now. He wanted to soothe the omega once he had taken care of the policemen. But perhaps that chance was coming now.

"Excuse me for a minute", Will said and left the shop, now confronted with the busy, noisy street again. The interior of the shop had been relatively calm and isolated the noise of the people on the street quite well.

Will looked around, confused in which direction to go. He stood in the middle of the pavement. People were rushing by, cursing under their breaths. One of them nearly knocked Will to the ground - a teenage boy who even yelled at him but was pulled back by his mother who only shot an apprehensive glance at Will and dragged him away.

The piercing cry resounded in his wars again - this time it came from the other side of the street. Will, disoriented and confused, disregarding reality, stumbled onto the middle of the road with cars and vans driving by.

A big truck approached Will who was still tumbling around on the street. The driver frantically blew his horn and jammed on the break. The wheels squealed. A man grabbed the collar of his jacket from behind and pulled Will back. Just in time before the truck rolled by, slower, but unable to stop in time. A few seconds more and Will would have been hit. The driver made an indecent gesture to Will with his hands, shouted in his driver's a cabin and drove on.

Surprised by the sudden strong grip of the man, Will lost his balance and fell on the ground. Will wanted to thank the man but the latter had already moved on and disappeared in the crowd of passersby.

Will panted and stood up again. His breathing was shallow. He reached for the aspirin box in his field jacket and swallowed another pill again, then took deep breaths and focussed. He closed his eyes, counting down to ten, waiting for the panic and anxiousness in him to abate.

He winced again as he saw another picture popping up in front of his eyes and perceived a familiar voice talking. It was not something he had intended. Slowly the picture grew clearer. It was Hannibal currently talking to one of his patients. Will saw his face from above as if he was looking down from the ceiling. He noticed Hannibal's face twitching for a second.

"Will?" Hannibal's smooth, deep voice echoed inside his brain. "Where are you? Are you alright?" He asked. Hannibal's voice boomed inside his head as if it was reverberated by a microphone. Will decided not to answer and writhed. Another pain jolted through his chest when the mental connection broke.

It was not the time for another conversation with his soon-to-be ex-mate, Will decided and so he walked back when he heard no other noise and dragged himself into the moody shop. The noise from the street disappeared once more.

Will gasped when he noticed the police officer lying down on the ground, a bow pierced through his throat. A crimson puddle of blood gushed out of his throat beneath him. Will fetched his smartphone, dialing the number of the emergency doctor and holding it to his ear.

"I need an ambulance and first responders at the Chordophone Music Shop in Baltimore. One officer is down, badly wounded", Will quickly told the first responder on the phone before he ended the call, tucked the phone away and reached for his gun.

The brown, heavy wooden door to the lower floor stood wide open, damaged as the other officer had followed the suspect into the cellar and struggled while trying to get out.

Will drew his Glock again and walked down the stairs as quietly as possible, alert for every movement, for an unexpected ambush out of the shadows.

The distant, faint sound of running water resounded in his ears and his furry ears straightened once more. He tried to repress the noise of his breathing as well as possible to not betray his position. Will sniffed. The scent of chemicals, formaldehyde and a combination of other components, as well as the smell of flesh, permeated the musty air.

Entering the bleak room in the cellar with the grey walls, his eyes fell upon the cleaned guts hanging upon threads in a sink. Will swallowed when he realized they were human guts but he was not utterly surprised. To the right side of the room, on the opposite side of the sinks, there were tall shelves made of metal and on the shelves stood jars with guts preserved in chemicals - formaldehyde or something else. Next to the sink stood a table with crafting tools and knives.

His heart pounded so loudly in his ears, he was afraid it would betray him in the threatening, thick silence in the cool cellar. The sound of running, splashing water grew louder. And for a second Will thought that something moved.

He instinctively drew his gun and pointed it at the grey curtains, serving as a screen. No movement, no other sound except for the running water. There was a treacherous, deafening silence, except for the faint noise from cars honking outside and driving on the street.

With a quick movement, he pulled the curtains apart with his hands to the left and right side to peek through. In front of him, the corpse of the other beta officer was bent over another sink. He had been strangled by what seemed steel piano strings.

Will exhaled a sharp breath. He knew he shouldn't have gone downstairs without further backup. He wanted to turn around on his heels but it was too late as the strong arms of the alpha grabbed and overpowered him. A surprise attack.

When Will wanted to raise his gun, the paws of the killer, quickly grabbed his wrist, twisted it and sank his claws into his hand. Will gasped and cried as his wrist was jerked. Sharp extended claws cut deep into the skin tissue, causing blood to run gush out. With one of his feet, he tried to kick the alpha but he missed him. He let the gun drop to the floor, wincing in pain. Security being off, a shot was fired with a loud bang, but it missed the target, bouncing off the concrete wall behind them The panther hybrid winced and jumped, but managed to pull Will into a headlock. He finally tightened his grip around the omega's throat until Will's vision started to blur. The omega kicked and struggled in desperation but he was too weak at this moment.

The fever was back. Fuck.

"You're a beautiful little thing ", Tobias Budge purred into his ear, while avoiding his kicks and slaps with his paws. "You're almost mine, omega."

"Will..", he heard Hannibal's voice in his head again, sounding worried. "H-Hannibal", Will managed to say. "I'm so sorry. He's coming for you. Call Jack, please."

The last thing he heard was his name called by Hannibal a few times, the echos growing fainter as the mental connection weakened.

Then everything turned to black and he heard nothing more as his consciousness drifted away from him. He was lost in pitch-black darkness.

Hannibal flinched and twitched in his seat in his office, causing Franklyn to shriek and walk towards him before he was able to push him away and catch his composure once again. His breathing was fast, his heart pounding in such an agitated manner as if he had run a marathon. Hannibal was feeling the rush of adrenaline that had seized Will in his plight. Despite his pretense to be worried to not reveal himself, a huge part of him was solicitous indeed. But Will had to survive this on his own, though.

“Thank you, Franklyn, for helping me again”, Hannibal thanked the omega, intending not to do anything and wait for things to unfold. He would not call Jack Crawford. Maybe later.

Chapter End Notes

Next chapters are a little scattered and need some revising and editing. Update and resolution of this little climax scheduled for Christmas holidays.

Confrontation

Chapter Summary

Will is able to manipulate Matthew to his advantage. Hannibal has to fight Tobias Budge. Jack discovers the truth about Will's mate in the aftermath.

Chapter Notes

Hello!

It has been a while since I posted the last chapter, I know. Things have been quite serious in my family and I couldn't write at all. The situation has calmed down a little so that I am able to write again and I hope it stays that way.

Trigger warning:Non-consensual sexual touching, bordering on rape.

Warning: Canonical (minor)character death.

And, as always, the chapter has not been beta read.

Merry Christmas!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The struggle was over within a few minutes. Tobias sensed the omega was not in possession of his full physical health as he smelled the sickly sweetish scent coming off the omega. Something he needed to change very soon if he wanted to brainwash and keep him as his mate. His object of interest kicked him, tried to grab his gun back from his hands but Tobias finally overpowered the omega, twisting his wrists, throttling him until he was unconscious. It was a fine line to choke someone without killing them in the process but he succeeded.

Holding the unconscious agent close to his body, Tobias purred in pleasure while his hands slipped under the shirt beneath his jacket, causing some buttons to fly down to the floor and ruin the shirt. They wandered along his blazing hot chest before resting on his cock. When he touched his butt, he gave his buttocks a little squeeze. Will Graham was all his now. But there was no time to lose. The FBI would track him as soon as he didn't answer the phone and Matthew would not be waiting for too long.

He searched the jacket pockets of Will Graham, found his smartphone, and dropped it on the ground where the screen cracked. Tobias kicked it beneath the shelf, out of view Then, he

hoisted the unconscious omega over his shoulder. He grunted under the weight of the unconscious body he was carrying towards the secret exit of his cellar.

Tobias didn't have to wait long. Matthew had taken the bait of the extra money all too easily or had agreed for other reasons. The black van was already parked in the backyard of the building.

When stepping out of the door, the wolf hybrid looked through the window of the passenger seat, then opened the door and quickly walked towards Tobias to help him and put him into the back of his van into one of the coffins.

"You'll get the money layer", Tobias remarked when the young man's eyes were somewhat expectant and went searching over his body after having secured Will Graham in the coffin in the compartment of his van.

"It would be better for you", Matthew snarled, his eyes flashing deeply red for a second. "Or your omega mate will be dead", he threatened with a manic grin on his lips.

"You wouldn't", Tobias simply replied to that with a knowing grin on his face. He knew all too well that Matthew had thrown an eye on their new omega prize.

There were noises coming from somewhere. Someone was peeking through the window upstairs. Tobias flung a look to one of the windows up in the building and saw a man disappear from view and closing the curtains again. He growled in displeasure.

"Off you go, if you don't wanna be caught ", he told Matthew with a snarl.

"I'll be waiting for an hour", Matthew said while getting into the driver seat. "If you don't make it in time, it's your fault."

Tobias narrowed his eyes as Matthew drove away and the car turned around the corner, getting lost from view.

He would kill Matthew after Dr. Lecter, then book two flight tickets to Europe.

Will woke up again after dozing on and off, seeing the silhouettes of a man sitting in a chair beside him before drifting off again into an uneasy sleep. He finally opened his eyes and groaned. His head throbbed and his lips were dry. He was thirsty. At first, he was confused. It took a while for him to realize he was not at home. Analyzing his environment, Will noticed that he was lying on a bed creaking beneath his weight. He then tilted his head to the right and faced the old rusty window of a wooden cabin. The mattress was soft under him. Almost too soft.

Another grunt left him as a sharp pain shot through his head. He also noticed he was freezing and shaking despite wearing his jacket and being covered with a duvet. His limbs and muscles were aching and heavy as lead. Most definitely another fever, he guessed. Still, he needed to get up and more important get out. Trying to move he realized his arms were tied together above his head. It didn't exactly hurt as long as he didn't move but as soon as he did,

his shoulder blades popped. Glancing down he noticed his legs were tied up as well. He thrashed his feet, trying to move his feet out of the rope, but of no avail. The rope now cut into his ankles thanks to his struggle. If he remained in a position like that, his limbs would soon go numb and so he stilled.

A growl behind him made him flinch. Will realized he was not alone in the shoddy, ice-cold room. The man had returned. The head of a young wolf hybrid, the man he had seen, appeared above him. He was holding a large butterfly knife in his hand. "If I were you, I wouldn't move", the wolf hybrid threatened him in a little bored voice, showing him the sharp knife and baring his sharp fangs.

"Unfortunately I can't have you for myself but I can still make things worse for you ", the alpha purred into his ear, one hand wandering down his body. "And as long as your new mate is not here, it doesn't mean I can't have any fun with you."

His captor grinned manically. The hand of the young man rested on Will's crotch, on his flaccid cock for a minute while his knife was kept to the omega's throat. Not enough to cut him, but enough to keep him quiet.

Will groaned in pain. He needed medicine and to see a doctor. But most important he needed to be reunited with his mate Hannibal. He was so sorry to have left him behind like that. Who knew if this was probably the last time they had seen each other if things turned out badly? Desperation crept up inside his heart. He needed to go back to his office. But first of all he wanted to get rid of the alpha above him, touching him against his will.

He stopped moving, feeling instinctively and from his own experience that it would be better not to resist and build up some kind of trust. Captor bonding was a tool evolution had equipped mankind with. If you bond, you survive. If you don't you're breakfast.

"That's better", the wolf hybrid answered with a grin, putting his butterfly knife away. His cold, possessive eyes flickered over his face. He let his hands wander over his body again, starting with his shoulders. The young wolf hybrid purred, pleased to touch the restrained omega.

For Will, it was all wrong. He hated these strange hands touching him. It reminded him of Francis who claimed him in a violent way back then.

But he pushed these memories out of his mind and took a deep breath. He needed to keep his wits about him in this situation.

Will was thinking hard. He needed a strategy to get out of this situation as soon as possible. So maybe acting as if he had a seizure would solve the problem or lure the alpha in. It shouldn't be a problem to act distressed, for it was partially true. He let out a soft pleading whimper when Matthew's fingers stroked along his thighs, wandering to the waistband of his trousers.

"Ohh, naughty omega. You like it", Matthew purred, interpreting the sign in a wrong way and showed him his fangs which then grazed along his throat before hovering above the bite mark.

"What's your name?" Will asked, his voice hoarse, allowing Matthew to nuzzle in the crook of his neck even though he was repulsed from the unwanted touches, nuzzling and biting.

"My name is Matthew", his captor responded, one hand slipping down his shirt and exploring his flat breasts with his cold hands. Will shivered immediately when Matthew's frigid fingers moved along his sternum and his belly.

"Blimey, you are burning ", Matthew then remarked and pulled back when he sensed the body heat of the omega beneath his touches.

He scrutinized Will from up close. "And you actually do look like shit." Matthew hesitated. The omega needed treatment. His inner alpha was worried.

"I actually have a fever. Please get me some medicine or get me a doctor", Will demanded, searching eye contact with his captor, his blue eyes pleading.

Matthew cocked his head to his side, considering his plead. "I have an idea", he whispered into his ear.

"You and I could be an unbeatable team. I've been reading so much about you, Mr. Graham", he purred. "If you agree to let me kill your alpha and bond with me, I'll untie you."

Will raised his eyebrows. The wolf was more susceptible to influence than initially expected, which could be his advantage.

"What did you read about me?" He asked back, nuzzling against Matthew's hand to show he liked him.

"You have hunted down lots of killers", Matthew replied, now dabbing the sweat off Will's forehead with a small towel.

"The one...Garret Jacob Hobbs...", he said with a grin. "Amazing how you tracked that man down and killed him."

"How did it feel?" Matthew asked, his predatory eyes now full of curiosity. "To kill a wanted serial killer?"

Will considered the question. In hindsight, the murder of Hobbs had tainted his life. It had followed him home inside his nightmares and fucked up his moral code of what was right and wrong. But the truth was, he had secretly loved the moment when Hobbs had sunken to the floor of the kitchen with ten bullets inside him. There had been a tiny fleet of pride inside of him as the cannibal had died in front of him. And more, he had felt powerful indeed. And sometimes, he had wished, he had ripped his throat open with his teeth.

"I felt..powerful", Will replied in a soft voice. "I liked it."

Matthew grinned but he didn't make any movements to release Will from his restraints.

"That's quite some talent, you know", Matthew praised him, looking impressed. "Hiding as a killer in the FBI."

Will exhaled. "I wish I could have killed the others..", he said, although he cringed inside at his own words. He held the gaze with Matthew and hoped he played his role convincing enough.

"Imagine what we could be...two strong wolves hunting together", Matthew mumbled into his ear and brushed a finger over his cheek. ”Hunting those who deserve to die. We two as vigilantes.

Will granted him a smile. "It would be nice...to be understood and hunt with someone who shares the same moral code ", he lied.

In truth, he only wanted to be understood by Hannibal. He didn't give a fuck about anyone else.

Matthew smirked, his eyes sparkling with joy.

"Please, Matthew", Will begged, batting his eyelashes and gave him his best irresistible puppy look. "I agree to your conditions. But I need help."

"Fine, then", he purred, loosening the restraints on his legs first with the butterfly knife sinking into the rope.

"Behave", Matthew purred as he returned from the end of the bed. "If you have anything else on your mind", he snarled, his hands moving to unfasten the ropes around his wrists, "you're going to regret it."

Will shook his head vehemently and let out a pitiful whine. "No", he purred. "I want to go with you."

To completely persuade Matthew, he arched his upper body up as much as he could and kissed Matthew on his mouth. He leaked omegan pheromones into the air.

Matthew growled, his eyes flashed red. He proceeded to untie Will's wrists above him, using his knife.

Will waited until he had put the butterfly knife aside, cut up the knots and then lunged at the alpha with a loud growl forming in his throat. His blue eyes burned like fire. The aloha stumbled and lost his balance, caught in surprise. The omega pinned him down with his weight and he knocked Matthew out with a quick and hard punch with his fists to his head.

Panting and wiping off the sweat of his forehead, Will then searched Matthew's body for the keys to the room, his phone, and the car keys before tying Matthew up, locking the door and heading out.

In his mind, he saw Hannibal talking to a patient called Franklyn...and Tobias Budge.For one moment he considered calling Jack, but there was no time to lose.

He got into the driver's side of the black van, started the engine and sped down the country road, following the signs to Baltimore Central City.

"So you're giving me a referral?" Franklyn asked in disbelief, his eyes widened and his ears pressed flat against his head. "I have been dumped eight times by a psychiatrist." Franklyn showed him the number of times he had been referred to another therapist with his hands and shot him a dark glare.

Hannibal sighed. "You have been focussing too much on me instead of on your progress, Franklyn. I'm sorry but your fixation on therapists is a huge problem."

Franklyn scoffed and shook his head.

Hannibal was alarmed. The mental connection between him and Will had been broken. His alpha instincts told him that something had happened to Will. He couldn't reach out to him anymore. Had he been killed by Tobias? Had Will proved to be unworthy of being his mate?

At this point, he should have felt relief at being freed from this prematurely formed bond but somehow he didn't. The intense emotion of sorrow poisoned his heart like a spilled oil slick in the ocean. And then there was wrath.

Someone knocked. Hannibal and Franklyn stared at the door. Was it Will? And if yes, had he found a way to block off the connection in danger?

His heart filled with ache and grief when Tobias Budge stepped through the door instead of his mate. And there was a little bit of disappointment with Will.

Hannibal's eyes turned to crimson red and a growl rumbled in his chest and his hands turned into paws when he looked at the intruder. Tobias Budge glared back at Hannibal with a smug smirk on his lips.

Hannibal stood up with a swift movement and straightened to full height. His red eyes were glowing, his tail stiff and his shoulders drew back. Franklyn did the same and looked at Tobias in surprise, his dog tail alert as well. His left ear folded, his right stood upright, signaling confusion.

Franklyn walked towards him. "Tobias, what are you doing here?" Franklyn asked, with a bemused expression on his face.

Tobias fletched his teeth. "I just killed two men", he stated calmly facing Hannibal. "And I'm here to kill two more."

Franklyn walked towards him, releasing a wave of soothing omega pheromones but Tobias didn't react. He growled instead.

"Calm down, Tobias. Whatever you have done, is done", Franklyn said, his voice slightly trembling. "This plane you are on is currently aiming for a total crash but we can get you up again, there's no need to -"

Tobias hit Franklyn in the face with the palm of his hand.

"Ouch", Franklyn said, now growling as well but stepping away from Tobias until he was at a safe distance in a corner of the room.

"Shut up, you stupid omega", Tobias snarled, following him, baring his teeth.

Hannibal watched the scene with narrowed eyes, then pulled Tobias back with his strong paws, his claws cutting into the wrists. He should have let Tobias do the work for him and get rid of the man whom he never liked particularly much but the thought of Will being captured, prepared for being reclaimed made his soul ache and wrath flowed through him. Even though he was disappointed in Will he would not let that happen.

Tobias hissed as Hannibal's grey claw cut into the skin and winced. His dark eyes flashed deep crimson red.

Hannibal held his gaze. His scent glands sent off another wave of threatening hormones.

The atmosphere in the room seemed to change - it was an electrified silence, a short one, before the ferocious storm set in and ravaged everything. Franklyn felt it,too, for he whimpered and leaned back against the windows, as he retreated further and further against the wall behind him.

Hannibal shifted his gaze towards Franklyn. "Franklyn, it would be better if you go now ", he advised him in a cool tone and with a growl.

Tobias hissed and bared his teeth. He invaded the space of Franklyn who pushed himself even more against the curtains and the windows behind them, afraid and unable to move. The sour scent of his distress filled the room, mingling with the testosterone of both alphas.

"No, Franklyn, you stay-," Tobias ordered, neglecting the psychiatrist behind him for a minute.

Before Hannibal was able to do anything, Tobias grabbed Franklyn with a quick movement, snapped his neck and tossed him to the floor.

Hannibal growled when he noticed Franklyn was dead , his eyes burning like fire in his primal rage. His body started to transform. He was surprised and looked down at his body. It has been a long time since he had transformed completely. His facial features changed from that of a human into that of a wolf. Fur grew on his face, his nose turned into a wolf's snout.

Also, his body changed into the one of a wolf. Soon he stepped out of his clothes on all fours. He was a full-grown grey wolf in all its glory. He bared his teeth, hunched his shoulders and growled loudly. His ears were pressed flat to his head

Tobias peeked at him from below, surprised at his transformation, hesitating for one moment, which was his first mistake.

"Ahhhh", he hissed, when Hannibal jumped at him sank his sharp canine teeth into his shoulder, missing the jugular artery as Tobias moved and writhed but tore a chunk of meat out of his shoulder instead. Blood gushed out. Tobias gasped. But he reacted quickly, fighting him off with all means. He managed to hit the wolf's snout with his elbows.

"You're going to die today, too", Tobias panted. His paws were revealing sharp claws. He pushed Hannibal back, then sunk his paws down into the fur of the wolf. He kicked him away with his leg while he pressed the fabric of his suit on the wound with his arms.

Hannibal whined as felt the sharp pain of his claws sinking into his body and was then hit into his stomach by the legs of Tobias, unable to move for a moment. He jumped back on his four legs again, panting.

Tobias fetched his steel strings from his pocket and snatched the stag statue from the shelf beside him. With one hand he held the stag statue in front of him as a shield, with the other he wielded the strings.

Ignoring the pain in his stomach and the blood gushing out of his back, Hannibal bent his agile wolf body lower, hunched his shoulders again and crept closer, waiting for the right moment to tear him down once again. He had to be careful for the steel strings were sharp and could easily wrap around his wrist and give Tobias an advantage.

But he had to hurry. Hannibal hadn't transformed in a long time, not even once for his murders to not draw the attention of the authorities of the Alpha surveillance. The last time he remembered doing it, was, when he pursued the soldiers responsible for killing his sister. The transformation already took his toll on him, draining energy. Vital energy he needed for the deadly fight.

Tobias swung the sharp strings like a rope.

"Even if you have the shapeshifter advantage, I still can kill you", Tobias hissed, smiling maliciously as he noticed the sudden weakness of his opponent. "You can't keep this up for a long time."

He took two or three steps closer, swinging and thrashing the steel strings. Hannibal dodged, jumping back and forth, careful not to be hit by either the statue or the strings.

It was an odd dance they performed. They danced like a tamer with his animal to be trained in the circus. Dodging and jumping around, Hannibal waited for the perfect opportunity to strike.

The strength was already leaving him and his breathing grew shallow. Hannibal cursed himself. An alpha needed to be strong to protect his mate. He would need to train it in the future when he figured how the transformation was triggered. But right now he needed to give everything.

Hannibal lashed out at his opponent with full force but Tobias had seen it coming this time and evaded him in the right moment. Hannibal crashed against the mahogany table in the middle and whined as his forehead knocked against a sharp edge, making his sight dizzy for a moment. He also felt a hellish pain in his chest. One rib must have taken damage.

Tobias took his chance and pinned him down by sitting on his furry body while wrapping his strings around the wolf's throat, letting the statue fall to the ground beside him.

Hannibal writhed under his weight, growling and yelping but was unable to move. He was stuck. He snapped after Tobias' hand holding the strings pressed around his throat but the latter evaded his sharp fangs.

Tobias tightened the strings around Hannibal's throat. Hannibal whined, writhed and thrashed with his legs, but Tobias had the upper hand. This was not the way it was supposed to end. Way below the dignity of the Chesapeake Ripper.

"Will, please call Jack." Hannibal thought while escaping into his mind palace, hoping his thoughts would reach Will, wherever he was. "I'm in danger."

His body transformed back into his human form. The greyish fur disappeared, making way for his bare skin and his hair grew back. The arms and legs grew longer until they reached their former length. Where Tobias had sunk his claws into his fur into his back , blood dripped out. There were deep slashes.

Tobias smirked, noticing the sudden switch again. "Who would have thought that I would kill you after all?" He said softly while strangling him.

"I'm looking forward to having your mate ", he purred into Hannibal's furry ears while he was tightening the grip, intending to end this fight once and for all and strangling the Chesapeake Ripper.

Hannibal gasped for air, his vision dwindling but anger seized him, rushed through every fiber of his veins. He lifted his right human hand, clenched it into a fist and landed a strong blow against Tobias' jaw. He howled and released the grip a little, giving enough space for Hannibal to move around and knock Tobias down again.

He wrestled and tried to remove the steel piano strings from his throat.

Hannibal's nose smelled something. His nostrils flared and he noticed it was Will's distinctive scent. Hannibal's heart beat faster. Relief washed over him.

The door burst open with a bang. At the doorstep stood Will who stormed through the door, his eyes gleaming like an icy blue flame. A growl rumbled in his chest when he saw Hannibal pinned to the ground.

"Get away from my mate, you asshole ", Will shouted, storming and lunging forward as he had no gun at hand.

Tobias whirled around for a moment and snarled, but tightened his grip around Hannibal's throat again after one moment of distraction.Will jumped at Tobias and tore him away from him when watching how Hannibal’s lips turned blue and his body grew limp.

Will changed into his wolf form, too in his wrath and anguish. He was a dark grey wolf with long fluffy fur. A little smaller than Hannibal’s form as Will was an omega but he was still dangerous with his sharp canine teeth and fangs. His blue eyes were radiant, his growl feral and no less impressive than the one of an alpha.

Hannibal panted, needing a moment to recover. He leaned back against the side of his desk when Will tore Tobias away from him. His eyes were filled with fierce pride when he watched Will fighting and wrestling with Tobias, determined to end the fight to their advantage.

Will was so beautiful in his wrath. A magnificent creature. He realized he didn't want Will to die and Hannibal felt nothing but joy and love for his ferocious omega. The fight came to an end when Will slashed his abdomen with his claws and ripped a piece out of Tobias' throat.

Tobias gurgled and gasped, trying to hit him with something but was unsuccessful. The red bubbly juice poured out of his throat and his abdomen. He jerked on the ground under Will's weight like a fish who had beached himself body then finally grew limp, the eyes wide and empty.

Will panted, the exertion taking its toll on him. He transformed back into his hybrid form when the task was done.

Will then stared at the corpse, realizing he had killed someone again. After Garret Jacobs Hobbs. In the same manner Hobbs had tried to kill his daughter. For a moment Hobbs leered back up at him. "See, see", he hissed.

Will gasped and removed himself from his corpse, while trembling and twitching. Sweat trickled down from his forehead.

"Will?" Hannibal asked, worried. He walked over to him after he had collected his clothes from the floor and put it on again - or what was left of it. He had been able to stop the blood flowing out of the slashes on his back with part of his shirt. Will looked up at him through hazy eyes. "Hannibal", he muttered weakly, then collapsed into the arms of his mate.

A minute later, there were more steps to be heard as the SWAT team and Jack Crawford were stepping into Hannibal's office. Jack's eyes widened when he noticed Will lying in Hannibal's arms, unconscious and Hannibal's bruises and bloody spots on his shirt.

"Someone call me an ambulance", Jack shouted to the agents who were entering the room after him.

Jack approached Hannibal, eying him warily and with knitted eyebrows. His gaze wandered to his bruise marks, his torn jacket and shirt and to the corpses lying on the ground.

The first responders were now approaching Hannibal, kindly asking to step aside which he reluctantly did then put Will on a gurney and rushed out. One other paramedic looked after Hannibal's wounds and put a large bandaid on his slashes but told him to go to the hospital.

Hannibal stood up, with the help of the paramedic to follow Will, who was being carried out of his office by the paramedics but was stopped by the special agent.

"Oh no, you stay, Doctor", Jack ordered him and pressed him back. "I have some questions for you."

"Will is my mate", Hannibal answered in a cool tone. "A separation from him in this situation would be unwise, Jack."

Jack's mouth hung wide open.

"I'll be happy to come back to your office for a statement", Hannibal replied, walking away from the special agent. "Or we can do that at the hospital."

Jack nodded curtly, while still trying to grasp the fact that Hannibal had bonded with Will.

"Alright", he relented but kept his dark, attentive eyes fixed on the psychiatrist leaving the room and following the remaining paramedics.

Chapter End Notes

Next update in 2 -3weeks, I guess as I need the time to plan the arc.
I have a little creative burn out.

Thanks for your patience ❤️

Together Again

Chapter Summary

Previously:

Will has found Tobias Budge but lost the fight against him.He is captured, then guarded by Matthew Brown in a cabin outside of Baltimore.Realising, Matthew is susceptible to manipulation, Will then takes of advantage of that.Getting a vision from Hannibal, being attacked, he heads back to his office.
After the fight, he is brought into the hospital as Jack enters the crime scene.

This chapter:

Will is brought to the hospital and Hannibal accompanies him in the ambulance van. When his state doesn't get any better, Dr. Jennings makes a decision.Jack interviews them.Will and Hannibal are visited by Alana and Beverly.

Chapter Notes

Hello there!

Long time no read! I hope there is still someone being intrigued in this fanfic.

As written before, there was a serious issue in my family which required my attention and cost me a lot of energy. I had barely any left. Things are getting better and I hope they'll continue to do so but you'll never know.

Trigger warning:

This chapter takes place in a hospital. Implied consideration of restraining after a panic attack. Mention of childhood trauma and rape.

Not a trigger warning but: Lots of sappiness.

Thanks for reading!

Inspired by:

Bring me the Horizon - Follow You

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hannibal sat next to Will in the back of the ambulance van which was now rushing through the streets of Baltimore at high speed. The wailing of the siren was loud and droned in his ears but the alpha's senses shut out the noise and he focused on Will only instead.

When asked if he wanted to wait, Hannibal had refused. He didn't want to be taken in another ambulance van, unable to watch over his mate.

Hannibal observed Will's chest rise and fall in a quick rhythm. Will was wearing an oxygen mask and a preliminary intravenous drip had been set up next to him on the right side to prevent dehydration and give him fluids.

To his left and on the opposite side sat paramedics who monitored Will's vitals on the screen and occasionally exchanged short conversations about the next important steps. Sometimes they checked on Hannibal and asked him if he was alright and if he needed more ice or painkillers.

Hannibal would have liked to sit next to the gurney and hold the hand of Will but the little space in the cramped ambulance was obviously reserved for the medics and emergency doctor. Knowing how valuable time could be in such situations from his own experience, Hannibal didn't interfere, polite, as he always was. As much as the alpha despised it, he had to trust the medics, him no longer being a practicing surgeon or physician.

His wary eyes never left Will and the paramedics on duty. Not one of their movements or actions escaped him, despite him being incapacitated by his wounds and the stinging pain in his chest, caused by a fractured rib, the paramedic suspected when examining his injuries shortly before they drove off.

The drive was not too long, given the fact the ambulance was driving as if being chased by the Devil himself and it came to an abrupt halt inside the inlet destined for the ambulances and paramedics. It was often a matter of life and death after all.

One paramedic helped Hannibal out of the van while the other and the driver exiting the vehicle brought the gurney inside the building.

He wanted to join them but the paramedic held him back."Easy", the sturdy paramedic with short blonde hair and freckle, his name was Simon, told him. "You'll see him again, no worry", he tried to calm the alpha whose eyes had a red tinge in them. "He's in very good hands."

"First we have to patch you up, then you may see your mate", Simon told Hannibal with a knowing smile. "We'll tell the docs. They will all know that you're the mate of Mr. Graham."

Hannibal complied and smiled back, letting himself be guided into the Minor Care section of the emergency unit. He took a deep breath. As tempting as it was, there was not a reason to harm the young man who was only doing his job. Simon was not impolite. He had been friendly throughout the drive.

But if the doctors weren't letting him in despite his reputation, he would go on a rampage after he would be healed and throw a dinner party some weeks or months afterward.

Hannibal scoffed quietly as he and Simon walked into the building with slow steps because he was limping and every step hurt. One day ago he had sent Will into the lion's den with the hope he would free himself from this relationship if Will didn't succeed.

Love would always be the greatest mystery of mankind, Hannibal mused.

Simon bid him goodbye, patting his shoulder after giving the nurses and doctors all necessary information. Having ensured, his patients were in good hands, he then nodded at Hannibal, stepped out of the waiting room, then walked through the large slide door, to save another human or hybrid somewhere.

A nurse with a blonde ponytail and a rather sullen demeanor entered the room and handed Hannibal a form and a pen. She waited with a rather unnerved look in her eyes until he had finished filling it out. The room was crammed with people, waiting for treatment in the Minor Care unit as well. The air in the waiting room was sticky and filled with the sour scent of omega and alphan hormones of distress, fear or frustration.

Ignoring the mewls and complaints of the other patients beside him, Hannibal closed his eyes. The alpha prayed he didn't have to wait long among the common people. His thoughts flickered back to Will while leaning back in his plastic chair, hoping the doctors wouldn't screw up his treatment. Finally, the resolute blonde nurse appeared at the doorstep again and called out his name in her harsh voice. Reading the inscription on her name tag attached to her coat, Hannibal gathered, her name was Silvia Petrova.

"Dr. Lecter?" Mrs.Petrova stood at the threshold and called out to him in her raspy voice, gazing at the crowd of people waiting in the emergency room.

"Yes", Hannibal responded, his breathing rattling."That would be me."

Noticing that Hannibal wanted to get up, but resigned due to the sharp pain in his leg, she demanded him to wait. Mrs Petrova fetched the walkie talkie from her coat pocket and called for her colleagues as she wouldn't be able to haul him up on her own. A moment later, two tall male nurses, physically well-trained, approached him, dragged him up and brought him into an examination room of the unit. They led Hannibal to an examination couch. Mrs. Petrova returned and advised Hannibal to undress, put on a white hospital gown, remove his underwear and lie still.

"Now this went astonishingly fast", Hannibal remarked in his smooth, charming voice, shifting his eyes to the unfriendly Mrs. Petrova again.

The nurse gave him a short scrutinizing but not unfriendly stare through her grey-green eyes. "Well, Dr. Lecter. Your years of surgery here are well known to us ", she commented with a wry smile while fetching tools for the examination, her voice softening.

"Dr. Carruthers sends his regards. He will be there in a minute. Lie back down please and don't move."

Hannibal smiled back at her again and did what he just had been told. He put his head back on the tiny pillow of the emergency couch and waited.

Dr. Alec Jennings, senior physician in charge, a tall man with short black hair that was beginning to grey, was standing in front of the bed of Will Graham. Will was being treated in a single room in the intensive care unit. The doctor scrutinized the patient through his dark brown eyes. He was disquieted at the unresponsiveness of the patient Will Graham to the acetaminophen and nonsteroidal anti-inflammatory drugs given to him via an intravenous drip. The monitor to the left and right showed his vitals and beeped rhythmically. But the physicians didn't seem to be content.

"The fever is not going down as it should", the nurse called Francesca remarked after checking the temperature with a clinical thermometer, cursing in Italian to herself under her breath.

The doctor looked from her to his unconscious patient.

"You are sure you have given him the correct medication?" Dr. Jennings inquired in his deep voice, while he was considering further options and medications.

Francesca scoffed a little at the condescending distrust but nodded. "We have double-checked the dosage, Doctor."

"We have never had a case like this", she said, while checking the intravenous drip. "Almost every patient has recovered from a fever."

Turning around from the intravenous drip above his head, Francesca then gazed openly at the silver scar on his neck.

"What is it?" Dr. Jennings asked, alarmed at her reaction.

"He's a bonded Omega...", the nurse remarked, pointing at the mark at the crook of Will's neck.

Dr. Jennings remained unimpressed. "Yes, but our medication has always proven to be effective on bonded omegas, alphas, and betas. It's a standard treatment for everyone, independently of hybrid anatomy." He fell silent and his eyes widened when a certain idea rushed through his head.

"Unless...", he said, his face petrified. "Unless his bond with his alpha is an *aeternum vinculum*...which is rare indeed."

"A *what?*" Francesca asked him, baffled.

He shook his head, decided not to explain it to her. "Never mind. It's not important right now."

Dr. Jennings tilted his gaze back to the nurse again who glared daggers at him for not offering her an explanation. "Please find out who his mate is." He demanded, holding her gaze, decided not to apologize. "As soon as possible. We need his mate here."

Francesca gave him a curt nod to show she had understood, then closed the door and ran through the long corridor of the intensive care unit, then down the stairs, making way towards the reception to gather more information.

"No serious internal injuries", Dr. Carruther told Hannibal who was now helped at being dressed again after having been x-rayed. "Except for the fractured rib and the broken ankle." The Asian put the report aside and peaked at Hannibal through his rimless glasses. "You were lucky, Hannibal", he assessed. "Nothing that requires an overnight stay at the hospital - but I urge you to be careful about that rib or you'll have to come back for surgery. But you surely know that, having been a renowned surgeon yourself."

Hannibal gave him a polite smile. "Thank you, Paul, for the quick help. And yes I will."

The beta returned the smile. "You're most welcome. After all, you have made yourself quite a reputation here."

A nurse appeared at the threshold of the room, being out of breath. Hannibal smelled the agitation and nervousness coming off the omega.

"What is it, Francesca ?" Dr. Carruthers asked her, his forehead pulled into a frown and his eyebrows knitted.

The nurse with the tender, delicate stature, the long black curls and the Italian accent called Francesca gazed at Hannibal, then let her brown-green eyes wander back to Dr. Carruthers. "Dr. Jennings.... asked ....for Dr. Lecter", Francesca answered, barely panting heavily.

Letting her eyes rest on Hannibal again, the nurse scrutinized him from up close until her eyes fell on the mating scar. Her jaw dropped a little at the sight of Hannibal's exposed legs but she gained back her professional composure quickly.

Dr. Carruthers shot her an irritated and questioning glance."Did he elaborate on why his presence is necessary?"He asked back, pushing his glasses further up his nose.

"He said.... that it was essential his mate would be in the same room. Mr. Graham's situation is dire..the fever is not going down ", she explained, her Italian accent coming through. « And Dr. Jennings said, it would be possible that the presence of his mate could..help."

Dr. Carruthers seemed to be indifferent and shrugged his shoulders. He shifted his gaze from the nurse to Hannibal.

"I agree, Paul ", Hannibal answered instead. "I would stay as long as it would seem necessary."

"Alright, Hannibal." The doctor replied. then turned towards the nurse again. "Take him to Dr. Jennings." He paused again. "We will do the paperwork later."

Francesca nodded and then, with the help of another male nurse, she transferred Hannibal into the intensive care ward.

Hannibal already scented Will's unique fragrance when they entered the long corridor of the intensive care unit. The sweet feverish smell was still there though. They turned to the left and halted in front of a door with number sixteen written on it. One nurse hurried to inform Dr. Jennings, while he was being seated on a gurney.

Dr. Jennings returned from the room. "You must be Dr. Lecter", he greeted Hannibal. "The mate of Mr. Graham."

"Yes", Hannibal replied, shaking the doctor's hand.

"I assume you've heard of the situation-", Dr. Jennings began, eying him questioningly.

"That's correct. I was informed by Dr. Carruthers and the nurses ", Hannibal interrupted him, a little bit impatient, his eyes flickering to the door behind which his mate was still lying, fighting for his life and who would need his help.

Despite their fallout, Hannibal wanted Will to survive at whatever cost. Even if it meant to live without him but the death of his mate would make him pine right away. He knew at this point he couldn't live without Will. Without him in this world, life would be boring. He was torn out of his thoughts when the doctor cleared his throat.

"Your presence will be required until he is in a somewhat better and stable condition", Dr. Jennings explained.

"That means you'll have to arrange for someone to bring your clothes and whatever you need."

"This is not a problem at all ", Hannibal responded quickly. "I have acquaintances who would be happy to help."

"Well. Then up into the room with you", Dr. Jennings prompted, beckoning the male nurse and Francesca to bring Hannibal into the hospital room.

The male nurse opened the door and pushed the gurney in. Both Francesca and him helped Hannibal to stand up, grabbed him under his arms on each side, then helped Hannibal to sit on the hospital bed beside Will and make him comfortable. A satisfied purr left him when he tilted his head to face Will.

Hannibal bent a little forward to touch Will's strong arm and squeezed it again despite the pain he was immediately subjected to because of his broken rib. In the pale, cool light falling on Will's face, he swore he saw Will's eyelids fluttering for a moment and his ears twitching.

"Come back to us, Will", he urged him, squeezing a little harder. Focussing solely on the recovery of his mate, he released further soothing hormones into the air, hoping it would aid Will in his recovery a little bit even if it was not medication at all.

Nothing happened except for the continuing beeping of the monitors and the slowing down of the fast heartbeat and the increase of oxygen in Will's blood. Hannibal reached over the bed to fetch the smartphone he had requested to be placed on the table from the nurses. He

grimaced a little as the felt a little sharp pain in his rib cage despite the medication of painkillers and the ice bags he was given to cool it.

He typed and forwarded a message to Alana and Jack who had already called and messaged him a dozen times after he had rushed off to the hospital in the van. Hannibal decided to omit the information he was sharing a room with Will due to his fragile state. They'd figure it out on his own. Jack already knew. But Alana would be upset at his lack of professionalism.

Hannibal groaned. He was not up for a professional scold by Alana who had been unaware of the situation. At all costs, he wanted to avoid further distress in the room. He told her to come back with some of his belongings and his papers for the health insurance tomorrow. Instead, Hannibal instructed her to call someone from a lock and key service to open the door to his mansion, telling her she should send him the bill and she should not bother about the costs. He also told asked her if she could bring him his second smartphone with the addresses and phone numbers of his patients to postpone the sessions.

Just when he had put the phone back on the table on the left and tried to find a comfortable sleeping position to avoid a punctured lung, he heard a whimper beside him - and a weak mumble something that sounded like "Hannibal.."

Hannibal smiled and looked over his shoulder while he tried to rest and shut his eyes to retreat into his memory palace while hoping his proximity would tame the fever and stop it from harming his Will.

When Hannibal woke again, he was not in the hospital anymore. After some glances to the left and right, he was back in Wolf Trap Virginia again after their first shared dream. It must be early spring as the trees nearby were already showing their wish to prosper. He stood some yards away from the backside of the house. Hannibal smiled when he looked at the white house, which was majestic in the wilderness of Wolf Trap. Now that Will had mentioned it in the past, it appeared to be a boat. The distant roaring of a river of water made him shift his head and he instinctively walked forwards to the source of the sound. The dipped the landscape in a golden glow. The frozen grass beneath his feet made a pleasant crunch as he stepped closer to the river luring him in.

When he was at the shore he stopped when he recognized a familiar figure standing in the middle of the stream with his eyes closed while the line of his fishing rod had been cast out.

Leaving the spot on the shore, he waded through the water until he was close enough. Will still had his eyes shut when he was one or two meters away. Either he didn't want to open his eyes or he simply couldn't because he was still unconscious in reality.

Hannibal growled in contentment. His omega looked absolutely in peace with himself. For a moment he considered approaching him, but he feared to destroy the peacefulness in which he found himself.

So Hannibal contented himself with watching Will standing still, waiting for a fish to take his lure. It was a wonderful experience to observe him in his serendipity - until the sound of familiar voices intruded their shared dream and the landscape crumbled in front of his eyes.

Hannibal's eyelids fluttered and he tilted his head to the right, towards the door. Listening to the conversation, he then recognized the voices as the ones of Jack and Alana talking to Dr. Jennings in an agitated manner in front of the closed door. From what he gathered, it was clear both wanted to see both of them but Dr. Jennings insisted they would return tomorrow.

"Not today, I'm afraid", the doctor said. "Mr. Graham is in a delicate state right now and needs to spend time with his mate until he's fully conscious again."

A short silence followed. Alana connected the pieces in her mind.

"When will that be?" Jack asked.

"He may wake tomorrow or take a few days", Dr. Jennings replied in his distinctive deep voice, pursing his lips.

"But I have some things left for Hannibal and Will", Alana remarked to the doctor.

"You may leave them here with us", he countered. "The nurses will take care of it."

"Alright, Doctor", Jack replied. "Come on, Alana, let's go."

The clacking heels and the echoing of steps indicated that Alana and Jack were leaving and Hannibal went back to watching Will in their mind palace.

Hannibal jerked from sleep when a noise woke him up. Will twitched and thrashed in his bed. The monitors were giving away a shrill beep as some of the electrodes attached to his chest were torn away in his seizure.

“Will", Hannibal called, reaching out for his upper arm, intending to calm him down while he was struggling with gaining back orientation and consciousness but Will was panicking and pushing him away with violence, accidentally hitting his chest, causing Hannibal to grimace in pain.

The nurses from before were rushing into the room when they noticed something was wrong and the stats on the monitors they supervise had changed. "Mr. Graham, please calm down", Francesca demanded him in an energetic tone, while they tried to press him down and put some restraints on him when he didn't relent.

"Don't...no", Will groaned, his eyes widened when he noticed the white restraints beneath him, being pulled by one of the male nurses. His face turned pale as if he had seen a ghost. "No..dodododon't tie me up, please", he whimpered. Sweat formed on his forehead again. The beeping was now frantic as his pulse raced in his panic attack.

"Mr. Graham", Francesca said out loud in a harsh tone. "Please calm down. *Per favore*." Her last plead in Italian sounded melodic but also frantic.

But he didn't listen to her. She gasped as he hit her forehead.

"Will", Hannibal tried to get his attention once more, in his hypnotizing, deep Alpha voice, accompanied by growls.

Will tilted his head into his direction, his eyes flashing deeply blue. He automatically whined and whimpered when listening to Hannibal's enthralling alpha voice. Realizing his mate was right there, he immediately stopped beating and kicking around.

"Could you bring me closer to the bed, please ?" Hannibal requested, looking at the nurses who were desperate to tame Will.

Next, he found himself being hauled up with rough hands and seated in a chair to the right of Will's bed near the window. It was a chair some visitors could use for sleeping, which you could adjust to different angles.

Hannibal petted the hand of Will and his scent glands produced more soothing hormones. Will was still breathing quickly, on the verge of hyperventilating but at least Will didn't go after the medical staff who had retreated into the back. He allowed Francesca to put on the electrodes on his bare chest again.

"I'm going to call Dr. Jennings", Francesca murmured and dashed out of the room. The other nurses recognized the situation was in control again and left the room as well.

“Hannibal", Will mumbled, finally recognizing him, the color of his eyes turning into a normal shade of blue.

"How come you're here?" Will asked Hannibal, looking a little bewildered, as had noticed he was being treated in the intensive care unit. "You haven't been injured that badly, have you?" His analytical eyes flickered over Hannibal's bruises, his injured leg and his upright seating position.

"No, I am not badly injured", Hannibal replied. "If it weren't for you, I'd be probably dead", he said, his face growing a little more thoughtful." He fell silent and gazed intently at him."I wanna thank you for saving me, Will."

"You're welcome", he whispered back. "You're my soul mate after all", the omega purred.

Hannibal stared at him with a wry smile tugging on his lips. "Are you sure, Will?" He sat back in the chair and crossed his legs. "Last time we talked you did not want to continue our relationship.

Will sighed, then reached out for Hannibal's hand over the bed. "I just thought I am not good enough for you", he admitted.

Hannibal's eyes were filled with slight sorrow. "And I told you that this was not true."

He leaned forward again, took Will's hand and put it between his, squeezing it tightly. The omega didn't withdraw, which made Hannibal purr. His grey tail wagged again.

Will swallowed and looked at the ceiling for a moment. "I can be pretty stubborn and difficult", he sighed. He turned his head back to Hannibal.

"And as I said, I would...I would love to give our relationship a try", he whispered. "But I have a lot of stuff to deal with." He paused.

"A few days ago I got a letter saying that my dad had died", Will revealed, his face becoming expressionless. "This brought up lots of of...unpleasant memories.."

Hannibal growled quietly and furrowed his eyebrows, knowing Will had been robbed of a proper childhood. Visions of violence - of broken glasses, of a younger, crying Will and an angry man appeared in his mind.

"I understand, Will", he remarked but shook his head. "When I asked about your family in therapy, I already sensed there was something you didn't want to talk about.....like hidden childhood trauma."

Hannibal brushed his thumb over Will's cheeks, despite feeling a sharp pain in his chest.

"There's more to that than my abusive father, Will said. "I've been forcefully mated...when I was younger. My dad gave me away to bond with an alpha." He spat that out with bitterness and anger. His face hardened when he mentioned his father.

It took Hannibal a great deal of strength to not burst out in anger and demolish the room. That alpha would have to pay dearly for that.

”This is indeed horrible, Will”, Hannibal sighed. “No wonder you have recoiled from our intimacy during the heat”, he remarked.

“Yes”, Will answered with a wry smile. “I was terrified of myself...I was afraid that it could happen..again. I delighted in intimacy but also berated myself for it. ”

”I should have tried to stop you, then”, Hannibal admitted. “I should have prevented another trigger -“, he elaborated, but Will stopped him.

”Hannibal”, Will said out loud, his voice hoarse, “please don’t think that way.” He squeezed Hannibal’s hands once more. “I wanted it. I wanted you to take care of me. “

”I have not been triggered”, Will emphasized. “I’ve had therapy in the past thanks to the foster family I have been living with right after.” "I am just not used to so much intimacy. I have to get used to it again. And I definitely want to.

”May I ask what his name was?” Hannibal asked, shifting his body further towards his mate, kissing his hands.

Will trembled a little at the memory of the man who had raped him, but Hannibal waited until he had collected himself.

”Francis”, he finally said after a minute or two.

Hannibal’s predator saved this information. He would tear Francis to shreds, wherever that man was. He wanted to glimpse into Will’s mind again but decided not to. Hannibal didn’t want Will to know he had always been able to see what he was thinking.

Next, he noticed Will looked exhausted from talking, thus decided not to push him further in this matter. Will opened his mouth to speak again after resting somewhat thoughtful.

"And...yesterday or whatever day it was, I was caught..and restrained.", he began, avoiding Hannibal's gaze. "I've been tied to the bed, Hannibal", Will confessed. "That's why I was panicking."They groped me..touched me everywhere."

Hannibal smelled the pungent scent of distress in the air. Noticing tears rolling down Will's cheeks, he wiped them away with his fingers.

Now that Will mentioned it, he saw the bruises on his wrists and the distinctive bite marks on his throat. Hannibal's alpha brain demanded retribution, although knowing that Tobias was dead. But then there was Francis to take care of.

“I understand, Will. It's a natural reaction to a horrible situation. You have gone through another trauma."

"There is enough time to tell me all of your past and what’s troubling you ”, Hannibal assured him, giving him another dose of his intoxicating, calming hormones smelling of mango and vanilla. "But now you should rest, Will." Hannibal planted a chaste kiss on his forehead, which made the omega purr. "You're safe with me. No one is going to harm you", Hannibal whispered.

Will nodded weakly. "I'll try to remember."

"I won't be going away", Hannibal reassured him when Will was still tense, his ears straightened and alert.

After some moments, the tension left Will's body and he fell back into the sheets and tried to calm himself with his purrs and the presence of his mate.

Hearing Will purring and seeing him relaxing, Hannibal withdrew into his chair, falling into a short nap again. He didn't see the nurses coming in, checking on Will, emptying the bedpan, exchanging the intravenous drip bag. or the Doctor taking notes on the surprisingly quick recovery.

Sometime later Will and Hannibal were brought into another ward. They shared a large hospital bed made for mates couples after it had been seen as important for improving Will's condition and speeding up his recovery.

Someone knocked harshly against the door. Will was just about to kiss his mate and nuzzle his scent glands and pulling Hannibal's hands under his grey shirt when the door to the room opened and the special agent Jack Crawford lingered at the threshold, a little awestruck at first before looking away for a moment, ignoring what he had just seen. He was obviously giving his best efforts to hide judgment and his irritation about recent developments and merely pressed his lips together, while he maintained a blank facial expression.

Hannibal and Will quickly let go of each other when they noticed the knock and his presence in the room and sat up in their shared hospital bed.

Will reluctantly turned around in his hospital bed to greet Jack. "Hi, Jack." Will didn't sound particularly enthusiastic when he welcomed the special agent.

"Hello, Will, hello Hannibal", Jack greeted them, coming over to their bed to shake their hands. "Please stay seated", he told Will who wanted to stand up. "I'm just here to talk."

"You know why I am here", Jack finally said and took a seat on one of the visitor chairs.

"Tobias Budge", Will assessed and crossed his arms on his chest. Hannibal wrapped an arm around his shoulder.

"That's right, Will", Jack remarked and granted him and Hannibal a stern look. "The corpse of him is quite a mess. Budge has been mutilated - his throat was ripped and his abdomen slashed. It was a primal and savage attack like that of an alpha in rut." He scrutinized Hannibal and Will. "So what happened exactly? And why has he come to you, Doctor?"

Will exhaled sharply, closed his eyes for a moment, then decided to explain how he had been entrapped by Budge, how he had been restrained in the cabin and that there was a second accomplice all along just what they had found out at the crime scene before.

When telling the story of his abduction, Hannibal felt wrath at the captor rising up inside him and he was unable to repress a growl. Wherever that Matthew was, he would make sure to make tartar out of him. And maybe let him a little suffer although it would spoil the meat. He grabbed Will's shoulder a little too tightly for Will flinched and growled.

"So this accomplice you say", Jack started, ignoring what was just happening, wanting to get the statement done as fast as possible.

"His name's Matthew. He's a wolf hybrid just like me. He had been working in the funeral business. Budge must have used his services to get the corpses to the opera house. I used his car to get here."

"His full name is Matthew Brown. The police department was able to find and identify him", Jack affirmed.

"So he's in custody now?" Will countered, crossing his arms.

Hannibal listened attentively. Custody did not mean anything. He could walk out of custody, free of all charges because it was tricky to prove his involvement.

Jack nodded. "For now. "I got a call from Baltimore PD. We found him in the cabin."

"But why didn't you call me when you saw the police officers were dead? You should have called for more back up ", Jack growled. "This was a little reckless. He was an alpha•

Will's eyes flashed deeply blue at the scold and he tensed under Hannibal's grip. "I thought I was strong enough after I got Garret Jacob Hobbs down, Jack", he snarled.

"Jack, please", Hannibal interjected, his eyes flashing red. "It doesn't do any good to blame him felt that. He also suffers from trauma."

Never had he been more furious with the head of the BAU. His poor Will was suffering from a new trauma - having been restrained and possibly assaulted and now Jack, of all people, blamed him for not calling him and his abduction.

"If anyone is to blame, then it is Tobias Budge who is now dead."

"Question is, why did he head to your office, Doctor after nearly killing Will?"

"I thought Will told you I received the clue from my patient Franklyn that Tobias had acted suspiciously", Hannibal replied. "He must have been told by Franklyn Will and I had bonded."

At this, the special agent contemplated and scratched his chin.

"No, he just told me he had gotten a hint." He paused. "So, Tobias Budge wanted to force a bond on Will, had found out that he is your mate because your patient Franklyn told him, abducted him together with Matthias Brown and then headed to kill you?" Jack asked.

"Yes", Will confirmed for Hannibal. "Then I came to rescue Hannibal when I freed myself."

"Rescued Hannibal?" Jack let out with a look of utter bewilderment on his face. "So you killed Tobias Budge that way?" The special agent looked completely aghast and his eyes widened.

"Hannibal was in danger when I arrived", Will explained. "I was not in control of what happened."

"What's that supposed to mean?" Jack asked coldly.

"Meaning my instincts got the better of me as I pulled him away from Hannibal and attacked him...in my rage", Will said.

Hannibal noticed he omitted the information he had transformed as that could get both into trouble.

Jack sighed and looked out of the window. "You don't want to hear this..but I don't know how I can justify that to the board. Mrs. Prunell won't be pleased to hear you mutilated the body."

"It was self-defense and to save someone, Jack", Will snapped. "Just tell her that."

"I'm going to try", the special agent answered, shrugging. "I trust you that you killed this son of a bitch to rescue Hannibal, but some other people are not so in your favor, Will."

He halted at the door. Alana and Bev peeked inside. Bev and Alana were holding bouquets of flowers in their hands. "There are two more visitors for you", Jack announced. Then he took his leave.

"It will all be fine", Hannibal whispered into his ear when Will's breathing was flat. "Breathe, Will." He wrapped his arms around him. The omega obeyed and soon he was calmer, breathing with his mate in unison.

A knock distracted them again and Hannibal and Will adjusted once more. "Hi Bev", Will smiled at his best friend. "Hi Alana", he greeted his colleague and former love interest, when the two of them entered the room.

"Ugh, it's a little stinky here", Bev said, wrinkling her nose, after smelling the sticky air. "Too many pheromones for my taste."

Will chuckled in amusement. Hannibal merely pursed his lips as he loved the air which was heavy with their hormones. He loved to smell Will at all times. "Sorry, Bev. You can open the windows if you like." Will looked over at his mate for approval. "If you're okay with that?"

"Yes, please. A little fresh air will do us both some good", Hannibal agreed.

Bev opened the huge glass window. "Not for long", she assured Hannibal. "Just aa as long as we're here."

Bev and Alana then stripped off their coats and placed them on the chair next to the white table. Their curious skilled gazes wandered through the room and seated at the large shared bed at first before they raised their eyes back to Will and Hannibal.

She raised her eyebrows then let out a whistle. Alana pursed her lips and frowned a little but otherwise tried to repress her conflicted emotions.

"So you two have finally settled your differences, huh? Way to go, Will", she grinned at Will when she saw how intimate they were and evidently had ended their quarrel. "I always guessed you had the right chemistry."

Bev walked over to the table to put the colorful flower bouquet into the flower vase. Her heels clacked in the room. Alana did the same on Hannibal's side. The bouquet was a little more elegant and expensive-looking than Will's as Alana knew Hannibal's eccentric taste.

"Thank you for the wonderful flowers", Hannibal thanked the two beta-alphas.

"You're welcome", Bev and Alana responded at the same time in unison. They also placed a large "Get-well-soon" card on the table next to the flowers.

"This...development..is indeed a surprise", Alana revealed, her feline ears twitching and grey cat tail tense. Her blue eyes pierced Will and Hannibal with a look of reproach.

"Are you going to tell me that I am not good for him?" Will remarked, a little sarcastically, remembering his failed advances some time ago before he got to know Hannibal.

Alana frowned, feeling the sting of his words. She tried to suppress an annoyed and hostile hiss and let out a sharp breath instead.

"I just think it's a little unprofessional from Hannibal's side", she remarked, crossing her arms on her chest.

Beverly turned to Alana. "So what?" She said. "Will can still find another therapist", then tilted her head back to Will and Hannibal.

"Definitely", Hannibal spoke up for him. "This should not be a problem."

"Alana, you don't need to be worried", Hannibal remarked, pulling Will closer to him. Will leaned back and nuzzled in the crook of his neck. "I am perfectly capable of separating my professional curiosity about Will and my role as a therapist from my role as a mate", he defended their relationship.

"Yeah, to hell with that professional boundary crap", Bev commented on that. "I think you're a perfect fit together."

Alana shrugged. "As long as it works." She smiled at Will but it seemed she was a little bit hurt and regret she had turned his advances down.

"Sorry, Alana", Will apologized, lowering his gaze and fixing the balcony through the open window instead. Bev watched them with a worried look, feeling a little uncomfortable when the atmosphere changed.

"I'll be fine", she replied calmly when she had gained back her composure. "I can handle myself." She paused and finally straightened her posture. Her cat tail relaxed. "I'm dating someone else anyway."

There was a little pause."Now that Beverly mentioned it, I do think you're a good fit together. You always seem so attuned to each other."

"Thank you", Will answered, seemingly relieved. He breathed in deeply again and relaxed his shoulders. Alana hugged him and Hannibal allowed it. "And congrats, I want to get to know your new date", Will congratulated her.

"If it works, then yes, you'll meet her sooner or later", Alana replied with a little mischievous grin.

"By the way, Will", Bev interrupted their conversation, glad it was merrier now. Will shifted his gaze to her and let Alana go. "I've taken care of the dogs for you. They're with me."

"Oh, thanks!" Will exclaimed, his face lightening up."I forgot to text Greg."

"How could you? You were unconscious! Bev said, a little incredulous. "Don't mention it. You would the same for me, right?"

"Right", Will smiled.

Hannibal watched them while they talked. He was a little jealous they got on so well and he certainly did not approve of Beverly going with him to Dr. Sutcliffe back then, which still angered him, but he would not harm her or Alana for Will's sake. It would not be necessary if

he was able to persuade Will, once settled down somewhere, that everything he needed was only him.

"Because of the dog food", Will began. "I usually make it from scratch."

"No worries", Bev calmed him. "I was advised by Alana." She flung a glance over to Alana who smiled.

"Good", Will said. "Thank both of you."

After making a little more conversation, a nurse came back and told them visitor time was over. Alana put on her red coat and grabbed her bag. Beverly did the same.

"Get well", Bev said and turned to Will with a big, genuine smile.

"I agree", Alana added. "Enjoy the time being away from Jack."

Will snorted at the last comment. "You can be sure of that. See you around, you two and be careful."

Then the door felt shut and both Hannibal and Will were on their own again.

"So, there's one more thing you should need to know", Will said while they cuddled up in the hospital bed and Hannibal was stroking Will's curls and his face, while his other hand caressed his beautiful upper body.

"Which would be?" Hannibal asked with raised eyebrows and curiosity.

"Dr. Jennings told me I'm pregnant", Will remarked, swallowing harshly. "He took some additional blood tests and said to me my hormone levels were changed. I'm in the third week."

Hannibal pulled him into a loose hug and planted a smashing kiss on his mouth. "I was expecting that", he hummed. "Still, it makes me very happy."

Will toyed with Hannibal's hair as they lay cuddled up in bed again with the duvet pulled up. There was anxiety and fear welling up inside him when he let his thoughts wander. "I don't know if I am a good..."

"Stop this nonsense, Will", the alpha growled. "Or I'll spank this attitude out of you."

The omega looked up at him with his irresistible ocean eyes and whimpered. Hannibal cupped his cheeks into his hands. "Don't let your past trauma define who you are. You have as much of a chance of being a good parent as anyone without the burden of your past."

Will placed his head back on his broad chest, careful not to hurt Hannibal. "If you're sure of that, I will be, too."

"I am ", Hannibal said and gave him a long, languished kiss. "You are strong, Will. Stronger than you think." He nibbled on his unshaven jaw. "And you have so much empathy and

compassion in you, there is no way you are not going to be a phenomenal parent", he assured him.

Will purred at that, then pressed Hannibal down into the sheets to make love to him. Hannibal, being surprised, gave him free rein when it was clear that Will truly wanted it and closed his eyes as Will pleasured him and fucked himself on his cock.

A few days later Hannibal was released from the hospital. But he took care of Will, cooked him soup, ensuring he was getting enough nutrients, even though he was not hungry. Dr. Jennings revealed Will was suffering from a rare form of encephalitis and it would need regular treatment with plasma exchange and medication. But he ensured him, they would do anything to use medication not harmful to the fetus, though the outcome was not predictable at this stage.

Will had decided to engage himself in a relationship with Hannibal and promised him to open up and tell him about his past. They also visited his dad's grave in Biloxi because Hannibal deemed it therapeutic. Together they settled the legal issues and sold his dad's house.

With Will's employment being under scrutiny and him being on sick leave, Will and Hannibal decided to use the time and move in together. A few days later, they were already busy moving their stuff into their new home Hannibal had acquired somewhere in the wilderness of Virginia, to have enough space for his belongings and for Will's dogs. He had dedicated two rooms in the basement to Will so that the latter had a small replica of his home in Wolf Trap should he need a reminder or a breather.

After the ordeal with directing the employees of the company Hannibal had hired to get the stuff into their mansion, Will and Hannibal then decided to take a walk through the fields. Despite being far from springtime, winter was about to retreat. The snow was melting at last. It mingled with the soft mud of the earth. The trees were ready to bloom, too. First, delicate buds formed on the branches. Birds were chirping again. Nature prepared for a change of seasons.

Having reached, a beautiful large pond whose surface was mirroring the rays of the pale spring sun, they halted to enjoy the breathtaking view and the romantic atmosphere. Will had his fishing gear with him and he put it down after having found the perfect spot.

"I dreamed of you while we were in the hospital", Hannibal broke the comfortable silence.

"I was watching you fishing in the stream. But I didn't want to disturb you", Hannibal remarked with a smile.

Will reciprocated it.”I remember that someone had been watching me. Of course, it was you. You're my soulmate. How is this experience?" He chuckled and gave him an amused look while taking out his rod from his black bag.

The dogs were turfing through the grass, barking, chasing each other and wrestling in a playful way. Hannibal took his hand and invaded his distance to kiss him. "I think it is even better now." Their lips met in a soft kiss.

When their lips parted and Will sought comfort and more intimacy, burying his head in Hannibal's shoulder, the alpha smiled a self-satisfied smile to himself. Now finally he had gotten Will where he wanted him to. Dependent on him and at his side.

END OF PART 1

Chapter End Notes

Notes:

1) Aeternum Vinculum is the Latin word for "Eternal Bond" and it is a particular strong soul bond. It affects a lot of things - physical recovery for example. The mates have to be together or united to make a substantial recovery.

2)There will be a second part of course in this story, in which I'll try to fill plot holes and tie up loose ends. This is not the end. Just of the first part :)

The Awakening of the Dragon

Chapter Summary

18 years earlier, Francis meets his alter ego for the first time when he discovers Will has run away. He makes some decisions that have severe consequences. Years later, returning from exile,he wants to complete the
becoming of the dragon.

Chapter Notes

Hello there!

I am so sorry for the long break but writer's block combined with anxiety, perfectionism and light depression is a really mean combination. At a point I was even deciding to leave the fandom. I'm glad I didn't.I am a little better now. The pace will still be slow though.

This chapter deals with the beginnings of Francis Dolarhyde who had only appeared in chapter 10 in old memories so far. It serves as the start of another "season".

Trigger warnings:

Well, it's Francis Dolarhyde.
Canon-typical violence, assault, stalking, mention of rape.

I hope you like it, despite it being a backstory.

Yours

APastandFutureNerd

P.S. The song to go with this one is "Epica- Chasing the Dragon"

PART 2

18 years earlier

Francis jerked in bed, as he woke up from deep unconsciousness. His skull throbbed badly and he was tempted to vomit at first. Everything was spinning around as if he was stuck in a malicious merry-go-round and so he dropped back into the sheets. Groaning in pain, he

slowly sat up when his surroundings stopped moving like a carousel, then led his hand to the hurting spot at the right side of his skull. When he touched it, he felt something warm and sticky glue to his fingers. Pulling his fingers back, he looked at them with widened eyes, noticing the dark, gooey blood on his finger. He figured, though he still didn't know why he had a hole in his skull which needed to be stitched soon. His gaze tilted to the right side of the bed which had been ruffled and abandoned. There was no one except for a figurine smeared with blood resting on the cream-colored pillow.

First, Francis was confused when he smelled the scent of someone else except his musky scent. Everything started to make sense when he saw the black figurine of a dragon lying next to him stained with crusts of blood. Peu à peu, the memories came back to him when the dizziness disappeared as he tried hard to recollect the events that had occurred. Francis jumped out of the bed despite his injury, his eyes flashing in an angry red. He growled when he realized his new mate Will had done this to him and left him.

His nails dug into the flesh of his palms, leaving some scratches in it when he rolled his hands together."You were mine", he hissed into the darkness of his bedroom. "I..loved you."

Hot fury rushed through every vein. The pain and hurt he was going through reminded him of the humiliation he had gone through when his grandmother slapped him for wetting his pants when he was six years old. Then she had threatened him to cut off his penis with a scissor. He never forgot that moment.

"You have to do something about it", a new deep, rumbling voice suggested from nowhere. The majestic roar of a dragon resounded in his ears. Francis whirled around, his face pulled in a skeptical frown when he couldn't discover anyone talking to him in the room.

"Where are you?" Francis asked, quivering a little. He picked up the bloodied statue and held it in front of him as a weapon. "Show yourself!"

"Over there", the dragon voice growled back at him. Another roar rumbled in his head and Francis winced at the loudness. "Look into the mirror."

At first, Francis didn't want to, as he despised his own appearance, but excitement finally got the better of him. With a very slow tilt of his head, he shifted his glance to the mirror on the opposite side of the room It was an old heirloom of his grandmother and embellished with an old-fashioned wooden-frame and gold.

His eyes widened at the smashing sight of his new self in the mirror. The eyes of the creature were gleaming yellow. Instead of the short, black dragon horns on his head, the undeveloped, tiny wings on his back, despite his fruitless attempts of growing them out, he possessed a crown of magnificent horns on his head. Splendid, large red wings with talons emerged from his back and a glorious long tail and his muscular upper body was covered in scales. It was him in his fully transformed animal form. The human suit had been cast aside.

Francis let out a gasp at the splendid sight and his eyes sparkled with joy and marvel and his mouth hung wide open now. The curiosity of youth returned into his face. It was as if he was a young boy again, ready for his first day at school. The mirror showed him merged with the

Great Red Dragon, the legendary monster of the painting of Blake he had fallen in love with when he had skimmed through an art magazine some time ago.

But Francis also got scared. Everyone was afraid of monsters and dragons. No one would make out with him. Will was the ultimate proof of that.

“Leave me alone”, Francis hissed.“Go away.”

“I can help you to become something..better.”, the deep voice continued in a seducing, raspy purr. “Something everyone is going to be afraid of.”

“I want you to go away”, Francis replied, sobbing, holding his face between his hands, while eying the mirror through slits. “I want to be normal.”

“I’m not going away”, the monster explained, cackling. “I will always be there. You will never be normal. Never.”

“I...I want love...I want someone to love me.”

His Dragon self laughed in the mirror. It was a cruel, cold and mocking laughter. The noise of it caused Francis’ head to ache even more.

“Shut up!”

“Oh, Francis…”, the Dragon sneered. “If you were able to love, you wouldn’t have raped your mate.”

Francis cried harder, turning away from the mirror, holding his face in his hands.”N-no...I didn’t.”

The Dragon chose not to answer but opened his muzzle to spit out roaring, scorching flames, illuminating the bedroom behind him. A bright, striking orange flash and the roar made Francis wince and look up again. He let his hands fall to his sides.

“Don’t you feel angry, Francis?” The monster in the mirror purred, piercing him with his malicious, yellowish eyes. He presented his good-looking animal body to him from all angles and showed Francis his long, sharp talons, fangs and his strong tail. Francis was enchanted and terrified at the same time and could not help himself, but relent.

“Y-yes.”

“Come closer.”

Francis hesitated first and stood still. His breathing was fast and frantic. His shoulders were hunched. One of his hands was clenched together as if he wanted to smash the dragon. But step by step he drew closer to the mirror before his breath laid a smokescreen on the sight of the dragon trapped in the glass. His fingers grazed along the marvelous image of his monster in the mirror with a loving, gentle movement. The Dragon waited until Francis was ready to talk again and observed him with his blinding, yellow eyes.

“What do I have to do?”

“Complete your becoming. Let the world know what you are...and who you are. Unleash your anger. You have every right to be angry.” The Dragon paused. “Just look at. what your mate has done.”

Baffled, Francis turned on his heels into the direction his Dragon pointed to, but couldn’t detect anything off at first

“Look closer”, the Dragon hissed

Francis narrowed his eyes and focused harder this time as the creature desired. He scrutinized the room for anything missing before his eyes finally came to rest on the polished wooden drawer next to the door. Francis growled when he noticed his keys to his van were gone. He pulled the thick, velvet curtains back. It was late afternoon, the sun was already retreating behind the pine trees surrounding his home like a wall. A beautiful afternoon glow lay on the landscape spread out in front of him, but Francis didn’t bother. His keen eyes detected that his white van wasn’t there in the drive in front of his house and it made him angrier than ever.

“Become….one...with….the…..dragon.”

Hurrying back, Francis wanted to touch the monster he adored once more, but the picture of the dragon in the mirror vanished from sight and the deep, growling voice went completely silent. It was now tantalizingly quiet in the room. Merely the old wooden clock in the house kept ticking in a steady rhythm.

Unable to cope with what he was seeing, Francis gnarled, screamed in fury and broke the mirror with a fist when he was left with nothing but the sad, cruel image of reality. No fierce Dragon gazed back at him, but his own sweaty, bloody and scared face with widened ice-blue eyes instead.

Blood splatters covered the floor. Another sharp pain shot through him as the sharp glass cut through the tissues of his skin.

After his rage had come to an end, he put on his clothes, tended to the wounds at the back of his head and the hand, as much as he was able to with his first aid kit. Then he called a taxi company to bring him into the city to get stitches and to look for another car because reporting the van as stolen would draw the attention of the police and that would be inconvenient for what he planned on doing. Not many people knew him. The less they knew, the better it was

He arrived at the hospital of Jacksonville one hour later. When the car had come to a halt at the parking space, he paid the taxi driver with a stack of bills, then got out with a grunted thank you and ignored his well-wishes. It took Francis about another two hours until his wounds were examined, tended to properly and he was able to leave again.

The late evening had in and the sun lost its glow. Nonetheless, the town was noisy, filled with chattering, screaming, laughter and cars honking on the road cramped with cars. Seagulls

were pulling out trash from the bins on the pavements nearby. People passing by yelled at the ones who were cheek enough to swoop down and steal their sandwich or fries.

The noise distracted and confused Francis and he lost direction more than once. The sun was still blazing hot despite the progressing evening and bis shirt was sticky with sweat. Most of the time Francis preferred the silence and the coolness of the night. It was one of the reasons he had left his job at the docks. He hated the blazing sun.

Currently, Francis was unemployed as he had resigned in Biloxi due to moving back to his house at the border between Florida and Georgia, but Francis never had any difficulties in finding a job as he was a craftsman. The money he had earned would sustain him for a while as he didn't have to pay any rent.

Francis moved on, following the people walking into the city center. He was a little bit at a loss but he let his feet decide where to go. After walking back and forth, he made his way towards the Visit Jacksonville tourist center in the middle of the city after discovering the tourist information sign. His feet were aching when he arrived there.

Getting the information from a friendly employee where he could buy used cars, Francis headed off outside Jacksonville to seek out Smith's. Luckily, Francis possesses some savings which were enough for a new car, though it would have to be used. Smith's was the right dealer.

The car he bought at was another van from Volkswagen - black this time. It came for 3000 dollars but it suited Francis just fine. He thanked the grumpy vendor and left with his newly purchased car.

Francis then drove through the city, not paying attention to the sight of the beach to the right. He had no idea what to do and where to begin his hunt for the escaped omega. He was restless. He needed to do something and vent his Inner Beast. But first, he would have to do some research on his own. Cars were honking behind him as he slowed down on the crossroad - too slow for the drivers behind him. Forced to decide which direction he should take, so he decided to take a turn and way to the beachside. He halted on a parking space on the right side of the lane in front of the beach café. Francis ordered a cup of coffee and a sandwich while losing himself in thoughts.

Where could the damn kid have gone? Maybe he had found a foster family already. That would take some time and effort and lots of questioning but Francis preferred to remain one with the crowd.

No, he needed to be patient.

Francis summoned the Dragon in his head, but the latter preferred to stay silent.

Night set in. The crescent moon and stars glowed up in the night sky. Cicadas were serenading in the pine trees. Francis was about to pay and return home. It was in this particular moment when he assumed he had covered his mate. A young couple was passing by the cafe, dressed in some beach clothes, casually talking and laughing. Francis quickly hid his face behind the menu.

It was the exact silhouette of his former mate. He was the same age, possessed the same unruly curly hair, wolf ears and tail as well as hauntingly beautiful blue eyes and was about the same height. The woman, probably his new mate, had dark brown hair and was a beta. Throwing money on the table, Francis then left the cafe without telling the waiter. He waited until he was at a safe distance to avoid being spotted and followed them, occasionally hiding behind the corner of houses.

Francis saw them taking turns here and there until he saw the omega taking his leave, kissing her goodbye and walking down the stairs again. It was getting dark. Francis' favorite time of the day. At night, he could be different from when he was during the day. The omega was now about to walk home.

They were now passing by an old playground, which had already seen better days. There was a rusty carousel. The swings were moving a little, although there was no wind. Someone must have been there before and hastily abandoned the place. Probably a young couple, a group of young alphas or betas getting drunk or taking drugs.

The omega seemed to have noticed his silent follower in the darkness, for he tilted his head over his shoulder, sniffed with his nose, then accelerated his steps.

Francis now quickened his pace, too. He couldn't help it, his steps were audible in the peaceful, silent neighborhood. Soon he had caught up with this little piece of shit.

The young omega stopped abruptly, hunched his shoulders and showed his fangs.

"Why..why are you following me?" He asked Francis who was now standing in front of him, panting heavily. "Can I help you?" The young man pretended to be brave but Francis could smell his distrust and fear through the pheromones his scent glands exuded.

Francis stepped closer, invading the omega's space. He definitely looked like his former mate Will Graham, but he wasn't sure. The demeanor of him was different despite being a wolf as well. He should have asked his name but now it was too late to get his trust. He wanted to touch him. Francis craved touch so badly.

"I need to check...something", Francis said instead. "I won't do anything to you."

The alpha raised his hands and led them to the omega's face to cup his stubbled jawline gently in his hands. "Just let me touch..and scent you."

"No", the wolf hybrid yelled, flinching and taking some steps backward, trembling with fear. "Leave me alone."

The Dragon awakened again and Francis was seized by his colossal fury. Heat filled every inch of his body. It flooded his being like gasoline.

No omega would ever deny an alpha. Not even Will did. But then again Will had betrayed him..stabbed his knife through his heart with his actions.

Francis quickly reached out for his throat and pulled him close while choking him. His eyes searched for the mating mark on his long swan neck, but there was none.

The omega choked, turning white in the face. His lips were turning blue already.

Francis should have stopped at this point, but he couldn't. The Dragon demanded a sacrifice.

"What the hell is going on?" A rough voice yelled.

Francis hurled the omega to the ground when he heard the intruder shouting behind him. The boy grabbed his throat, panted frantically, then crouched backward.

"Dad", the omega whined, his tail wagging. He was relieved his dad had come. "Help me."

"What are you doing to my son, you scumbag?" A guttural, husky growl escaped the throat of the stranger.

The man, a full-grown alpha, stepped out of the shadows and into the pale yellow light of the streetlamp. The man pierced Francis with his furious sea-bluish green eyes and bared his long sharp teeth.

Francis considered his options for a moment.

Next, he jumped at the man in anger. He pinned the alpha down and punched him in his face. A loud crack indicated Francis had broken his nose and the alpha beneath him whimpered in pain.

"DAD", the young omega cried. Tears ran down his cheeks.

"HELP!"

The Dragon in him reveled in the violence. "Kill him instead", the monster growled. His mind palace was filled with the beautiful, striking, blinding flames and the Dragon rose in the air.

The boy screamed when he watched Francis beat his father up, empowered by the viciousness inside him.

Lights were flicked on in one of the apartments. Doors opened up and people were yelling and cursing at the disruption. But Francis didn't listen, he wanted to destroy the man beneath him. Change him as the dragon suggested.

"Hey, what's going on?" Another man shouted and came running, joined by some neighbors.

Before Francis got aware of the group of men approaching him, he was punched back in the face by the man below him and manhandled by the men behind. He struggled at first, kicked and punched, but soon gave up when he saw the boy whimpering and crying.

"You're a weakling", the Dragon roared then vanished once again, leaving Francis devastated.

Soon two vehicles of the local police dashed around the corner into the residential area to the playground where Francis had attacked the omega.

“Adam”, the father cried out and jumped up from the ground to embrace his young son who was numb with shock and unresponsive and trembling, seeing his father’s bloodied jaw. Another first responder approached the omega and wrapped him in a blanket. Police officers of the local police department got out of the cars.

The policemen handcuffed Francis and took
him away to the next precinct. Francis was numb, too. He imagined his grandmother shaking her head, mumbling something like “I always knew you were good for nothing.”

The next few years would be hard but Francis swore he would get Will back one day. What he would do, he didn’t know but he wanted him back.

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12 years later

Having been released by the prison guards and retrieved his belongings, Francis entered the long hall of the dull, grey old concrete building. He was happy. Today was a special day for Francis. Not because it was his birthday but because he was finally being released from the reintegration program he had to take part in during his stay at the Alpha Prison. Today was his last appointment with his supervising social worker Mrs. Marlow. Then he would be released into the wild again as his treatment had been seen as successful. Indeed the Dragon had vanished in between. It was good for him and showed the psychiatrists and prison social workers that he was fighting his psychosis.

”You have done well, Francis”, the beta woman with the long brown hair seated on the other side of the table told Francis with a fond smile tugged on her glossy pink lips. She waited for a moment for a response but there was none. Francis remained silent. “You have come a long way since you got in therapy”, she added in a soft voice, waiting for a response from the man people had described as shy, sensitive despite the assault he had committed. Mrs. Marlow went through the reports on her desk. “And Dr. Wilson and Dr. Hamilton describe you as a completely changed man.” She stared at him again, her eyes narrowing a little. “Not a single misstep.”

”Thank you, Mrs. Marlow”, Francis grunted shortly, then fell silent again and shifted his gaze out of the windows to glimpse at the sun soon disappearing behind the roof. “I regret what I did and I am glad the program helped me...” If only she knew. The Dragon inside him had been silent for now, but it was eager to get out of him again since he left away from the medication. In fact, he needed to if he wanted to track down the one who had done this upon him.

But he bent down his head in submission. This was something alphas barely did. Only Omegas were submissive. It was rare that alphas submitted like this.

Mrs. Marlow hummed in agreement, a little charmed and surprised by his offered submission. “Let’s hope you make the best of your second chance”, she said airily and

crossed her long legs dressed in black, semi-transparent tights.

Francis noticed how good-looking she was. The delicate face, the dark doe eyes, the long eyelashes. This woman...she could be transformed in a more beautiful way, the dragon suggested to him. But he hoped Mrs. Marlow didn't catch his hungry gaze, his eyes turning crimson red and so he quickly lifted his head again from the luring thighs to meet her gaze and give her a proper response.

"Yes, ma'am", Francis replied in a clipped tone.

"But your teeth...your speech, I mean", she remarked softly. "You really need to speak with more confidence if you want to be successful in job interviews."

Francis' face was unmoved by her sharp, purposeful words but the remark shattered his foundations inside. There were many times his inmates had used insecurities against him and made fun of him.

Mrs. Marlow scrutinized him intently, her brown-green eyes ever watchful and analytical. Francis knew it was the last test, his last one before he could blend in with the crowd and live under a new name. He must not give her any hints of his anger and irritation, causing her to think differently. He pulled his face into a forced smile, trying to be charming and keeping up his persona.

"Yeah...I know it's a problem", Francis began slowly, playing out his shy nature by blushing a little.

"But I want to...I want to make it better."

"I want to look..for help."

"I see", she finally answered, noting an observation down. Her smile was wide and friendly and Francis was relieved to have passed the test.

"I can give you some recommendations."

Seeing him nodding, Mrs. Marlow opened another browser tab on her monitor, then wrote down some addresses.

She shoved the piece of paper to him.

Francis read it. "Thank you", he said.

"That's..really nice."

"That's nothing to thank me for ", she said, laughing a fake smile waving her hand dismissively.

Looking at the watch on her wrist, she then looked at the stack of papers in front of her. She leaned forward in her chair, above the desk. Francis smelled the apricot shampoo of her brown, wavy hair and the lavender lotion on her skin when she leaned closer to him.

Francis felt his rut stir up once again and clenched his hands into fists under the table. Damn, why did she have to be so beautiful?

“Before you go, Francis, you will have to do some paperwork”, Mrs. Marlow explained in her sweet, honeyed voice.

“I will be glad to assist you and explain the steps as of now. Of course, you can always contact us in the future if you need help. The first step in freedom isn’t always easy. I would recommend you stay in a motel...I know some affordable ones…”

Francis didn’t listen to everything she said. He had enough to do and suppress the rut; the urge to mate with her and give her to the Dragon.

When she finished talking, he was relieved. She handed him the stack of papers with all forms he had to fill out for the social welfare office, other authorities and institutions such as the bank, then got up and accompanied Francis to the exit.

Having said his farewell, Francis lingered outside the building, figuring out what to do. It was still damp and hot despite the afternoon turning into evening. He glanced at his wallet, then to the bus stop in the distance.

With the prison money he had saved in prison on his bank account and the gate money he received before leaving, Francis took the next yellow bus arriving to head out of town, intending to stay in a cheap motel for a dozens of nights before figuring out how to start a new life and get back the home of his grandmother.

And maybe. Maybe he could leave the US for once and see something of the world. He always wanted to go to Asia.

While seated in the sticky, old, rattling bus next to an elder lady, his thoughts strayed back to his social worker. In his mind he saw Mrs. Marlow lying on the floor with mirror shards placed in her eyes, her legs opened and displayed for him.

Francis looked up to the moon that was appearing in the evening sky painted with hues of pink and blue. Tonight would be the first full moon. It held something magical for him. Blood appeared always quite black in the moonlight. Francis smiled when he remembered how his hands were painted black from the blood of the chicken he had killed in the night when he was five years old.

He closed his eyes, hissing out sharply as the urge to kill the woman grew stronger. No, not yet, he told the impatient, roaring Dragon silently. He had yet to become. He had to blend in with the crowd and make everyone forget he ever had existed to take revenge.

Japan was the land of the dragons they had told him.

Yes. Japan would be the place to go next.

Francis smiled to himself, making the elder woman look away hastily when their eyes met in the reflection of the bus window as his teeth were a little crooked and like a predator.

The bus halted at the last stop, the driver braking a little too abruptly. The lady cursed when she had to pick up her purchases from the floor. Intending to play the good guy, Francis helped her with gathering the purchases, let her exit first, then got out and entered the shoddy motel with the old-fashioned, flamboyant huge sign. Some letters were not illuminated and needed fixing, which was not seen as a priority.

He talked to the employee and fetched his key to the dormitory he had to share with two other men. Lying down in bed, enjoying the comfort of a softer mattress, Francis kept thinking about Japan. He was decided now. He needed to join the army, work hard and erase himself out of the minds of the police. Sometimes you had to become invisible before making a reappearance

The next few days Francis made himself busy with informing himself about the requirements of the US army and talking to the authorities who have claimed his inherited house.

He wanted to have it back at all costs.

Present time

Francis finished his daily exercises and let go of the silver pole he had mounted on the ceiling. There was new strength now in his well-trained body. Not a tiny bit of fat. He was muscular and strong. He looked at his broad back in the life-size mirror of his study. The wings were finally growing as they were supposed to when he closed his eyes and focused on the desired transformation. Sharp, crimson red scales covered the first half of his muscular back. The changing of his anatomy made him gasp in pain. A tail was growing above his lower spine, right above his butt. It made him wince in pain.

Panting, he gaped into the mirror, admiring the transformation, which was only half-complete. His face turned pale at the effort but he still deemed it as a good sign. The fact that the shapeshifting medication he had been taking for some time now was finally of some use and not simply a placebo.

Francis had been disappointed in the last few years when the results were not to his satisfaction.

But...no more.

He was lucky to have been able to find a doctor somewhere in a Japanese village who found out how he could potentially transform into the animal form he was destined to be.

The old, wise doctor called Dr. Miroshima had warned him of the side effects and the possibility the transformation may not be controllable and would potentially be deadly or irreversible, but Francis didn’t want to live in this crippled body of a hybrid any longer.

Francis spread his half-grown wings in front of the mirror. They were not of the size they should be, but they were already remarkable. They folded on his back as he ordered them to, shrinking back to their usual size when he switched back into his hybrid form.

Francis smiled. He was making progress with his overall transformation and was feeling a quiet sense of elation.Today was a milestone in his life. His grandmother would have been proud, too.

Proud and terrified.

But the dark shadow of the beast crept on his face again when he looked at these white, crooked teeth in the mirror and saw Mrs.Marlow's face in front of him, looking at his crooked teeth which were neither fangs nor normal teeth with disgust and criticized his speech.

Francis turned away before destroying another mirror and put on some denim jeans and a black shirt and placed his smartphone in his pocket.

It buzzed and he took it out, startled. He unlocked the screen, read the banner. Next, he opened the mobile browser to switch to Tattlecrime.com. When he skimmed the latest news, the name Will Graham drew his attention. Francis nearly broke the screen with the fierceness of his grip, but Francis inhaled deeply to calm his Inner Beast. If he wanted to have his revenge, he needed to focus. He needed to be more cunning than the FBI. This was interesting news indeed.

Francis googled the address, then made his way downstairs, left the house, got in his car to visit a shop specialized on a new set of teeth as long as his fangs were not grown out.

Then it was time to seek out Mrs. Marlow and thus commence the path the Dragon had revealed to him.

Will shall be devoured by his relentless fury and melt with him to fuel his radiance.

Home Sweet Home

Chapter Summary

Hannibal returns home from a long day at work and is received by a love-starved omega. He gives him the love he deserves but in bed Hannibal makes a mistake.

Chapter Notes

Hello there!

It has been quite a while. I do feel guilty for not updating sooner but you know how it is with anxiety, depression and writer's block. A really nice combination. So thanks for your patience once again.

I hope someone is still out there 😅.

The trigger warning in this chapter:

Angry sex (only a little) and response to a trigger and non consensual drugging.

There is smut but also a little angst at the end.

I really have been anxious about this chapter so I hope you don't tear it to shreds.

Lots of love,

Nerd

"I'm home, darling", Hannibal called, placing down the brown paper bag with purchases he made at José's, his favorite delicatessen store of choice in Baltimore to the floor. He hung up his coat at the coat rack then kneeled to take off his polished black business shoes. Then Hannibal placed them neatly on the shoe shelf on the right, switching them for his comfy house slippers. He wondered how Will was doing. The recent situation with him potentially losing his job including the teaching post due to the involvement in the murder of Budge and his ongoing recovery ever gnawed at his omega.

Hannibal's furry ears twitched as they perceived footsteps echoing through the house until Will appeared in the foyer. He let out a pleased whine and hurled a look of passion at his

mate who had just arrived.The alpha relaxed his body posture. Will seemed to be in a particular good mood today.

The eager, love-starved omega, flung himself into Hannibal‘s arms. Will rubbed his own fragrance on his skin by brushing his cheek against the crook of his neck. Hungry for touching and intimacy, Will kissed Hannibal fervently and thrust his tongue harshly into his mouth, then pushed him against the wall. Obviously, Will was wanting, needing love and care of his alpha.

Growling, purring and whimpering resounded in the space surrounding them.“Will“, Hannibal panted in between, while the omega tore at his jacket and sent it flying to the ground before opening his shirt and tie with an equal impatient, greedy movement. In the process, he nearly ripped it off if it hadn’t been for Hannibal grabbing his hand and opening the buttons himself. “Darling, let me settle down and bring the purchases to..“, but Will cut him off with another wanton kiss and an impish smile written on his face. He continued working at the belt, the button and the zipper of his slacks. “I missed you so much“, Will murmured. “I was a bit lonely.”

“I missed you too”, the alpha purred in response and reciprocated the action, pulling off his sweater Will was wearing. Will cupped his clothed cock into his hands which elicited an immediate reaction from his dick. Blood flowed down into flaccid cock, making it bulge hard and press against the front of his slacks.

Since they had been released from the hospital and returned home, Hannibal was a bit overwhelmed and skeptical of the sudden eagerness Will showed when it came to his handling with intimacy and getting back control. He recognized his sexual behavior as the eventual consequence of his earlier trauma. Even though years might have passed and he had allowed some healing, it still showed through. Despite that, he couldn’t deny him the pleasure.

Not right now after his tiring day full of dull, boring omega and beta patients. It was a topic he should address but it required a very subtle approach to not completely push him away. But Hannibal was not sure how to. Maybe it was also caused by the imbalance of pregnancy hormones. Anyway, he was in no position to complain.

Will nudged Hannibal against the wall, leaving him no time to breathe or protest while grinding his body against his. So eager was he for Hannibal to make love to him again.

That little love session in the foyer of their home continued until the alpha decided to regain the upper hand on his lovestruck omega. He pushed him away and hauled him up into the air without any effort, even though the omega was not a lightweight due to his muscles. The effects of Hannibal’s intense efforts in training he had resumed after his injuries had healed remarkably fast, showed off.

Chuckling, Hannibal carried his mate bridal style up into his royal bedroom where he placed Will down into the silken, rose-colored sheets. The spacious room had been stuffed with colorful, soft and squishy pillows, books, some toys of Will. Hannibal had encouraged and supported his nesting behavior.

“Fuck….me”, Will wailed keenly, bucking up his hips and grabbed Hannibal by his wrists, making the alpha’s chest rumble with a growl.

Hannibal wrestled his arms out of his grip and instead clasped Will’s hands above his head, effectively pinning him down. He smirked down at Will as his omega was now beaten in this little game of theirs. For now.

“My impatient, greedy, little omega”, Hannibal purred and hunkered down to press chaste kisses on his seductive, lush lips, then nibbled on the silverish mating scar a little, before his hands stroked along his pectorals and rested on his belly.

“Oh darling”, Hannibal purred while pressing tender kisses on the spot of his still flat belly where the fetus was developing. “I can’t wait to see you soon, little one.”

An impatient growl came out of the omega’s throat. “Hannibal ”, Will begged, putting his lips into a pout and purring his name using his alluring Omega voice. Interrupted in the worship of his body, his maroon eyes scrutinized Will with a little displeased expression.

“You have to beg for it, my boy.”

Hannibal’s digits stroked along the wet entrance of Will, leaking a little bit of sweet slick, ready to receive an alpha cock.

As Will wasn’t in the heat it wasn’t enough to accommodate his cock, so Hannibal would need a bottle of lube later but right now he didn’t care and teased him. His one hand touched the little cockles, squeezing it a few times, his other stroked around his entrance.

The room was filled with Will’s keen high-pitched whimpers and purring. But there was not a single please coming from Will’s lips and so Hannibal maintained this tantalizingly slow tease, considering not giving Will his alpha cock but his favorite toy instead.

“You haven’t said please yet”, Hannibal remarked calmly, while observing the desperate bucking and rocking of Will’s body against his fingers.

“I was thinking to use only your toy on you tonight since you haven’t let me settle down.”

Will peeked up cheekily at him, pretending he didn’t do anything wrong.

“No…I want your knot, Daddy”, Will purred and shot an irresistible glance at him with his bluish eyes. “ *Please*… .”The breathy whispered please in Will’s *sotto voce* always did things to Hannibal, but not today.

When Hannibal got up, Will protested, letting out a pitiful whine but he wouldn’t have it. Hannibal fetched a long, silver shining sex toy with an artificial inflatable knot at the base of it from the dark brown drawer near the wardrobe and returned with it to the bed, along with a glass bottle of lubricant. Seeing the toy, the omega’s eyes narrowed and he growled in displeasure.

“If you’re a good boy, you will get my knot..tonight”, Hannibal explained to him, his tongue moistening his lips, his eyes glinting impishly.

Will gazed up at him with raised eyebrows, somewhat considering his other options but then decided to just go with it. He rolled on his belly, spread his legs for him and waited for Hannibal to take action. Hannibal carefully lubed the toy up with the lubricant and led it to Will's slicked entrance. He then settled between his spread legs. With care he pushed the dildo in, making Will immediately rocking faster, being impatient. His tail shot up and down in pleasure.

"Oh, Will", Hannibal purred, spanking his omega with the flat of his hand a few times Will abruptly stopped and emitted pitiful whines."Your chances of getting my knot definitely are definitely slim if you continue to display that lack of patience."

Will was all obedient now and didn't mutter a counter-argument which prompted Hannibal to turn on the button at the end of the long toy. The moans that followed were delectable. Hannibal growled in contentment as he watched the omega whimper and mewl in the bed below him, writhing, while floating in paradise.

Hannibal was aware that Will loved this sensation despite his pouting. He loved the toys and the teasing. He loved being edged and brought to various orgasms until so physically exhausted he would fall into a deep and easy sleep. Because when he didn't, he suffered from nightmares, dreaming of Tobias' murder and being executed and this wasn't pleasant for Hannibal. And a little annoying, too. Because Hannibal still wanted him to see the real him at some point in their relationship.

"Yes, yes, yes ", Will aspirated. "More please."

"You are really greedy", Hannibal teased Will with a playful smirk on his lips, gently shoving the long silver toy in and out of his slicked hole in a constant, maddening rhythm. The vibration wasn't enough though to achieve Will's desired climax it brought him relaxation and some peace.

Hannibal positioned his upper body over Will's bowing down a little, then, licking alone his vertebrae and biting into the beautiful, smooth skin of his back. Will let out further pleased whined in the highest pitch of his voice, clutching the silken sheet beneath him.

"Oh fuck", Will whined again as another thrust of the sex toy made him twist and turn beneath Hannibal. "Please…I want you inside me."

The alpha purred. Indeed it was very delectable to see Will in such a blissful state of mind and behaving so wonderfully primal and untarnished. Droplets of sweat covered his back and more slick rippled down his thighs.

Hannibal pushed it into him again and increased the vibration of the dildo, making the omega quiver.

"Nggggh", Will moaned, tilting his head over his shoulder to get a better glimpse at what Hannibal was doing. "God Hannibal. You..drive..me..insane."

Will continued to show him the versatility of his voice as the buzzing long silver dildo with the knot scissored him further. It was the most glorious, beguiling melody ever sung in their

bedroom until now. Removing the artificial knot for a second, he then flipped Will on his back. Will's eyes sparkled as he thought Hannibal would give him what he wanted for so long but no. Hannibal fucked Will with the toy again while sucking at the head of his dick making Will thrash and kick into the air.

Noticing the clenching of muscles, the announcement of climax, Hannibal stopped sucking and pulled out. He smirked down at his omega being driven insane by his teasing. Oh, how he wished he could take their play a little further but Will wasn't ready yet for the filthier plays. No that would have to wait.

In fact, he was impressed Will was letting him go so far. Satisfied he climbed up on Will again and their bodies ground together which caused more friction. It was then when Will decided to try his luck and get what he wanted. Using a moment in which Hannibal did not pay attention, he knocked him off and pinned him down to the sheets.

Will grinned down at Hannibal beneath him, his fluffy tail wagging very quickly

"Insatiable omega", Hannibal growled, baring his teeth. But he stayed right where he was - beneath Will. A sharp hiss rolled from his lips when Will sat down on his cock and started riding him slowly while purring. Will moaned and buried his face in the crook of Hannibal's neck and sucked at his earlobe. Hannibal let out a grunt and clutched Will's face with his hands. Their mouths met for passionate, greedy kisses. The omega jerked in bed when Hannibal thrust harder into him and arched his back as he felt his prostate being stimulated over and over again by his mate's cock.

Their hips rolled in synch. It was almost a trance-like state in which they found themselves. When Will rocked you and down on his cock, his hands wandered up to his chest. When Will didn't pay attention, being immersed in an absolute trancelike state of mind, Hannibal sensed his opportunity. He flipped Will on his back and let out a very pleased guttural growl. Will tried to fight him off at first and put up a good fight but in the end, Hannibal was stronger and kept him pinned down on the mattress. The whines escaping Will's throat were pitiful and he looked at Hannibal like an innocent puppy but the alpha didn't budge, knowing his omega too well.

Instead of slipping into him again, Hannibal enjoyed Will's impatience and grumpy expression in his eyes. He smirked down at his resigning omega.

"You think you can subdue me, don't you, Will?" Hannibal teased him.

Will snorted. "You let yourself defeat by another alpha. I had to save you from Tobias Budge. Come on, Hannibal."

For some reason, this taunting remark made Hannibal angry and his maroon eyes turned cold as ice. A moment sufficed to lose his iron-clad control over the beast inside him as the words had stung in his heart and triggered his alpha pride. He forcefully opened the legs of Will and dragged him closer to his hips and began thrusting particularly aggressively into him while leading his hands to his throat to choke him.

His Alpha brain told him to subdue the omega lying beneath him. His inner beast roared, wanting blood and punishment.

Subdue the omega. Kill him .

Choking for air, the omega just stared at his mate in terror. Will froze in bed and was unable to move, his body being stiff and rigid as Hannibal fucked him very aggressively. His eyes were torn wide open and his breathing was frantic. Will's ears pressed tightly against his head. Hannibal was about to finish off and allow himself to cum when he came to his senses and let go of his throat. He finally noticed Will being paralysed in shock beneath him.

Hannibal realized what he had done. He had triggered something in Will by behaving in this violent way. Of course that had not been particularly helpful. A mistake he swore to himself he wouldn't make. A reaction like this was beneath him. He had not been better than a common pathetic alpha, unable to control himself.

"Will", Hannibal whispered. He climbed off Will and laid himself next to his mate. "I'm so sorry. That was totally inappropriate" He pulled Will closer to him and into his strong embrace. Hannibal rocked Will gently in his arms, hoping to calm him. Some more pheromones filled the air.

"Will", Hannibal tried again, using his guttural Alpha voice. "Please...talk to me. Let me help you."

He placed his hand on his right cheek and brushed his fingers over his face. He wiped away the droplets of sweat on his skin. At last, Will reacted and reluctantly shifted his eyes to Hannibal. His piercing blue eyes were cold and distant.

"Take a deep breath", Hannibal told him, reaching out for his hand. "Identify what you can see around you.."

But his mate beat it away and turned around. "I don't need that. I'm tired, Hannibal", he snapped in a brusque tone, although both knew it was a lie.

"But Will…"

"I don't need your help withgrounding right now. We can talk about it tomorrow", the omega snarled. "I don't want to be psychoanalyzed."

Hannibal pursed his lips in annoyance but didn't object. He flicked off the light and turned on the lamp on his nightstand instead. He quietly sneaked out of the room and retreated into the kitchen to fetch Will a glass of water and some snacks in case he woke up again just like some nights before where he'd devour a package of crisps when Will thought Hannibal was sleeping. Then Hannibal retreated into the bathroom and let the steaming water comfort his tired body, relax the muscles and cleanse his mind.

After that, he grabbed his clothes and walked down into the basement to collect a business card, his plastic suit and tools he had kept hidden from Will's eyes. Hannibal took a syringe from the box and filled it with a strong sedative for his victim.

When Hannibal lingered before Will, he waited with baited breath. The omega didn't react or flinch in bed and snored. Will had apparently taken a sip of the glass where he had slipped in some drops of the sleep inducing drug. It would not affect the baby when used sparingly. Hannibal had used it to make him sleep better and not to drug him for another murder.

But today he felt just like it.

It was time to stalk his prey and hunt again to vent some steam.

Nocturnal Craving

Chapter Summary

Hannibal craves murder and meat, goes out at night to hunt his pig and to vent, even though it's risky and reckless. He also wants Will to finally see him.

Chapter Notes

Hey there!

Long time no read. I apologise for the hiatus. I am still struggling with writer's block and nearly gave up on this story. It's a short chapter but I hope you still like reading it, even though the length may be disappointing.

I just wanted to give you anything new and not let you wait for too long.

XOXO

Stay safe!

Nerd

Even though it had been a rather reckless and impulsive action, Hannibal felt a lot better after wiping out this rude pig's existence. The wrath that had welled up inside him after Will's reaction had waned. It was worth it, even though the FBI was close to finding out his past as a surgeon and Jack or his agents would sooner or later come knocking at their door. But he couldn't live like that any longer. He wanted Will to see him and no longer hide his true self. He wanted them to be a family without keeping secrets from each other. He desired Will to embrace it and follow him on his path. Was this too much to ask?

Hannibal lingered next to his victim to judge his work for a moment, enjoying the reverend silence and atmosphere in the church. It was not like the churches you could find in Italy, not half as lavish and full of ancient history, but it would have to do. The beta man, Andrew Caldwell,a rude medical clerk, working for an insurance, who had requested a blood sample two years ago had made some questionable remarks about his state of health, sounding terribly prejudiced, sat in the middle of the first row in front of the altar, his tongue cut out and placed into the bible he was holding in his hands. Some blood drops stained the pages. Hannibal lowered the head of his victim with controlled use of force, as the body slowly entered rigor mortis so that he appeared to read the bible. Hannibal turned the pages with his

gloved finger until he reached his favorite proverbs. He smirked when he read the part: “ *Whoever keeps his mouth and his tongue keeps himself out of trouble.”*

Then he quietly stepped out of the row after having ensured no evidence was left behind. Admittedly, it was not his most elaborate tableau. Initially, he had wanted to work with flowers but he had worked in a very close time window and didn’t have any fresh flowers at hand as it was a spontaneous decision. Hannibal’s thoughts strayed to recipes. He would serve his lungs and liver to his omega, making sure his protein intake would be ensured. A smirk tugged on his lips as his brain already gave him some ideas. Braised beef lung served with some fresh vegetables from the market. Foie gras with a rich fig sauce perhaps as a starter. Or perhaps not. Too much protein wouldn’t be good either. A salad may be better as an appetizer or some stuffed artichokes.

Hannibal tore himself out of his thoughts that made him hungry. It was time to leave and head back. With a last glance to the altar, at the victim and the empty hall of the church to check if someone had followed him, Hannibal left. The night air was chill but reinvigorated Hannibal’s spirit as he walked away from his victim. Being alert and attentive, he left the church through the back entrance and headed to the car of the victim. He abandoned the black Audi in a forest near his hunting cabin some good miles outside Baltimore where he had parked his Bentley.

When he had disposed of his suit, gloves, and cleaned his tools, the first delicate shades of pink and blue appeared in the sky. It was nearly 5 AM in the morning. Hannibal drove back home and stepped into the house as quietly as he could and entered his basement to store the harvested organs into the fridge. Afterward, he stepped into the bedroom to look after his omega.

Will was still sleeping peacefully thanks to the drug cocktail Hannibal had given him. Hannibal smiled as the omega clutched his pillow for comfort and lay in the middle of their nest, on his belly. He petted his stubbled cheeks gently and pressed a chaste kiss to his forehead. His eyelids fluttered and he moaned at the touch but Will did not wake, luckily, and kept snoring softly.

Having gathered his clothes, Hannibal then left the room. A shower would surely wake his mate so he refrained from doing that now. He had a shower at his office and would get dressed there. As quietly as possible, he opened the door of the massive wardrobe, took out his favorite suit, a fresh pair of silken briefs, a dress shirt, and waistcoat, and walked out of the room, shutting the door behind him. In the kitchen, he prepared a quick breakfast to go, some sausages and eggs for him, and fetched two pieces of his self-made quiche out of the freezer and placed it on a plate. He wrote him a quick note.

While driving to his office in Baltimore, Hannibal regretted not staying at Will’s side any longer, watching him sleep, cuddling, and talking to him after what had happened in bed last night, if he remembered the incident at all due to the drug cocktail. Perhaps it was better to leave Will to his thoughts for a little while and give him some space.

Arriving in front of the building, he waited until the door of the underground car garage opened and drove in, then walked up the staircase to his office, his thoughts always lingering on Will. Everything else became a blur.

Will would be busy as well, despite being on temporary sick leave. It was his fault he would have to step into the world of madness and murder again, but it was inevitable and would be an exception. If Will accepted murder as part of himself, he wouldn't be so stressed and afraid of murder anymore.

Feeling refreshed and energized by the hot shower and his cup of coffee from his thermos flask, Hannibal strolled to his armchair, fetched out the paper he used for sketches from his drawer, and began to draw Will lying in the bed and sleeping while waiting for Jack Crawford to call and to be drawn to his own crime scene and his first patient to arrive.

Too Many Questions

Chapter Summary

Previously:

Will and Hannibal have decided to move to West Virginia. Will is on official sick leave due to his encephalitis. One evening, however, Hannibal has the need of going hunting again after the evening turns to be a disaster. Hannibal doesn't want to pretend the facade forever and wants to see how Will can cope with the news that he is the Ripper. He drugs his mate, heads out into the night, murders a person in a church, and displays the victim with a bible in their hand. Then he heads to his office.

In this chapter:

Will wakes up, without the memory of what had transpired. and finds Hannibal gone already.
Jack asks him to investigate another murder victim of the Ripper. He gets ready.

Chapter Notes

Hey!

I don't know what came over me but I finished a chapter which I had started last year. After a lot of internal struggles, I decided to share the chapter with you.

Hope you enjoy it 😘

Warning:
Medical inaccuracies, Morning sickness, vomiting.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will awoke to the wonderful sound of chirping blackbirds announcing the coming of a new morning. The first light of the day filtered through the slit between the heavy green curtain and the window. Slowly he tilted his head to the left to see the spot beside him empty. The omega let out a little feeble whine when noticing his alpha was not there anymore to comfort him. He reached over to the spot and Hannibal's duvet. The mattress and the duvet were cold, but a faint scent of his alpha, musk and sweat, stuck to the sheets.

Where was Hannibal? Was he at work already or had he already been consulted by Jack again on a new murder case? Will groaned as dizziness greeted him, so he stayed where he was and enjoyed the coziness of the moment. He needed a few moments to gather himself together and hoped he would be spared from morning sickness. He stroked his abdomen where his little one was growing.

"Please don't throw a tantrum, okay?" Will told his belly.

The omega stretched his legs and arms, then finally tossed the duvet aside and climbed out of the bed, pulling at the curtains until more light filled the room. His thoughts kept roaming and wandering. Will had a distinct feeling that something bad has happened. His guts were rarely wrong - or he wouldn't have worked for Jack and the FBI in the first place. For whatever reason, he could not reconstruct the evening. It was as if a hard drive had crashed. Could it still be encephalitis? Or was it his psyche deceiving him? Was it just his heightened distrust and arousal due to post-traumatic distress?

Will couldn't find a good answer to the question right now, so he pushed it aside. He needed to get out and nourish his body before checking on Hannibal and deciding what to do, and ask his mate for advice. While gathering fresh clothes from their shared, spacious walk-in closet, he looked at his phone. The locked display showed several missed phone calls by Jack and a message from Hannibal. He swiped over the display to read Hannibal's message.

I hope you slept well, mylimasis, and that morning sickness will spare you. I had to leave our home earlier today as I have dozens of appointments today. Breakfast is stored in the fridge. I left some instructions on the table. It's important that you get something in your stomach. Please be careful in case Jack might call you. Consider your and our pup's health.

-Hannibal-

His stomach made a rebellious flip again.Did something happen?

He checked TattleCrime.com, even though he hated Freddie's obnoxious journalism, and read the news, shuddering at the display of the man sitting in the church, bent over the bible, his chest cavity opened, his tongue cut and placed into the opened book. If it was the Ripper, he couldn't say no to Jack. By all means, he desired to withdraw after all the abuse of his imagination, but he needed to catch the Ripper. He required closure once and for all and see the killer behind bars -being on sick and maternal leave or not. Will grabbed his phone, the clothes he had gathered from his part of their walk-in closet, and stumbled into their bathroom next to their bedroom to prepare for the gruesome crime scene and a day of hard work.

But why did Hannibal go so early? It was not a long drive to Baltimore and he rarely left the house at this early hour.

Will tried to ease the voice buzzing around in his brain and focussed on the present moment. The shower invigorated his spirits. Will's mind felt clearer now as the warm water poured over him and diminished the soreness. Something that had not happened in a while. Sex had always been pleasurable and didn't hurt. His eyes fell on the purple bruise marks on his arms and thighs. It was not unusual that alphas marked their omegas, but Hannibal had gone a little

overboard last night.The omega pulled at the golden faucet.The water stopped running. Will stepped out of the shower and fetched the towel from the floor. The dreadful feeling that something terrible had happened, without his knowledge and the voice inside his head didn't let him go. Will shifted his gaze to the mirror. He stared at his mirror image as he rubbed his hair dry.

He just wanted to know what the hell was going on. This behaviour of Hannibal was odd.

Before he knew it, sickness overwhelmed him and Will stumbled forward to the toilet. He gagged to spill the liquid into the toilet, but except some liquid, there was not much stomach content to vomit. When the urge had stopped, Will withdrew from the toilet and slumped to the floor, gasping for air.

Fuck.

He was surprised that it was already so bad at this stage, but omega pregnancies were a little different from beta pregnancies so he accepted it. Will got up with a groan and cleaned the toilet lid. He put on a flannel shirt, a pair of boxers, and his jeans. He didn't need to take care of his hair, as the curls rebelled against his efforts of restraining them anyway.

"I told you not to throw a tantrum", Will scolded the growing fetus within him in a loving voice again and rubbed his belly with his hand.

After making a cup of an herbal infusion, using dried herbs from Hannibal's storage, he checked on his dogs who barked and scratched at the door. They had rested in another room as the alpha didn't want them in his bedroom. His furry friends all came running towards him, wagging their tails and jumping in his lap. Winston nuzzled against his stomach. Will laughed at the feeling of the mutt nuzzling his stomach with his muzzle. It made him feel better already.Will opened the fridge, fetched the pre-cooked dog food, poured it into the silver bowls. When they were fed, he let them out. The backyard was nature itself - a vast meadow stretching out until the entrance of the forest. It was just like in Wolf Trap Virginia. He watched them while sipping from his steaming mug of herbal infusion.

Following his sharp whistle, they ran back and followed him into the house, and settled on the kitchen floor. Will didn't care if it was inappropriate.When he felt that it was safe enough to try and eat, he heated the pieces of Hannibal’s quiche in the oven, then grabbed a silver china plate from the drawer and fetched a fork. He didn't bother eating alone in the vast dining room, so he stood in front of the kitchen island, drinking tea and eating the quiche. The soft piece melted on his tongue.

The bacon was particularly flavourful. Will forwarded a quick message to Hannibal, thanking him for preparing breakfast.

The quiche is delicious, Han. Thank you.

His phone, which rested on the kitchen island next to his plate, buzzed again. Sighing, Will put down the fork and led the phone to his ear.

"Hello, Jack," Will grunted.

"Good morning, Will", Jack greeted him back. "I know you are on maternal leave, but it would be great if you could come." The line crackled when Jack paused. Will could hear people speaking.

"It's the Ripper, Will," Jack said, sighing. "We have found a new body. I'll text you the details."

Will groaned. "Fine. But I won't stay long."

"I don't expect you to,"the special agent answered. "Just have a look at it."

"Please," he begged.

"Fine, I'll come," Will groaned. "Bye."

"See you at the crime scene, Will."

Will ended the call and sent Hannibal another message. His mate was surely busy with a patient. He hadn't responded to his compliment. Sighing, Will texted their dogsitter to ensure the dogs were taken care of. Greg was a wonderful and reliable man. Hannibal and Will trusted him.

They wanted to follow him, but Will let out a loud whistle. "Uh-uh," he said. Good boys as they were, they obeyed. He hunkered to his knees to soothe a disappointed Winston, looking at him with sad, charcoal eyes. "I have to go now," he said and stroked Winston's head before turning to Jack, Max, Zoe, and Buster."Greg will take care of you, while I am gone." He locked the door and put the key under the little marble sculpture next to the door.

Usually, he would not do this, but he couldn't let Jack wait. He went to his Volvo, got in, and made his way to the crime scene in Frederick.

The bad hunch clung to him like a second skin.

Chapter End Notes

And here goes the Hannigram angst train.

Let’s see where this will go.

Next chapter follows when my muse strikes again.

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